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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Ibsen's **THE WILD DUCK:** Thursday and Friday, March 23-24, at 8:30; Wednesday, March 29, at 2; and Saturday, April 1, at 2:30. . . . **WAR AND PEACE:** Saturday, March 25, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Sheridan's **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:** Monday, March 27, and Saturday, April 1, both at 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE:** Tuesday and Wednesday, March 28-29, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies," which isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's usual par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring, most pleasantly, Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some odd doings in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the Royal Shakespeare Company, which enacts it, is worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Killing of Sister George—Hard lines on a hardboiled Lesbian who plays a kindly district nurse on a B.B.C. soap opera that is being revamped to eliminate the character. Not particularly amusing, but Beryl Reid is convincing as the tough customer. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens make up the cast, and they are quite ebullient. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

That Summer–That Fall—A play by Frank D. Gilroy, in which Irene Papas heads a cast under the direction of Ulu Grosbard. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is *not a thing wrong with the cast*—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by *Mark Twain*, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden give her fine support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

At the Drop of Another Hat—Michael Flanders and Donald Swann proving once again that civilized comedy is not extinct. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 8.)

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make matters entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the lively settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. Reopens Monday, March 27, after a week's vacation. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

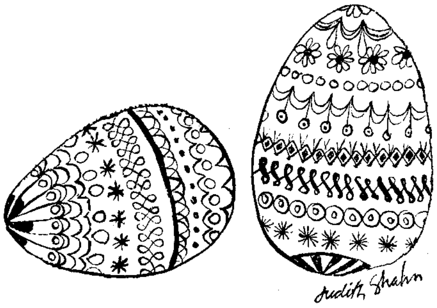
Walking Happy—A labored effort to make something melodious of an old-hat item called "Hobson's Choice," which has to do with a band of English characters resident in the by-gum Midlands. The play is fortunate only in its performers, among them Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Marie Duplessis. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WAIT A MINIM!:** A musical entertainment from South Africa, enlivened by an octet of young performers. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Sherry!—A musical version of Kaufman and Hart's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with book and lyrics by James Lipton, music by Laurence Rosenthal, and a cast that includes Clive Revill, Dolores Gray, and Elizabeth Allen. Staged by Joe Layton. Previews through Monday, March 27. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 28. (Alvin, 52nd St., W.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Philip Bosco, Michael Gorrin, Marketa Kimbrell, Aline MacMahon, Estelle Parsons, Robert Symonds, and George Voskovec in THE EAST WIND, a comedy by Leo Lehman. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 1.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of LA BOHÈME. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Harold Arlen Songbook—A potpourri of seventy Arlen songs by a cast of five singers. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its funny moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Diary of a Madman—The French actor Roger Coggio in his one-man production of Gogol's novel, adapted by him and Sylvie Luneau, and translated by Ralph Manheim. Opens Thursday, March 23. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6411. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dynamite Tonite—A musical extravaganza that purports to be a satire on war but is too scattered and complacent to have much force. It is well done, however, by all concerned. Words by Arnold Weinstein; score by William Bolcom. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée, Wednesday, March 29, at 2:30.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. John Cullum plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

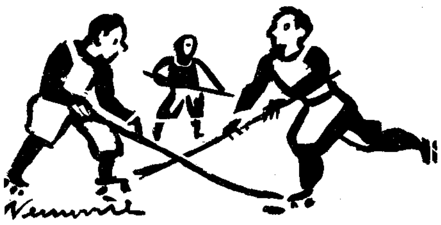
Not a Way of Life—A play by James Rush. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 4:30; special matinées Tuesday through Friday, March 28-31, at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, March 30, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, March 30, at 2.)

La Turista—A play by Sam Shepard. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, March 29. Closes Saturday, April 1.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. The setting is by Alan Kimmel and the lighting by Jules Fisher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, March 23, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "Opus 65," and "Arcs and Angels."... ¶ Friday, March 24, at 8:30: "Arcs and Angels," "Incubus," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Arcs and Angels," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Ropes," "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Sunday, March 26, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Arcs and Angels," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, March 26, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Nightwings," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, May 7—Tuesday, March 28, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," "Ragtime," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Wednesday, March 29, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Narkissos," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, March 30, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Variations," "Tarantella," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, March 31, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Con Amore," "La Guirlande de Campra," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

National Ballet of Washington—A one-week engagement by this company. Monday, March 27, at 8: "Homage," "Night" (première), "La Peri" (première), and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Wednesday, March 29, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Through the Edge" (première), "Idylle, Pas de Deux" (première), and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Thursday, March 30, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Danse Brillante," "Bachianas," and "Homage."... ¶ Friday, March 31, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Night," and "La Peri."... ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Tribute," "Pas de Quatre," and "Othello."... ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 2:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, April 2, at 8:30: "Four Temperaments," "Through the Edge," "Night," and "Bachianas." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Surf Zone," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Yuriko—With her company, in a program of modern dance. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, March 27, at 8:30.)

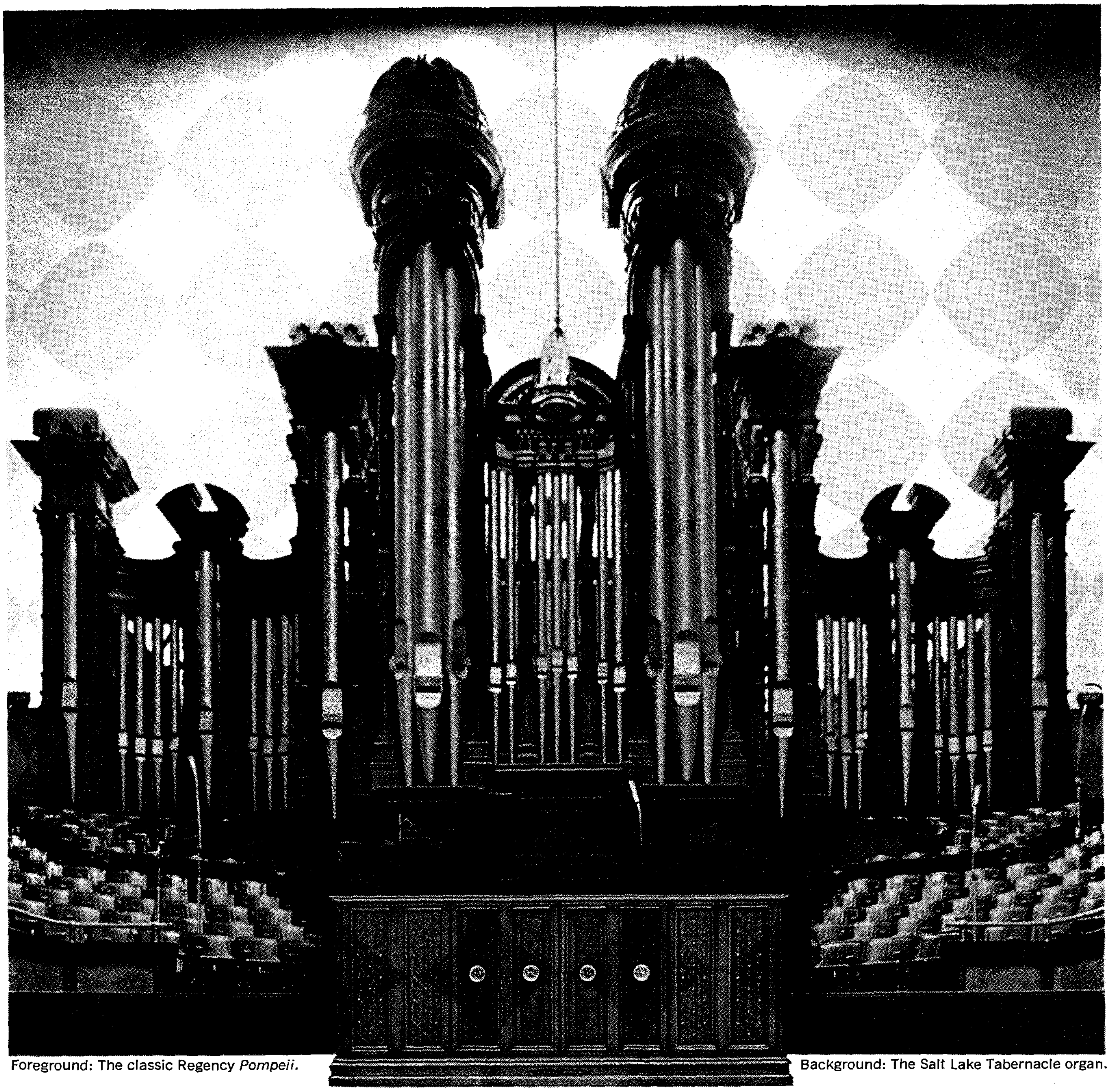
Merce Cunningham Dance Company—"Field Dances," "Collage III," "Place," and "Variations V." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 29-April 1, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 1, at 2:30. For tickets, call RH 4-0654, from 1:30 to 5:30.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "Quick! Before It's Written," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 128 W. 44th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 23-25, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-3344.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "A Hit and a Myth," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technol-



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ogy, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, April 1, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-4600.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—On Monday, March 27, the Royal Box will resume its career, piping aboard the sparkling Caterina Valente, a soprano to whom listening all night would be a pleasure. A largesse of dance tunes, the best of them, naturally, by the orchestra of Lee Evans, will be distributed throughout the evening.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The ringing out upon the midnight air, which really prevails from nine o'clock on, is done by the little band of Irv Manning. The music does not cease until two, or even three on Saturdays, but it is not available Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peaceful pursuits are the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from George Anaya's cluster of Latins, who are there from seven to one Mondays through Fridays and from eight to two Saturdays. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to get into the public domain. The appropriate entrance music is produced by two non-stop bands. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Social gathering and not woolgathering is the basic tenet of the brisk Café Pierre, where Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, an Iberian guitar waxes and waxes, never wanes.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Sergio Franchi, whose face has a classic Renaissance Medici cast and whose voice has the strength of ten (but with a satinwood finish), is the dinner and supper chanticleer in the Persian Room. His rousing and romantic interludes are surrounded by the dance bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Red Norvo, that prestidigitator of the vibes and the xylophone, has finally made his way back to town. His small crew no longer (sad to say) includes the retired Tal Farlow, but it is a great big boon all the same. On Monday, March 27, a band headed by José Melis will take over. Dancing begins at seven and stops at two. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—This example of the almost lost art of steamboat building and ornamentation is being rattled by the heavy artillery of Woody Herman's band, making the kind of music we all once danced to. On Monday, March 27, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, in the charge of Buddy De Franco, will move in. It will be augmented by the singing of the Modernaires at nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen. The dance music runs from eight until two; no sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette (living, breathing proof that the grand manner can still survive) goes its regal course to the accompaniment of George Cort's up-and-at-them band and Quintero's waltz-and-rumba crew. There are pauses during dinner and supper for Louise O'Brien, a soprano on her first visit to night life. Starting Monday, March 27, the solitarily named Milva, a slinky Roman Ondine, will do the singing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Tuesday, March 28, the Empire Room will come to life again to accommodate Rosemary Clooney, whose platform manner is cajoling, carolling, and contenting. She will appear at dinner and supper during the week, only at dinner on Sundays. Charles Turecamo's big, happy band will do dance music for hours on end. . . . ¶ The sagest Peacock Alley cat is Ray Hartley, whose complexly constructed piano is chamber-music and yet romantic. His schedule is Monday through Friday, from cocktails through late dinner. Sonny Kendis and his band play for dancing from eight or so to one or so from Tuesday through Saturday every week; on Easter they will play from two-thirty to six-thirty.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—As far as the eye can reach, and carefully planned not to hurt it, for the dancers on the limitless sward are under pledge to take only the steps that were good enough for our forefathers. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. The menu is slight indeed. On Monday, March 27, there'll be an Easter polka festival.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The off-campus campus for a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinnertime until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the very best broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The spirit of the good life is enhanced by the trio of Ram Ramirez. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The bullfrog in this pond is Aldo Bruschi, singer, oboist, pianist, concertina player, and impresario of an opera company of two. Their unassuming but chortling pastime takes them from Wednesday through Saturday every week, from eight-thirty on, and there is dance music, too, on the same schedule. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Beneath the garb of office of every waiter, busboy, and chef beats the heart of a Caruso, a Gigli. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Imaginary deviltry in an imaginary Paris—that's the attitude of Rita Dimitri, whose offhand songs occur during dinner through the week and during dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Slow-and-easy dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way it was in Budapest ever so long ago, with quantities of that ambivalent Hungarian music (is it grave or is it gay?) to go with dinner and supper. Tibor Rakossy's tenor counts the world well lost for love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays.

Note—Anyone who still doesn't mind that the discothèque is the Decibel's Disciple should at least wend (or rend) his way to an enterprise that offers a minimum standard of comfort and politesse—to wit: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (the Teddy Boys) and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Men must walk before they dance, but it's the other way around for the young people who live here. The Theatre is often represented on the floor, and you know how that is. The music is sometimes a feat of engineering, sometimes the efforts of earthlings. The menu comes close to the vanishing point. Dead silence Sundays and Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door underneath the street-level café of the same name. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music is insistent, except when, on Monday nights, Billy Rubenstein's piano puts the figments of its imagination into tangible, tuneful form. He leads a trio. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Shipshape of stateliness. Amidships in its glory sits the piano of Cy Walter, the measuring cup by which all drawing-room artists are assessed. His cup runneth (often over) during cocktails, dinner, and supper. A new hand, Allan Haig, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): It's all wax and no wane when Bobby Short and his piano weave their way through the best educated songs in night life. The milieu, on the other hand, is Billingsgate. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle hath a pleasant seat: the airs (Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists) nimbly and sweetly recommend themselves unto our gentle senses. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, belonging to the same playful king. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose curriculum is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Scene: a town house in its pristine incarnation. Enter a company of ladies and gentlemen on their way to dinner, to supper, to a round at the bar, where leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hide-

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away, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the soufflé piano of George Feyer from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his range. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The herald angels who start singing as you reach your *fettuccine* are not from another world but from a mythical opera company whose mythical home is often Firenze but sometimes Broadway. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also measured dance music by a trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the reasonably grand concourse known as the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner plays calm but nevertheless top-of-the-evening piano from six-thirty until midnight. Saturdays and Sundays are his holidays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Darin uses the whip hand on the tense songs that are his stock in trade; the humor is by Pat Henry. The Copa ballerinas are in their permanent state of decorativeness and wondering what step comes next. Dancing for the guests also, and no idle nights. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The beauty around here is not just in the eye of the beholder; it is actual, and onstage. The name: Susan Clemm. She and her comrades, mostly comely, female, and feral, have a big old romp a couple of times a night. Another splendid instance of alabaster sculpture is Lili St. Cyr, who is stopping over in town to try on a few new clothes and to take off a great many more. Miss St. Cyr will depart after Monday, March 27; among next evening's arrivals is Dominique, an all-in-fun pickpocket who's happy to prove to any volunteers that his hand is quicker than their eye. Dancing, and no nights off. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Vic Damone is showing how well he can do with a clutch of good songs. With him go the quartet of Bobby Hackett, who has put the cornet on the silver standard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The Devil finds mischief for the busy feet of boy and girl in the mystic and semi-detached rites of the New Terpsichore. It is done at the insistence of two or three maddened drafts of musicians. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays commence at three in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Sauce from the goose (and a wild goose indeed is the soprano Freddie Weber) and sly asides from Jamie Ross are the condiments in Julius Monk's little palace. On Thursday, March 30, Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, political-science majors and commentators from Cambridge University, will be added. The pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston give all hands their due; the ceremonies commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A freshet of alto Spanish trumpets, as fevered as May wine, guide the Mexican mariachi group called Los Rébeldes (young, eager, inexhaustible) and the Andalusian Joaquin Robles and his flamencan following (fierce and feudal) through their night-time maneuverings. The cavalcade happens at dinner and supper. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. On Thursday, March 30, the Rébeldes contingent will be succeeded by the voice of Andy Russell. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Howling in the wilderness of the modern American woman's mind is what Joan Rivers does, and in the requisite clarion voice. Nothing happens (to her, anyway) before ten; the course is nightly, except Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (GR 7-9688): The stuff and nonsense that go on come under the heading of Unnecessity. The compensation is Felicia Sanders, whose wildfire has a beneficial effect upon many an aria. Her last night is Sunday, March 26.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The mystic sounds that emerge from Thelonious Monk's piano often seem to come as a surprise to their author, too. He is fitted out with a quartet. The bang-bang runs from nine-thirty all week, from five on Sundays. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Fridays and Saturdays, Morgana King, whose ballads deal with no topic more abstruse than love, as well as Maynard Ferguson's big band and Chico Hamilton's quintet. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Blossom Dearie, girl elf, chants (wholly deadpan) lyrics whose deft, double-take wit is enhanced by the piano she adds. She checks in about ten every night but Monday. On Mondays, the trio of Daphne Hellman, which gives chamber music its pleasant and serene due. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music by the quartet of Oliver Jones and songs by Terri Malone and Ken Hamilton. A menu of considerable means and a flurry of discothèque music are the accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue at night is an alley to be pondered with circumspection; while you ponder, listen here to Charles De Forest and his well-born wee-hours song and piano, as well as to the cheer-without-chaos jazz of Marian McPartland's threesome. Ten to three is their pattern. The McPartlands lay off on Sundays, Mr. De Forest lays off on Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Clark Terry keeps horning in (what other instrument would one expect of him?) on his foursome. Their last night is Sunday, March 26. On Tuesday, March 28, Max Roach's quintet arrives. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, sets to at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Cliff Jackson, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Can-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

non to the left of us, cannon to the right. The noise, which dates back a lot of years, comes from Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, John Blowers, Bob Wilber, Richard Hyman, and Mr. Condon, or else exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, *from four-thirty to nine*, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians—Yusef Lateef's quartet most of the time, and Sun Ra's ten-man squad on Mondays. On Tuesday, March 28, Jackie McLean's foursome will replace the Lateefs. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The work load is being handled by the quintet of Elvin Jones. Sundays, the Jazz Interactions run off a matinée from five to nine, after which they take turns with the Jones boys. Mondays, visiting groups do all the sounding-off. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Nearly the only Village coffeehouse whose climate is apt to be salubrious. The principal boy is Jake Holmes, who is fond of folk music, even if he likes to tease it now and then. His night off is always Tuesday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—Two big neon sculptures, one yellow, one mainly red; through Saturday, March 25. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

HUGO ASBACH AND STANLEY BATE—Two abstract painters, one German-born, one American, in a joint show; through Saturday, April 1. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Acrylic abstractions; through April 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD BARINGER—Panels of colored stripes; through Wednesday, March 29. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PATRICIA BARTON—Primitive paintings of rural settings; through April 8. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCELO BONEVARDI—Painted wood reliefs with private symbols; through Saturday, April 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN BRANDT—Figurative paintings by this veteran colorist; through Saturday, March 25. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JOHN BRATBY—Heavily painted canvases of flowers, and interiors with figures, flags, and boats; through Saturday, April 1. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

VICTOR BRAUNER—Fantastic paintings by the recently deceased Surrealist; through April 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Figure paintings and landscapes; through Saturday, March 25. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

RAFAEL CANOGAR—Semi-abstract paintings; through April 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

LEON DABO (1868-1960)—Landscape and still-life paintings of his last twenty years; through Wednesday, March 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA AND ROY GUSSOW—Metal constructions, de Rivera's in his well-known snakelike shapes, Gussow's in columnar formations; through Saturday, March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HISAO DOMOTO—Abstract paintings made of parallel slabs of paint interlaid with geometric forms; through Saturday, April 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Watercolors and pastels by the pioneer American abstractionist; through April 8. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES ENGEL—Geometric paintings and drawings, wood and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, April 1. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOJCIECH FANGOR—Paintings and architectural models that exploit out-of-focus images and blurring; through April 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931)—A retrospective of paintings of Paris scenes and types; through Saturday, April 1. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD GAFFNEY—Figurative drawings and plaster sculptures; through April 8. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

EDWIN GAMBLE—Birds, birds, and more birds in sculptures and drawings; through Friday, March 31. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

CHAIM GROSS—Gay sculptures in bronze, some more than life-size, of animated figures of acrobats, ballerinas, and mothers and children; through April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LÉON HARTL—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes by the seventy-eight-year-old lyricist; through April 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN HÉLION—A group of oils from this French artist's early abstract period; through April 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD HILL—Figurative drawings and watercolors; through April 8. (Martin, 43 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Acrylics that combine landscape and figure painting; through April 8. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL HORWITT—Abstract bronzes of precariously balanced elements, and plaster models; through Saturday, March 25. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

BEN JOHNSON—Nudes and still-lifes by this artist, who died last month; through Saturday, March 25. (Daché, 78 E. 56th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Paintings and sculptures by the leading hard-edge abstractionist; through Saturday, March 25. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE—An exhibition of drawings (1910-40) that is running concurrently with his show at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, March 25. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRANZ KLINE—A large group of oils, drawings, and gouaches by the first-line action painter, done during his last ten years; through Saturday, March 25. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

NICHOLAS KRUSHENICK—Emblematic abstractions with heavy contours and Pop colors; through April 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

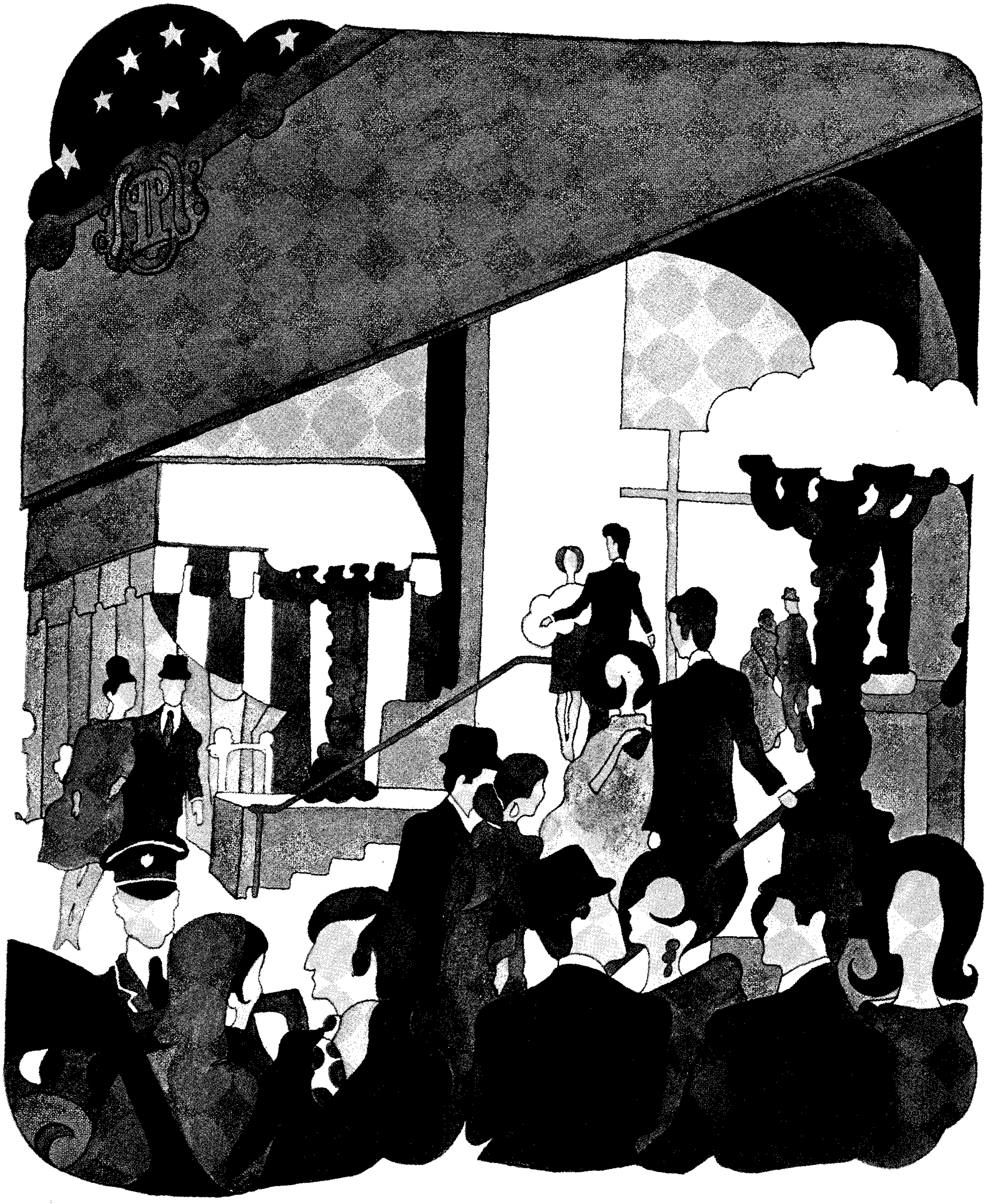
JULIO LEPARC—Kinetic sculptures by the Grand Prix winner of the 1966 Venice Biennale; through Saturday, April 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Etchings of France and Italy; through Saturday, March 25. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

PAUL MOGENSEN—Monochrome paintings segmented in rectangles or squares, like broken puzzles; through Thursday, March 30. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RANDALL MORGAN—Mostly green and blue still-lifes with surreal effects; through Wednesday, March 29. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL MORO—Landscapes, interiors, and ship-



When the lights go out all over Broadway, The Plaza glows a little brighter.

The Plaza is New York's blazing late show, a Roman candle at midnight, a sentinel against the dawn.

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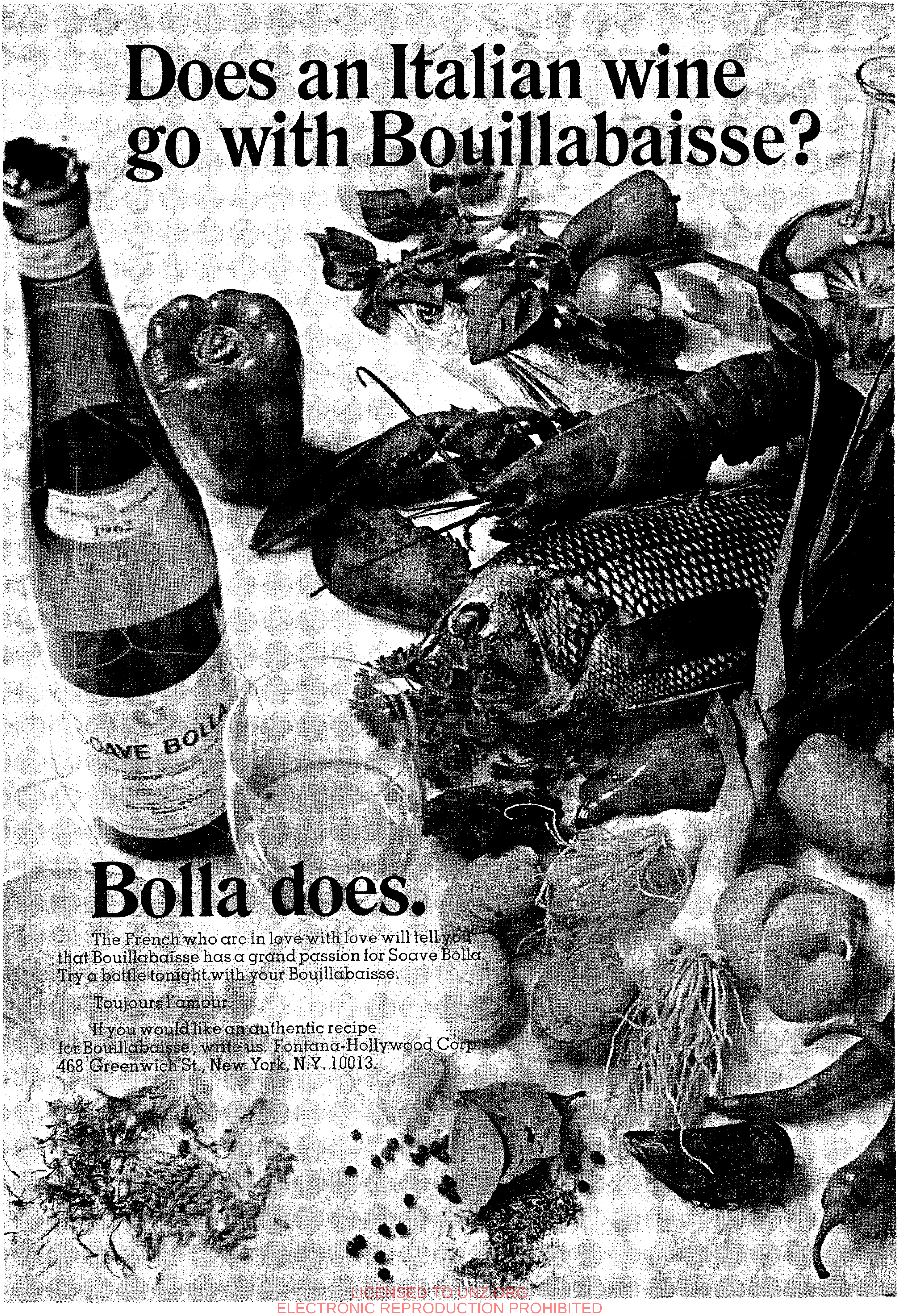

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

board scenes by a Post-Impressionist who died in 1953; through April 8. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Morris—Oils and sumi-ink paintings with symbolic overtones; through Saturday, March 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Morris—Abstract fibre-glass structures; through Tuesday, March 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seong Moy—Abstractions related to landscape; through April 6. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings in complex divisions of colored areas; through April 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde—A loan exhibition of watercolors that the famous German Expressionist did after having been forbidden to paint by the Nazis and that he called "Unpainted Pictures;" through Saturday, March 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Semi-abstractions in delicate tonalities; through Saturday, April 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Panels studded with his familiar range of found bits: bones, marbles, glass eyes, shells; through Saturday, April 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry V. Poor—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 1. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Gordon Russell—Landscape paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 25. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Maynard Sandol—Symbolist figurative and landscape paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Maxine Shattuck—Simplified dramatic landscapes; through Saturday, April 1. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cheou-kang Sie—Bamboo paintings, one of China's classical mediums; through April 15. (Asian Gallery, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Sylvia Stone—Paintings of painted Plexiglas; through April 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kumi Sugaï—Abstract shapes in dynamic relation painted in hard bright hues; through April 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Assemblages using colored Plexiglas; through Saturday, April 1. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alberto Viani—Bronze and marble sculptures in free forms; through Thursday, March 30. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Viksten—Oils, watercolors, and drawings complemented by poetry readings and music on tape; through Tuesday, March 28. (Carlsson, 791 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5.)

Eugene Waddell—Swerving run-together streams of color; through April 8. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Walton—"Hex Signs," a group of emblematic paintings; through Saturday, March 25. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Erika Weihs—Figurative paintings and drawings in a delicate, dreamy vein; through April 12. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Weinrib—Abstract see-through sculptures in softly colored plastic, most of them a pale lavender; through April 5. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—Bronzes and objects in glass boxes by this explorer of irrational combinations; through Saturday, April 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Treasures from the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore—A benefit show of French, Italian, and Flemish paintings; ancient Egyptian bronzes; Armenian, German, and Mughal manuscripts; ivories, enamels, and goldsmiths' work of the Middle Ages; and ceramics and metalwork from Persia and the Near East; through April 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—Their forty-eighth annual print exhibition; through Saturday, April 1. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Sculptures; Group Shows—At the **pietrantonio**, 26 E. 84th St.: Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through April 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sculptors guild**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Pieces in different mediums by Biro, Greenly, Leon, Rocklin, Schanker, and Weiss; through Friday, March 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Max Bill, Jean Tinguely, Chryssa, and other Americans and Europeans; through Saturday, April 1. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **east hampton gallery**, 22 W. 56th St.: "The Visionaries," twenty-five artists doing environments, mystical paintings, assemblages, strobe-light images, multi-mediums, LSD visions, and so on; through April 8. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Watercolors by such artists as David Fredenthal, Ogden Pleissner, and Adolf Dehn; through Saturday, March 25. . . . **park place gallery**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Panel paintings by Dean Fleming, sculptural pieces by Charles Ross, mirrors by Jerry Foyster, and tapes of music composed by Steve Reich; through Wednesday, March 29. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **phoenix**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Reuben Kadish, Stephen Pace, and Mary Frank are three of the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, March 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Arthur B. Davies, W. L. Metcalf, and Oscar Bluemner (to mention a few); through April 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings linked by the theme of the fantastic, Redon to Rosenquist; through April 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **the contemporaries**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: "Psychedelic Art," comprising paintings and "light machines," by eight Europeans and Americans who have been working in New York; through Saturday, April 1. . . . **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: Thirty portraits, ranging from Raphael to de Kooning; through April 6. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **byron**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A benefit show of "400 Years of Italian Art;" through Saturday, March 25. . . . **feigen**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Mondrian, Kandinsky, Picasso, Klee, and others; through April 6.

Israelis; Group Show—An exhibition of tapestries, handwoven in Nazareth from designs by Israeli and European painters (among them Reuven Rubin, Karel Appel, and Hans Hartung); through Friday, March 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Peruvians; Group Show—Abstract paintings by nine contemporaries and sculptures by two; through April 15. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two new permanent installations: "The Enduring Art of China," consisting of ceramics, sculptures, frescoes, paintings on silk and paper, and furniture; and "A Far Eastern Treasury" of icons, cosmetic boxes, buckles, and jewelry, all shaped from inlaid metals. . . . ¶ Seventeenth-century Italian prints by Reni, Rosa, and Castiglione (to name a few); through April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Whimsical pieces by Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist and including a whale, a snow flurry, a spider, an elephant chair, a cat lamp, wire portraits, and jewelry; through April 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of nearly two hundred oils, watercolors, gouaches, mixed mediums, drawings, prints, and works on glass by Paul Klee; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, March 27, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Klee showing

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(ending Saturday) at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A huge retrospective of two hundred and twenty-three paintings and drawings by the celebrated photo-realist painter Andrew Wyeth; through April 9. . . . ¶ The first retrospective (1933 to the present) of sculptures and assemblages by Louise Nevelson, also drawings and prints; through April 30. . . . ¶ Life-size drawings with themes based on Nazi brutality and the suffering it caused, by Mauricio Lasansky, well-known printmaker; *through April 30.* (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty-two bronzes and thirty drawings by Henry Moore, on loan from the artist and his family; through April 2. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through June 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of the works of thirty-two American painters and sculptors who are candidates for Institute awards; through April 2. . . . ¶ "Land and Sea," a show of etchings, drawings, and paintings from the Academy's collection, by Winslow Homer, Eugene Speicher, Ernest Lawson, and others; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibition of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Etchings, paintings, and drawings by Giovanni Castiglione, the seventeenth-century Genoese virtuoso; through Friday, March 31. . . . ¶ Collages with preliminary studies by Rauschenberg, Ortman, Rivers, and others, plus models and drawings for Oldenburg's "The Toilet" (with a photograph of the finished work); through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Aubrey Beardsley and His Era," consisting mainly of his illustrations for books and magazines; through April 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Prints from many different countries dealing with the theme of music-makers through the ages; through April 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Seventeenth Century in Italy" comprises drawings (by Annibale Carracci, Guercino, Bernini, and others), illustrated books, correspondence of popes, letters of artists, book bindings, and an envelope on which Galileo made astronomical doodles; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Monuments, tombstones, and trophies, together with sketches, photomurals, and models for proposed memorials; through May 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A snaky "Walk-Through-Dance-Through Sculpture" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic tri-balloon by a group of artists known as USCO, a satirically teamed "Couple No. 2" by Marisol are among exhibits at "Sculpture: New York Scene;" through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(*The box-office number for the* Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, March 23: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 24: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, Loretta Di Franco, Nicolai Gedda, John Macurdy, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 25: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Barry Morell, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 25: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, George Shirley, and Mario Sereni. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 27: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Ruza Pospinov, Franco Corelli, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 28: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 29: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Sherrill Milnes, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 30: "La Traviata," with Renata Scotto, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 31: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 1: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Sherrill Milnes, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 1: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Lucia Popp, Patricia Welting, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, Hermann Prey, and Morley Meredith. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, March 23, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, William Beck, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 24, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Grümmer, Marguerite Willauer, Anne Elgar, James Pease, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 2:15: "Carmen," with Huguette Tourangeau, Joan Patenaude, Michele Molese, and Raymond Myers. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, Benjamin Rayson, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 26, at 1:15: Three short Puccini operas—"Il Tabarro," with Claramae Turner, Athena Lampropulos, Chester Ludgin, and Bernabé Martí; "Suor Angelica," with Elisabeth Carron, Claramae Turner, Kay Creed, and Charlotte Povia; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Joan Summers, Claramae Turner, Norman Treigle, and Frank Porretta. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 26, at 7:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Charlotte Povia, Placido Domingo, and Seymour Schwartzman. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

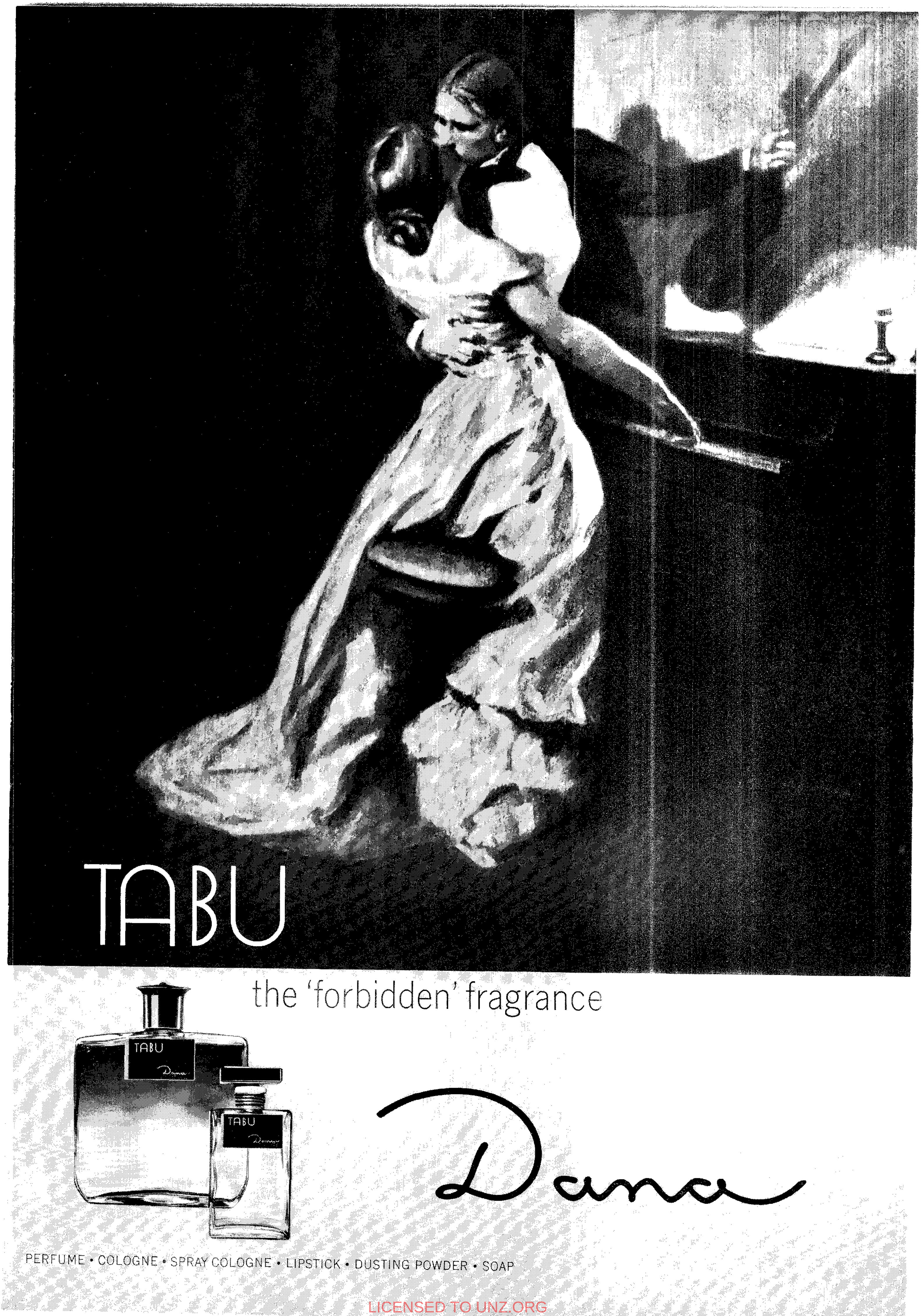
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Sylvia Caduff, Juan Pablo Izquierdo, and Alain Lombard conducting on Thursday, March 23, at 8:30; Friday, March 24, at 2:15; and Monday, March 27, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem on Saturday, March 25, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ William Steinberg directing on Thursday, March 30, at 8:30; Friday, March 31, at 2:15; Saturday, April 1, at 8:30; and Monday, April 3, at 7:30 (all with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and Lorne Munroe, cello).

PHILHARMONIA HUNGARICA—Miltiades Caridis conducting, with Ludwig Hoffmann, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 23, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Richard Lewis, tenor; Cesare Siepi, bass-baritone; and the Singing City Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting the last in a series of Mozart-Beethoven programs, with Rudolf Firkusny,



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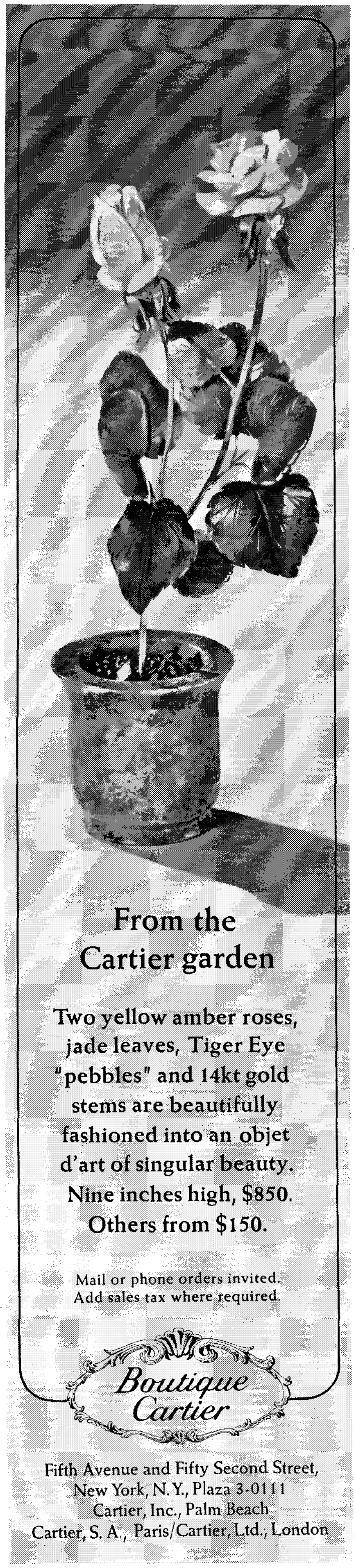

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piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 23, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Saramae Endich, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Charles Bressler and Jon Humphrey, tenors; Michael Cousins and John Reardon, baritones; Marvin Hayes, bass; and the Festival Chorus. The last in a series of concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 24, at 7.)

Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia—Anshel Brusilow conducting the final concert of the season, an all-Beethoven program, with Erica Morini, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of new Swiss music, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Janka Brun, piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Bowdoin College Glee Club and Chapel Choir—Robert K. Beckwith directing. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, March 26, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Baylor University Choirs—Euell Porter directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Note—On Easter, at 12:30, the Massachusetts State College Chorus, directed by Catherine A. Dower, will present a concert in the lower plaza at Rockefeller Center. Robert Rounseville, tenor, will be the soloist.

RECITALS

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Bernard Krainis—Recorder. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 11:30.)

Paul Zukofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-67—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Harold Farberman and Teo Macero. (Town Hall. Monday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of piano concertos, with the Mozart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 29, at 8:30, the last in a series of lieder recitals, this one an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30, with the Juilliard String Quartet.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano, in the second of two recitals, this one an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Stockholm Kyndel Quartet, with Konrad Ragossnig, guitar. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 31, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Uta Graf—Soprano, in a Schubert lieder program. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 5:15.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a recital postponed from Feb. 11. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider's String Quintet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz/Folk/Gospel—Peter, Paul & Mary, folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Nina Simone, Miriam Makeba, and others. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30 and at midnight.) . . . ¶ Hazel Scott, with a trio. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Mahalia Jackson, gospel singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 4 and 8:30.) . . . ¶ "Jazz at the Philharmonic," with Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington's orchestra, Oscar Peterson's trio, Jimmy Jones' trio, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Clark Terry, and Zoot Sims. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 4 and 8:30.)

Music from the Opera—LaVergne Monette, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and the New York College of Music Chorus, directed by John L. Motley. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Boston—The second game, Saturday, March 25, at 8:30, at Madison Square Garden; the third game, Sunday, March 26, at Boston. After that, if necessary, a fourth game, Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30, at the Garden, and a fifth game, Wednesday, March 29, at Boston.

Boxing—Curtis Cokes vs. Gypsy Joe Harris, 10 rounds, welterweights. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 31. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 26, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 1, at 9:30, and Sunday, April 2, at 9:30 and noon.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company. Saturday, March 25, at 11: "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 11: "Cinderella." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.)

Pete Seeger and Paul Draper—A program of folk songs and dances. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 27, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By **florsheim productions:** "Puss in Boots." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Tuesday through Friday, March 28-31, at 1. For tickets, call 565-8853.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "King of the Cowboys," Saturday, March 25, at 2 and 3:30, plus Monday, March 27, and Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 3:30. . . . ¶ "Peter Rabbit," Sunday, March 26, at 2 and 3:30; Monday, March 27, at 12:45 and 2; Tuesday, March 28, at 1:30 and 2:45; Wednesday, March 29, at 12:45, 2:15 and 3:30; and Thursday through Sunday, March 30-April 2, at 12:45 and 2. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **prince street players:** "The Emperor's New Clothes," Saturday, March 25, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Aladdin," Monday through Wednesday, March 27-29, at 1 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Cinderella," Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 1 and 3:30. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782.) . . . **storyland theatre:** "Canterville Ghost." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and also Monday through Friday, March 27-31, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Rumpelstilt-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

skin," Saturday, March 25, at 1:30, plus Monday and Tuesday, March 27-28, and Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 1:15. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturday, March 25, at 3, plus Monday and Tuesday, March 27-28, and Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Comedy of Magic," Wednesday, March 29, at 12:30, and Saturday, April 1, at 2. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Emperor's New Clothes," Monday, March 27. . . . ¶ "Robin Hood," Tuesday, March 28. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Wednesday, March 29. . . . ¶ "Greensleeves," Thursday, March 30. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Friday, March 31. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Afternoons at 1. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **WIZARD PRODUCTIONS:** "Cinderella," Saturday, March 25, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "A Merry Midsummer Night's Dream," Monday through Saturday, March 27-April 1, at 1 and 3. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Moon and Its Shadow." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, March 23, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturday, March 25, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday, March 27, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, March 28-31, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7:30; and Saturday, April 1, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every weekday, starting on Good Friday, from 10 to 12.

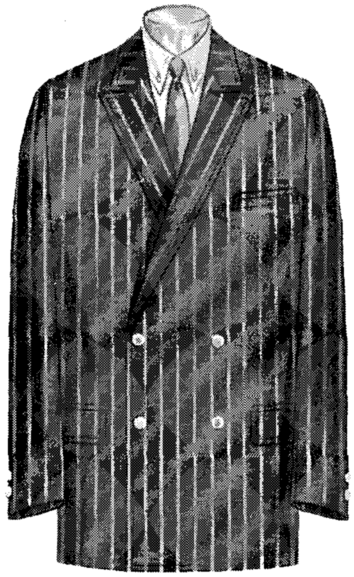
ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—At the **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AUDITORIUM:** Basil Bunting reading from his own works, Thursday, March 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ May Swenson and Anthony Hecht reading from their own works, Thursday, March 30, at 8:30. (1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . **POETRY CENTER,** Y.M.H.A.: John Ashbery and John Hollander reading from their own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, March 27, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross, and also includes a Dutch-bulb exhibit, featuring a street of Dutch houses, windmills, canals, and fields of spring flowers. Through Sunday, April 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 4:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 25, at 1:45: French and other Continental furniture and decorative objects, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 10:30 and 1:45: Jade vases and figures; Chinese, Siamese, and Tibetan bronzes; Chinese porcelains, furniture, and screens; Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings; and other Oriental art; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 25.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

MIDNIGHT SHOW

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Any Wednesday—A better movie than it was a play, and it was a pretty funny play. With Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 28.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Thursday, March 23, at 8:30; Friday through Sunday, March 24-26, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, March 27-29, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—A disaster, carried out with ill-concealed despair by Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Deadly Affair—A welcomely serious spy story, laid in England. Produced and directed by Sidney Lumet, with a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, Harry Andrews, Harriet Andersson, and many others of equal distinction. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through March 28.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully photographed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Falstaff—An adroit stitching together of Falstaff fragments by Orson Welles, who plays Sir John with splendid *brio*. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 23.)

Goal!—A model documentary, depicting the great soccer competition held in England last summer and known as the World Cup. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 28.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, March 24-29, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, March 24-29, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—David Swift has done a fine job of directing this movie version of the celebrated Broadway musical. With Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian director named Miloš Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—A successful movie version of the eerie play by Peter Weiss. Peter Brook was the director and is, in effect, the star. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

My Sister, My Love—Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle in a sad, vivid story of forbidden love. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Night of the Generals—Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Donald Pleasence, and Charles Gray in a thriller about the tracking down of a murderous Nazi general. Directed by Anatole Litvak. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 28.)

Persona—An icy, flawless study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Vie de Château—A comedy about life in the Norman countryside during the Second World War. The spirited direction is by Jean-Paul Rappeneau, who also helped write the witty screenplay. In French. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A funny, lyrical movie, made in New York and really about New York. Exuberantly directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Forbidden Games (1952)—Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly in a film about the effect of war and death on two small children. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 29.)

The Greatest Show on Earth (1952)—DeMille under the big top. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour, Charlton Heston, and so on. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through March 28.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 29.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 29.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 27.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 29, last showing that day at 2:20.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 23.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. With Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 28.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; March 23.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 29.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 29.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; March 23.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—March 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Scaramouche" (1923), with Ramon Novarro. . . . ¶ March 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Ben-Hur" (1925), with Ramon Novarro. . . . ¶ March 25 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Scaramouche" (1923), with Ramon Novarro. . . . ¶ March 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Ben-Hur" (1925), with Ramon Novarro. . . . ¶ March 27-28, showings at 2 and 5:30: "Karamazov" (1931), in German, with Anna Sten. . . . ¶ March 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Emil und die Detektive" (1931), *in German; no English titles*. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salome" (1922), with Nazimova; and W. C. Fields films. (The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Thoroughly Modern Millie," Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore. (Thursday, March 23, at 8:30; Friday, March 24, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, March 25, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, March 26, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, March 27-29, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, March 24-29, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 28: "The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From March 29: **MORGAN!**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (in Ukrainian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
MARAT/SADE.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU (in French).

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 28: **GOAL!**
From March 29 (tentative): "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
March 23: **GEORGY GIRL.**
From March 24: "Ulysses," the Joyce novel on film, shot in Dublin and with an Irish and English cast. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, March 25-29, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 28: **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.
From March 29: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "First to Fight," Chad Everett.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 28: **THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS.**
From March 29: **MAJOR BARBARA**, revival; and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
March 23: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish and both revivals).
March 24-28: "Crime and Punishment" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.
From March 29: "Age of Illusions" (in Hungarian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 28: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR.**
From March 29: "Monkeys, Go Home!," Maurice Chevalier, Dean Jones; and "Tarzan and the Valley of Gold," Mike Henry.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 28: **THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH**, revival.
From March 29: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "First to Fight," Chad Everett.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
PERSONA (in Swedish).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
FALSTAFF.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The War Game," a British television film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
GEORGY GIRL.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 29 (last showing that day at 2:20): **NINOTCHKA**, revival; and "Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 28: **THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY.**
From March 29: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 23: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruehmann.
March 24: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
March 25: "One Potato, Two Potato," revival, Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton; and "Lilies of the Field," revival, Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
March 26: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French and both revivals).
March 27: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.
March 28: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
March 29: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

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If you're the girl who loves the mellow richness of 24 karat gold, you'll buy "Hyde Park," this new Royal Worcester design inspired by one that's a few hundred years old. *The gold is jeweled on by an exclusive Royal Worcester process.* It fits the cup like a bracelet of delicate gold filigree. *Feel its raised surface with your fingers* (feel the flatness of the others in contrast). Even the handles are lovingly stroked with gold in places you can barely see (no wonder Royal Worcester is sold by so many fine jewelers). *Many hours have gone into hand-burnishing the gold.* So everything on your table will bask in its glow.

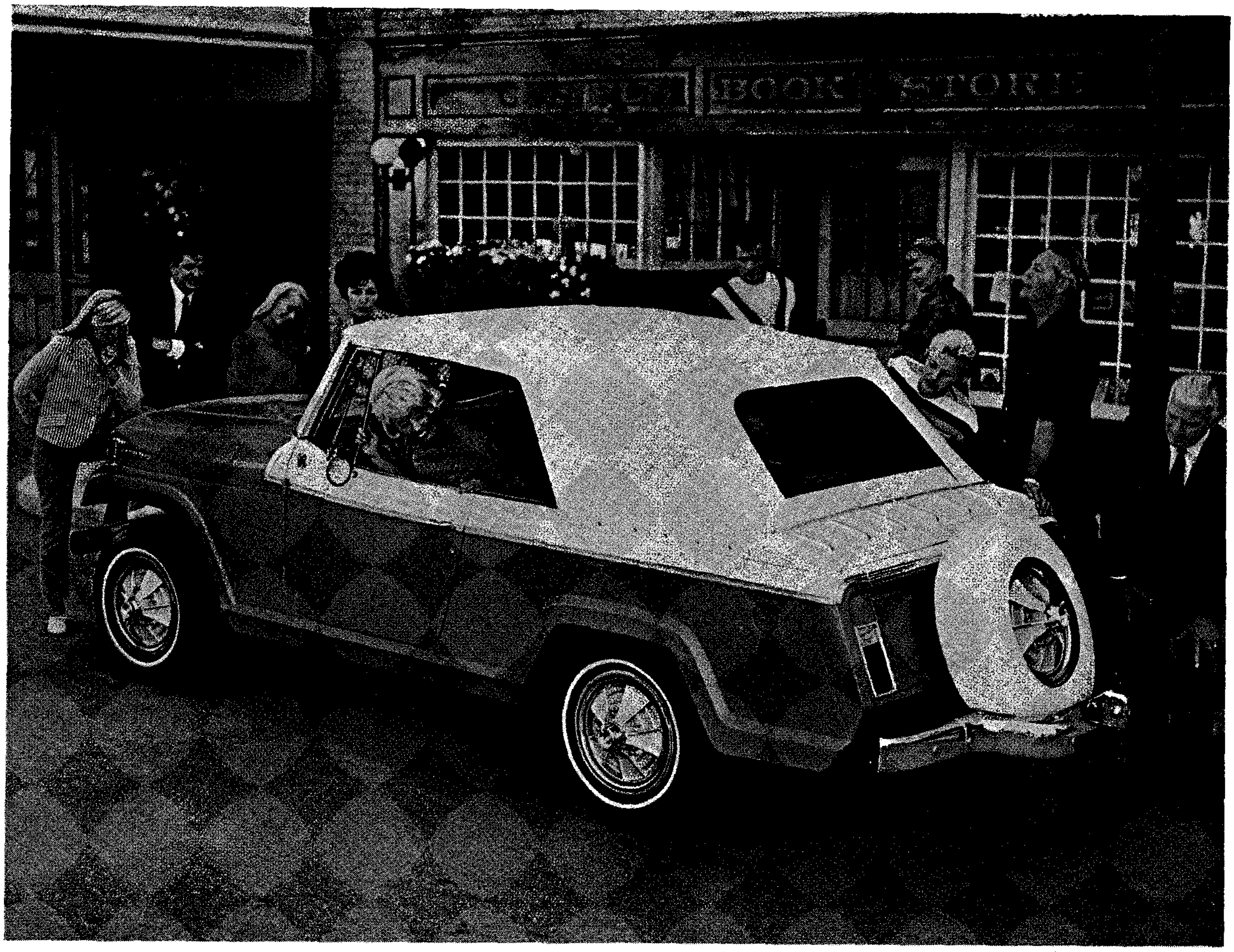
"Hyde Park" costs $42.75 the five piece place setting. Other Royal Worcester patterns are $16.75 to $135. *Great values at any price since they only grow more valuable with time.*

When you visit England, do make a special trip to Worcester to visit the Royal Worcester factory and museum. *Royal Worcester has been hand-crafting works of art for the table since 1751.* Our style of doing things hasn't changed much during that time. You'll see why the gold crest on the back of this cup means the same today it meant over two centuries ago.

The finest china you can buy.

If you want to bone up on fine china (and you certainly should before you buy it) send 25c for our full color pattern brochure and the Royal Worcester "Don't Panic Cookbook" to
Royal Worcester, Dept. NY-D-3
11 East 26th Street, New York 10010.

Royal Worcester
fine English bone china



**Bold. Brash. New.
Holy Toledo, what a car!**

Fresh out of Toledo—home of 'Jeep' ruggedness—comes a new kind of sportscar. The 'Jeepster' Convertible. A sleek, spunky beauty. With the adventure and safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive!

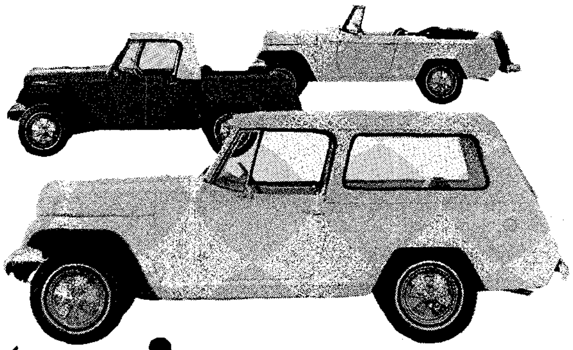
You get bucket seats. Continental spare. Roll-up windows. Add automatic top. Console. Hot new V-6 with automatic transmission. Power brakes, even air-conditioning!

And 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive is standard equipment. Flip one simple lever—and you leave other sportscars far behind! Head for the hills. Down onto the beach. Almost anywhere!

You can choose from a family of 'Jeepster Commando' models, as well. Station Wagon. Roadster. Pick-up. Wide choice of colors.

Smooth ride? Bold performance? You've got to drive it to believe it! See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

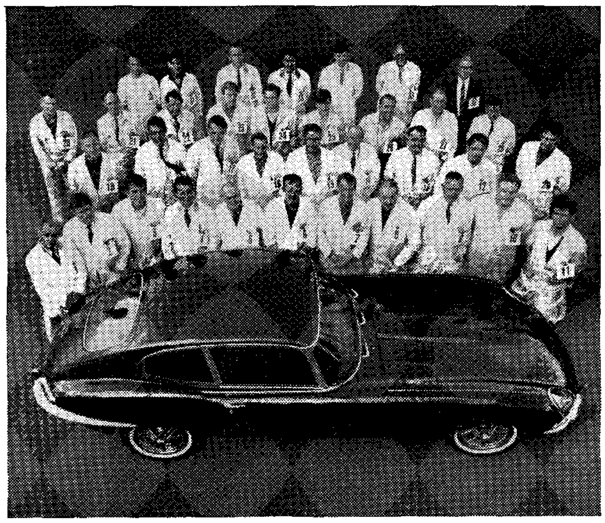
'Jeepster' and 'Jeepster Commando' are trademarks of vehicles made by and only by
KAISER Jeep CORPORATION TOLEDO 1, OHIO



**'Jeepster'
Family of fun cars**

ESTÉE LAUDER'S NEWEST WATER-COLOR BEAUTY GIVES YOU A SPRINGTIME GLOW-FOR-ALL-SEASONS. You might call it a miracle. We call it great beauty thinking. With this new Water-Color approach to make-up, Estée Lauder practically puts "Spring" in the palm of your hand. Its precious droplets of light-as-air liquid flow on like artists' water colors to give you the glow, the bloom, the young sparkle that happens to every woman, come Spring. Film on Tender Make-up Tint and watch your complexion smooth out into clear, flawless serenity. Stroke Liquid Glow Tint on your cheeks and see the sunniness glow up. Brush on Liquid Shadow Tint for the most beautiful wide-open eyes. Estée Lauder designed these soft washes of color for a real-life look of fresh Spring beauty the year-round.

Estée Lauder



At $5384.

These 36 men are part of the reason that at even half the cost of other well-known Grand Touring automobiles, the Jaguar XK-E gets such intensive and thorough engineering scrutiny. Each Jaguar is road-tested independently by two final inspection teams at the Coventry, England works. Then they compare notes to double check any possible production deficiency. A bench test of at least six hours is standard for all Jaguar engines. You don't get that kind of testing from other car makers. The men at Jaguar have made final inspection an art.

Here's what New York's Museum of Modern Art says about the Jaguar XK-E:

"It offers a standard of performance and finish found only in cars normally costing twice as much money."

But a Jaguar doesn't ride on anybody else's reputation. Far from it. The unique XK racing engine, for example, is the prototype of most of today's Grand Prix engines. But we have harnessed its superb performance to give you a car for everyday driving. We gave it a sensible price, too. In short, a truly prestige car at reasonable cost.

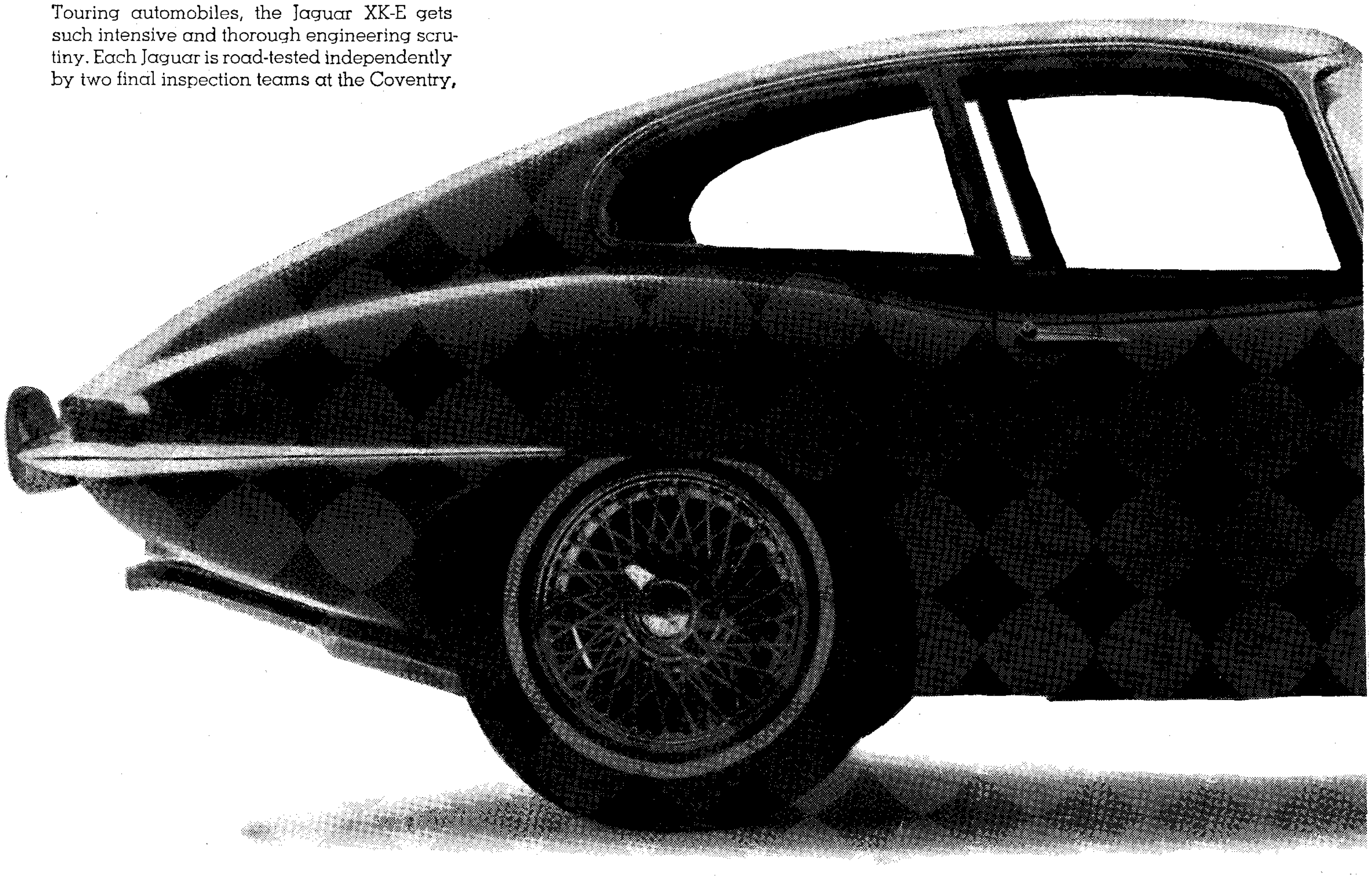
A different breed of cat

There's no other car in the world that looks quite like an XK-E. The reason it looks different is because it's built differently. Its stressed-skin body-frame construction gives the whole car extra strength and at the same time increases performance by reducing weight.

Still another Jaguar point of difference will be found under the hood. In the 4.2 litre XK engine. It's an in-line twin overhead-camshaft, hemispherical cylinder head Six, developing 265 BHP at 5400 rpm, and giving a peak of 283 lbs. ft. of torque at 4000 rpm. It has been rigorously tried and not found wanting—in the Le Mans 24-hour race and at other formidable tracks.

Take it out and run it

The best tonic for a Jaguar is to take it out and run it. Only then will you get the feeling of what driving a high performance car is all about.



The Jaguar XK
world's great
at half the great

"It still has a combination of ride, handling and silence that sets the standard for the rest of the world."—Road & Track

The XK-E comes with either a fully synchromesh four-speed manual gearbox, or (on the XK-E 2+2 family coupe) the new Model 8 automatic with console-mounted lever control. One reason why this is a sports car your wife will love, too.

And now a family sports car

Our new 2+2 model of the great XK-E shatters the old notion that a sports car is a cramped, sportsman's plaything. We made the 2+2 with the family in mind. They'll believe it too when they discover more legroom and headroom in the front seats, easier entry through wider doors, upholstered rear seats for the children and substantially larger luggage space. Of course, the 2+2 retains the spirit of a sports car. Its automatic transmission can get traffic drivers off the line quicker than manual shift. (Jimmy Clark types excepted.)

All XK-E models have trim, contoured leather bucket seats of deep comfort, adjustable steering wheel, clearly marked and positive toggle switches to the controls, map light, and safety warning light for low brake fluid and low gas. Thoughtful features dear to the heart of your wife.

A word about safety

It's predominant. Just as Jaguar yields to no one in performance, it's the same with our concern for safety. We have had dual braking systems since 1954. Unexcelled road-holding and steering and unmatched driving visibility in all models are the criterion of safety standards. Jaguar has built a great range of flexible engine power into its car, but safety has been our resolute companion all the way.

The Jaguar XK-E has four-wheel disc brakes that just don't fade. Of the world's great car makers, Jaguar alone pioneered this safe, modern braking system and it has been standard equipment on all models since 1958. Four wheel independent suspension is provided for a smoother ride and superlative road-holding.

Jaguar Cars for 1967

Jaguar car prices* (starting below $4500) cover sports models and luxury sedans over a wide range of styles and equipment, including some of the following:

XK-E roadster	$5384
XK-E Coupe	5580
XK-E 2+2 coupe	5870
XK-E 2+2 coupe (automatic)	6120
340 Sedan	4490
340 Sedan (automatic)	4723
420 Sports Sedan (overdrive)	5786
420 Sports Sedan (automatic)	5933
420 G Sedan (automatic)	6990

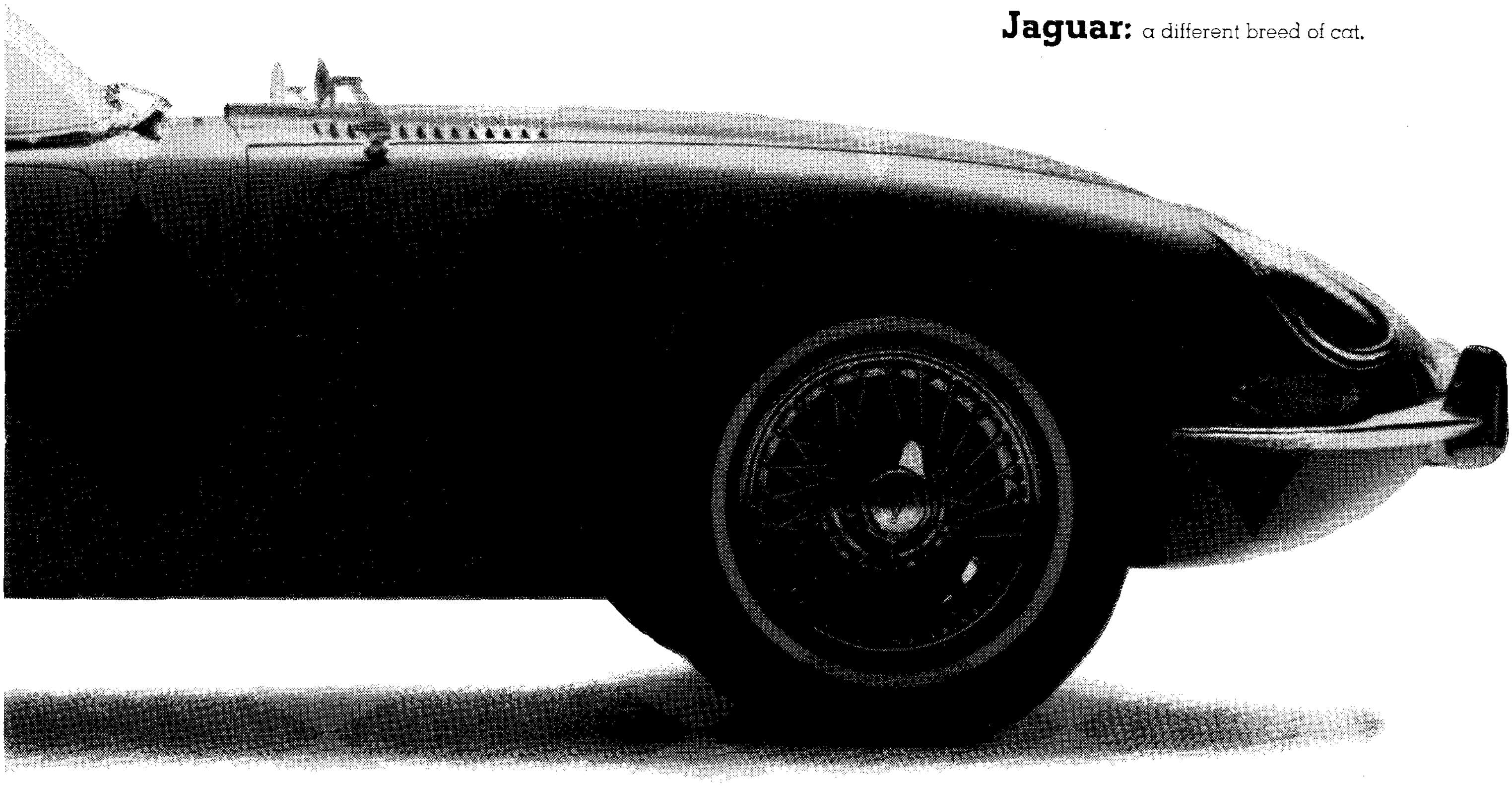
*Suggested U. S. retail prices at P.O.E.

Positive rack-and-pinion steering gives complete control in any situation.

See and drive the Jaguar XK-E at your earliest convenience. As our overseas delivery people say, "Keep America Beautiful . . . bring home a Jaguar."

All Jaguars available for overseas delivery. There are Jaguar dealers coast to coast.

Jaguar: a different breed of cat.



·E is one of the automobiles automobile price.

Take the shakes out of tough tee shots.

(Sold only through golf professional shops.)

Play the clubs with original Wilson Strata-Bloc® power.

It happens to every golfer at least once in a round.

You walk up to the tee and the sight of that heavily trapped par five hole would shiver the timbers of a well-seasoned professional.

But you confidently take out your Wilson Staff Driver, remembering what we've said about Strata-Bloc Power.

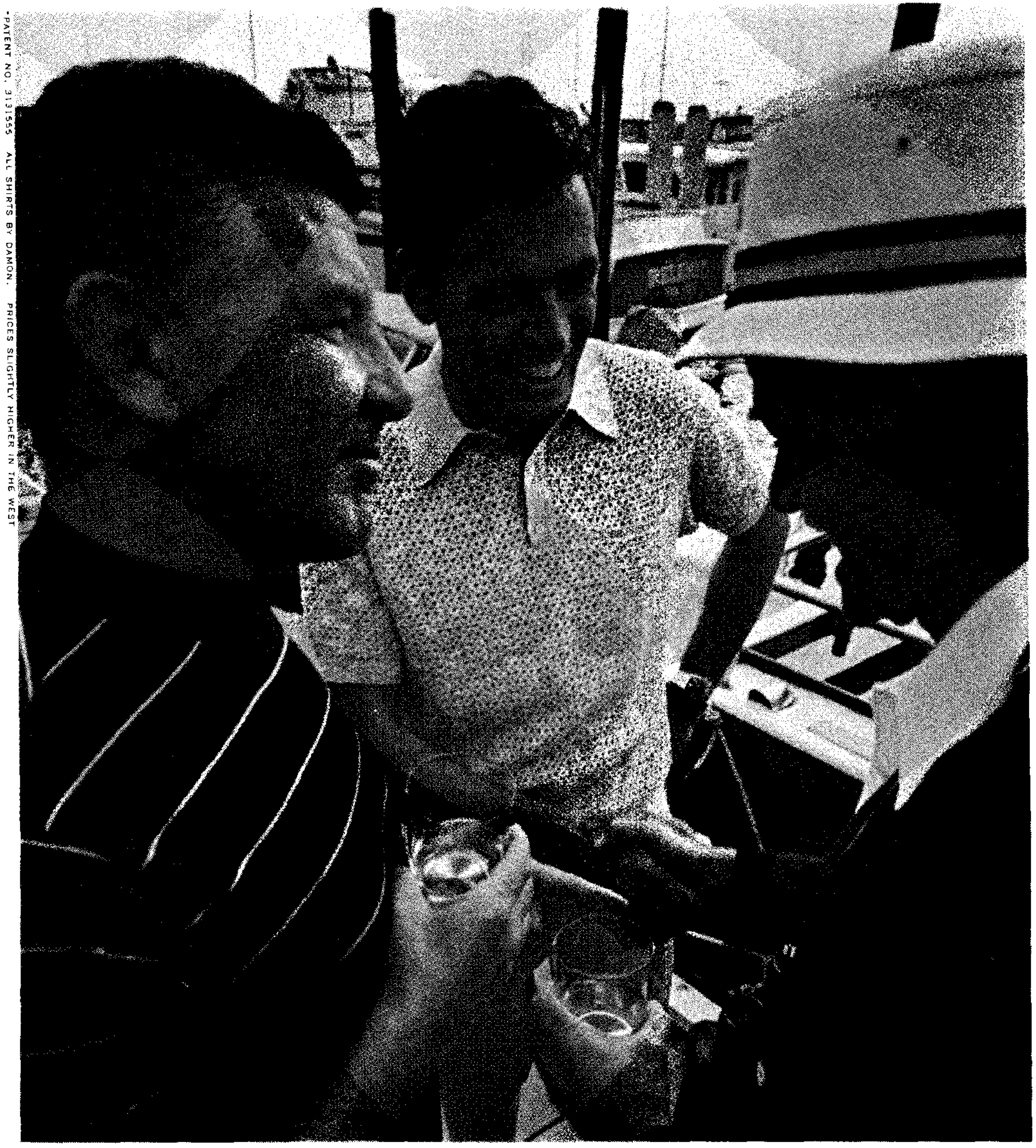
The Strata-Bloc distance secret is all in how the club is built—with layers of select maple strips bonded together into a single, powerful unit. The result is a club head that's stronger than natural wood and absolutely uniform in balance and density.

What's more, a new, wider face insert has been permanently bonded to the tough end grains of the maple strips to give you a larger prime hitting area.

Now, keep your head down and your eye on the ball. With all the built-in power of your Wilson Staff going for you—how could you possibly go wrong?

PLAY TO WIN WITH
Wilson®
Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

You didn't expect to be introduced to the Chairman of the Board



*PATENT NO. 3131555 ALL SHIRTS BY DAMON. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

A great many business opportunities don't present themselves behind a desk. That's why Damon designs leisure clothes that give you the advantage—that are designed with the distinction and finesse to do everything for you that a custom tailored business suit does.

For instance, Damon's Flaxen Shirt is a handsome, air cooled cotton and linen weave that looks distinguished, behaves impeccably and is a great comfort to wear. Details like a unique patented* collar (it hugs your neck, stands and stays up) mean this shirt will never have a sloppy moment. Knit in Italy, about $20.00 at fine stores, or write Damon, 16 E. 34 St., New York, N.Y., re: THE FLAXEN SHIRT

DAMON
INTERNATIONAL

To get where you want to go you have to look as though you're already there

Bill Schulze is a craftsman. So are his partners Dave Morgan and Warren Wilson. Their job is to mould Bostonian's supple leathers to the shape of your foot. They pull, tug and knead. Then they sew. One perfect "lock stitch" at a time. Stitches that lock in the shape, the fit, the feel of a Bostonian Flex-O-Moc . . . for the life of the shoe.

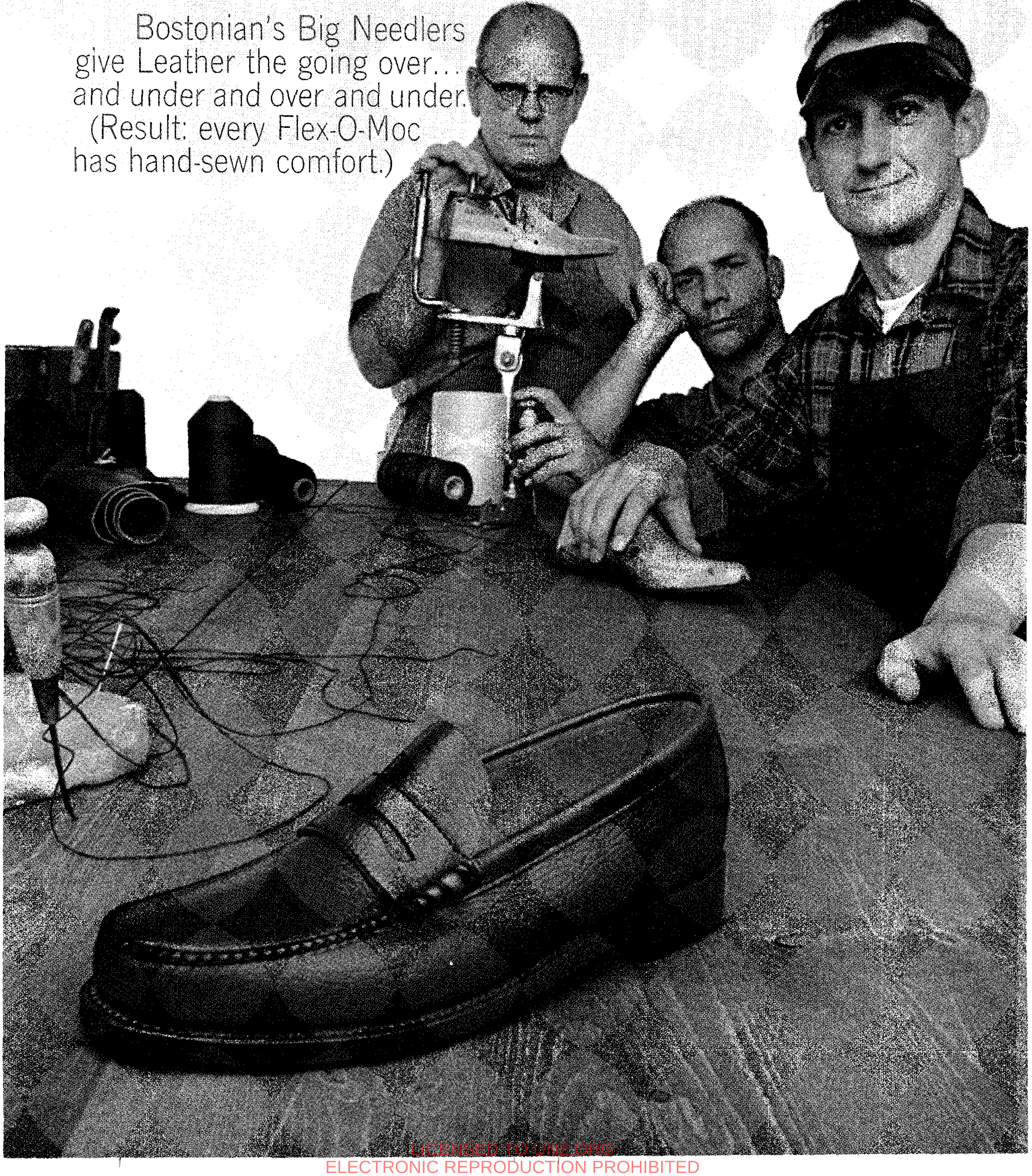
As Bill Schulze says, "When this shoe fits, wear it and wear it and wear it." But only if you can handle all that love and individual attention.

(Featured) 8284, in Brown Grain; (top left) 8212, in Barbados Veal; (top right) 870, in Wine Brevitt. Styles shown also available in Black. Most Bostonians $19.95 to $40.00. Authentic moccasins from $15.95. (Slightly higher in the West). Bostonians now available in Canada. Write for name of nearest dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

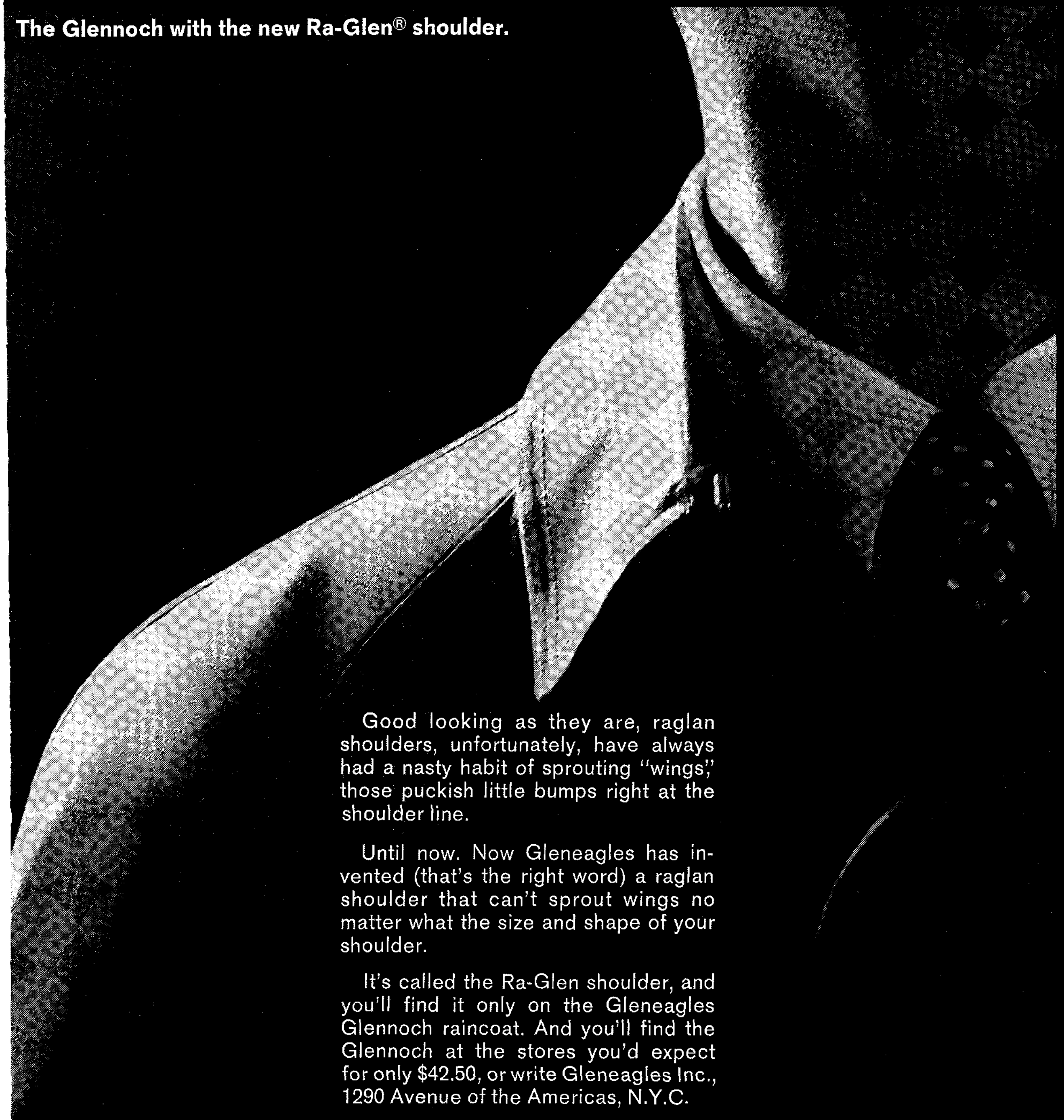
BOSTONIAN FLEX-O-MOCS

Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand.

Bostonian's Big Needlers give Leather the going over... and under and over and under. (Result: every Flex-O-Moc has hand-sewn comfort.)



The Glennoch with the new Ra-Glen® shoulder.



Good looking as they are, raglan shoulders, unfortunately, have always had a nasty habit of sprouting "wings," those puckish little bumps right at the shoulder line.

Until now. Now Gleneagles has invented (that's the right word) a raglan shoulder that can't sprout wings no matter what the size and shape of your shoulder.

It's called the Ra-Glen shoulder, and you'll find it only on the Gleneagles Glennoch raincoat. And you'll find the Glennoch at the stores you'd expect for only $42.50, or write Gleneagles Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C.

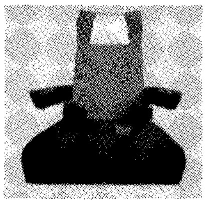
Gleneagles

1 raincoat.

Now you can take one of our transatlantic flights all over the Pacific.

We've always put on quite a show for people going across the Atlantic.

We've provided the first genuinely comfortable airline seats for them to sit in. Beautiful stewardesses to bring them things like misty 12-year-old Scotch. A prize-winning French chef to cook for them. And magnificent Rolls-Royce jets with million mile pilots at the controls.



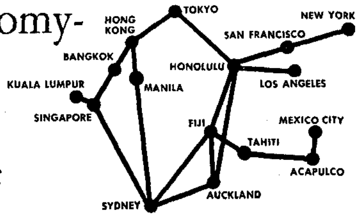
Passengers on this route tell us we really know how to make time fly. (They must be telling their friends, because we've averaged more passengers per plane for the past two years than any other major transatlantic airline.)

Starting April 1, BOAC will offer this same kind of service all the way to Australia. We'll jet you direct to Sydney from New York or San Francisco. (And include stopovers in Honolulu and Fiji at no additional air fare.)

Indeed, we'll be able to take you the length and breadth of the Pacific: Auckland, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok—10 different gateways to hundreds of diverse cultures.

(BOAC together with Air New Zealand and Qantas, will offer nineteen weekly flights across the Pacific.)

But best of all, you'll be able to travel this big, beautiful ocean transatlantic-style. That means first-rate. Even on an Economy-Class ticket.



BOAC, Air New Zealand and Qantas Pacific routes.

Your Travel Agent can handle all the details smartly.

BOAC
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

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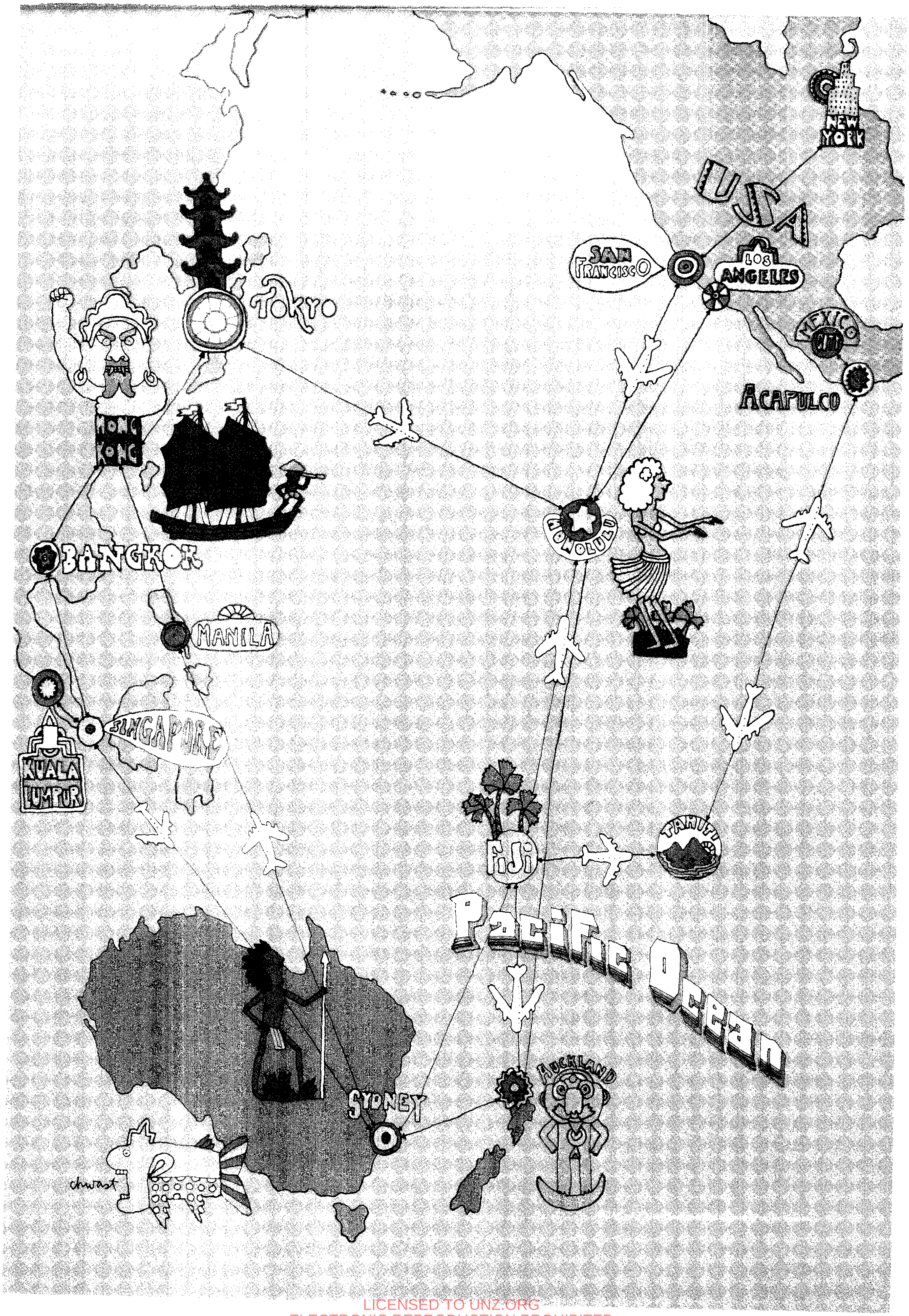
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Some necessities
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with STEVENS.

"Canterbury," from Stevens Fine Arts Collection™: durable press sheets and pillowcases of 50% Monsanto's "Blue C" polyester and 50% cotton. Splendor drawn from an olde English garden. Pink, yellow or blue. With coordinated print fitted bottoms. At fine stores.
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Other home fashions from Stevens: Forstmann® blankets, Gulistan® carpets, ready-made draperies, and Utica® towels and bath rugs.

The Messina, *in Walnut and Pecan.*

Magnavox stereo...the magnificent way to enjoy the full beauty of music in your home.

ASTRO-SONIC STEREO brings you the full beauty of music with unequaled tonal dimension and fidelity from your records, or stereo FM and FM/AM radio. This superb performance is maintained with lasting reliability because advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes; eliminates component-damaging heat.

Exclusive Micromatic record player is exceptionally accurate—completely eliminates pitch distortion. Feather-light 1/10-oz. tracking touch banishes record and stylus wear so your records can last a lifetime.

And every authentic style is a furniture masterpiece you will admire and enjoy for years.

The Hancock, *in Maple.*

Magnavox is sold *direct* through franchised dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Solid-state stereo console phonographs from **$149.50** and portable stereo from **$39.90.**

the magnificent
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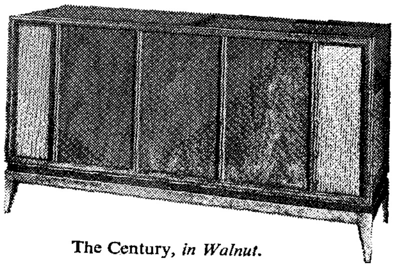
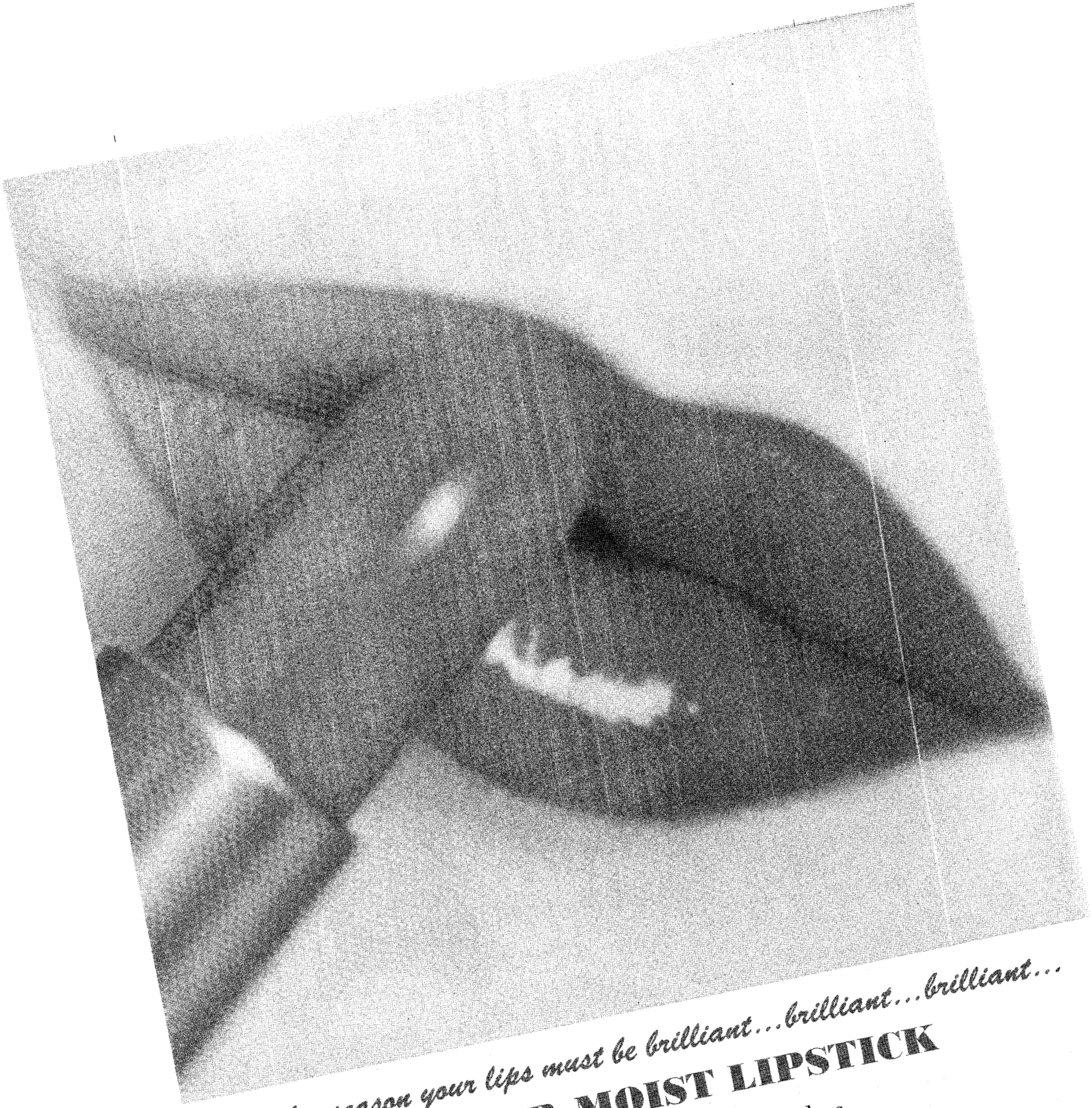
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



The Century, *in Walnut.*



This season your lips must be brilliant... brilliant... brilliant...

SUPER-MOIST LIPSTICK

Clear, singing, no-nonsense colors
that focus all eyes on the beauty of your lips!
Brilliant Tangerine, Brilliant Strawberry, Brilliant Cherry, Brilliant Café...
all with the wonderful, dew-touched ways of Germaine Monteil's Super-Moist Lipstick.

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

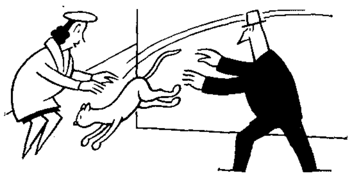
GINEVRA di Amerigo di Giovanni di Amerigo di Simone di Ser Donato de' Benci was born in August, 1457, in a villa outside Florence. The de' Bencis were a wealthy Florentine family and had several country places; in 1462 they bought two four-story houses in town, on the Via degli Alberti, and made them over into a single *palazzo*, which they occupied as their winter residence. (The street is now known as the Via de' Benci, and the *palazzo* is No. 16.) Ginevra grew up in Florence with her older brother, Giovanni; her younger brother, Carlo; and her four younger sisters, Margherita, Marietta, Nannina, and Lucrezia. Ginevra was married in the *palazzo* on January 15, 1474. (Her mother, the former Antonia di Lorenzo Cresci, had also married at sixteen.) The bridegroom was a thirty-two-year-old Florentine widower, Luigi di Bernardo di Lapo di Giovanni di Lapo Niccolini, whose first wife had died six months earlier. The Niccolinis were a respected family, devoted to the Medicis, and had been prominent in the government of Florence for several generations. Luigi became a *gonfaloniere*, or chief magistrate, of Florence in 1478 and a *priore*—one of the six magistrates to whom the government of Florence was entrusted—in 1480, and he had three brothers who also held important posts in the government.

Distinguished the Niccolinis may have been, but their fortune was deplorably modest. Luigi's father, on his death, in 1470, had left his sons a weaving business, six hundred florins, a house, and a few small farms. Ginevra's large dowry—fourteen hundred florins—was all the more useful to Luigi because the weaving business failed to thrive. In a tax return dated August 15, 1480, Luigi reported that he had more debts than personal property. One reason for the low state of his finances was said to be Ginevra's poor health; she was a pretty girl but not a very healthy one and was under the constant care of physicians. She and her husband had no children. Because she was of diminutive size, she was dubbed La Bencina, or the wee Benci. Like so many invalids, she was extremely devout. She collected religious objects, enjoyed music, and wrote poetry. An interest in the arts was traditional in her family. Her grandfather Giovanni d'Amerigo Benci, a wealthy and philoprogenitive merchant (he had eight legitimate children and two illegitimate ones), had built the Cloister of the Suore Murate, or cloistered nuns, and had commissioned Fra Filippo Lippi to paint three altarpieces for it. Ginevra's father, Amerigo, had been a member of the Signoria, the governing body of Florence, in 1462 and 1467, had attended meetings of the Platonic Academy, and had given a valuable Plato codex to Marsilio Ficino, the Platonic philosopher. Ginevra herself not only wrote poetry but also was the occasion of poetry in others. Her uncle Donato de' Benci had a wife, Bartolomea, who happened to be exactly the same age as Ginevra; Bartolomea fell in love with Lorenzo de' Medici and had an affair with him. This affair became the subject of much gossip in Florence; the wee Benci was scandalized and, to the astonishment of her more worldly contemporaries, quit sinful Florence for the virtuous countryside. It appears that Lorenzo was delighted to have her leave; he composed two sonnets to her, praising her virtue and urging her not to make the mistake of Lot's wife—she must never look back upon Florence, "the city burning with every vice."

Luigi Niccolini died in 1505. In his will he specified that Ginevra's dowry was to be returned to her, but there wasn't enough money in his estate to make this possible. Ginevra died in 1520, leaving a small estate to her brother Giovanni. It was perhaps Giovanni who was indirectly responsible for the fact that well over four hundred years after her death the name of the wee Benci, known to few even in her own day, made the front pages of newspapers all over a continent of which she can scarcely have heard, and was broadcast by radio and TV throughout the world. Giovanni used to swap books, maps, and semiprecious stones with a friend of his who, among other things, painted a few pictures.

The Cat-Savers

A FAT white cat leaped from behind a vertically propped bedspring, flew to a dusty table, and headed for a grille-covered window. "Get him! Have you got him? Emily, quick!" a slim girl with long tawny hair shouted. The cat soared from the table to the windowsill and then out through the window and its grille, and, with great agility, dashed past the outstretched hands of two people standing on the sidewalk and vanished down the street.



"He just left town," said an attractive woman with dark-blond hair who was standing outside the building. "Did you see anybody else?"

"I saw a tabby upstairs, Judy—I'm sure I did," the slim girl replied, stepping through a pile of debris that sent up a puff of dust around her ankles, which were encased in plaid trousers. "Is there any more food out there?"

It was a Sunday afternoon, and we were standing with three other people inside a deserted building—one of several tenements in the West Nineties that were about to be razed. The people around us—the two outside as well as the three inside—were members of the Save A Cat League, an organization whose main function is the rescuing of homeless cats, many of which, like the ones that were being sought in this neighborhood, are left behind when their owners move. After a stray cat has been rescued, the League takes it to a veterinarian for a checkup, and then places it in a temporary home while putting it up for adoption. "You do it because it's got to be done and nobody else is doing it," we had been told earlier by the attractive dark-blond woman, who was Mrs. Judith Scofield, the League's founder and president. "You can't live with yourself if you don't."

Now, inside the building, an auburn-haired woman said as she stepped over a fallen chair, "I'm going back upstairs. That tabby can't have got away." She was Emily Cobb, an actress and a member of the League's Canine Auxiliary, which does roughly the same thing for dogs that the parent organization does for cats.

"The tabby might have run off over the roofs," said a strongly built man in a green parka, who had been introduced to us as Gil McKean, an advertising copywriter.

"There's all kinds of furniture in here!" the slim girl, whose name was Susan Neher, called to those outside. "Anybody want a cane chair? A bathtub?"

As the two young women and Mr. McKean plodded around broken furniture and unidentifiable artifacts on their way to the building's staircase, we made our way out to the sidewalk. It was about two o'clock, and a drizzling rain had begun to fall. Mrs. Scofield turned to her companion, a man named Mack Shopnick, and said, "We'll try that building across the street, and then go see the little girl who wrote to us." On the sidewalk were five or six cat-carriers—large, perforated cases with suitcase handles—and a cardboard carton containing perhaps a dozen cans of cat food.

After about five minutes, the three searchers emerged from the building empty-handed. Mr. McKean was panting, and Miss Cobb looked a bit dishevelled.

Miss Neher, who we had learned was a secretary for The Players, picked up one of the cat-carriers and started across the street. Other League members picked up carriers and followed her toward a bleak-looking tenement whose windows had been boarded up. Mr. McKean managed to open a basement door, and a party of four (Mrs. Scofield and Miss Neher stayed behind), armed with flashlights, advanced into the gloomy interior. They returned several minutes later and reported that they had found nothing but a dead kitten. Miss Neher looked stricken, but Mrs. Scofield bore the news stoically and suggested that the group move on.

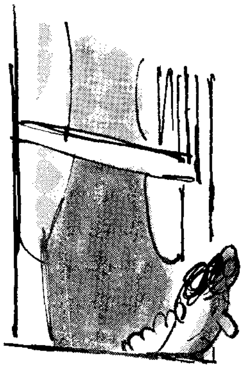
"But what if we got all the way up to Montreal and you didn't like the fair?"

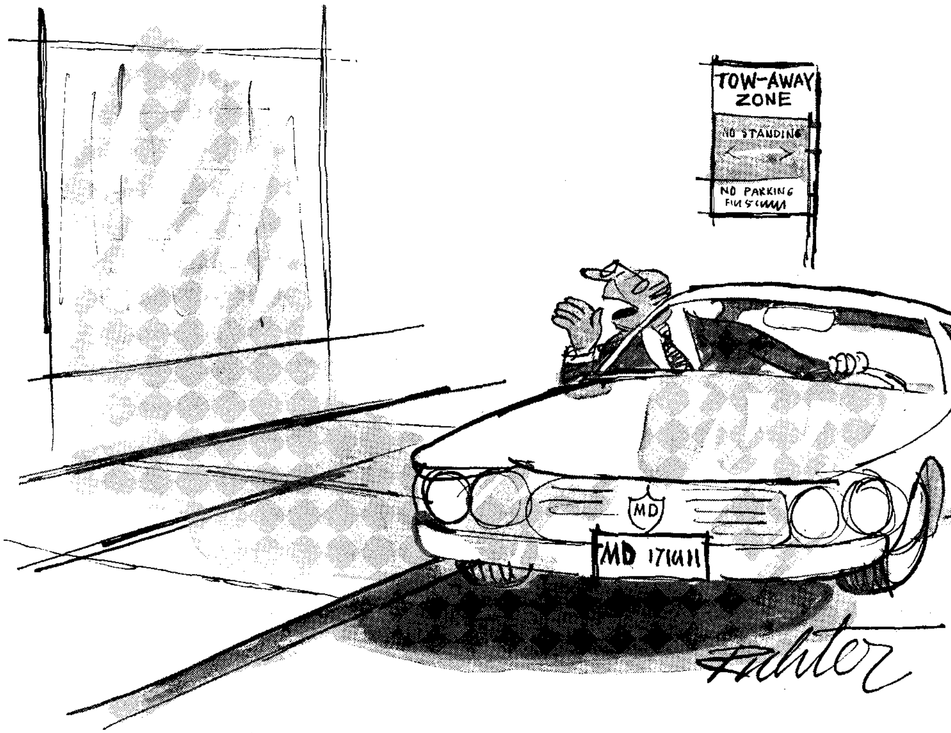
With Mrs. Scofield and Mr. Shopnick, who is an arranger and conductor of music for radio and television commercials, we got into a gray sedan and began driving west. The others followed in Miss Cobb's car. "No, turn there, Mack," Mrs. Scofield said. "No. No, *left!*" She glanced at us and said, "The rain's going to make it difficult. The cats aren't out. They're all hiding inside somewhere. Quite a few people write us or call us when they learn of cats that have been abandoned. You'd be surprised how many people move out and leave their pets to fend for themselves. I just wish the owners would call us, instead of deserting the animals. People can be so intolerably cruel. We got a call a while ago to come down to West Twenty-second Street. A bunch of boys were taking stray cats up onto the roof of a building and throwing them off." Mrs. Scofield said this with an equanimity that, we guessed, stemmed from years of dealing with such grisly matters. She began rescuing homeless cats, as a personal venture, in 1942, and she founded the League in 1956. She has continued to run the organization while working as an insurance broker. The League, which now has about two hundred and fifty members, devotes much of its energy to placing rescued animals with adoptive families. It also helps arrange cat-boarding and sitting services, and distributes free cat food to people known as "feeders," who attempt to care for the strays in their neighborhoods.

Mr. Shopnick pulled up before a nondescript gray stone building, and we accompanied Mrs. Scofield to its door. In a minute or so, she and we were standing inside the apartment of the building superintendent, whose daughter, a pretty girl of about ten, had written to Mrs. Scofield about a demolition area where ownerless cats were reported to be roaming.

"Now, where did you see them?" asked Mrs. Scofield.

"Well, I know the lady who can take you to them," the little girl replied. She gave Mrs. Scofield a name and address, and Mrs. Scofield returned to the car and directed Mr. Shopnick to drive on for several blocks. The





"Take two aspirins and call me in the morning."

building they were seeking turned out to be the most dilapidated of the day. A dingy tenement, it stood alone on a corner, with rubble-covered lots stretching away from it in two directions. We went inside with Mrs. Scofield, and followed her down a hallway whose faint lights illuminated crayon-scrawled walls and up two creaking flights of stairs. Mrs. Scofield pushed a button outside a third-floor apartment several times, and at last the door opened, revealing a very small, very old woman with a black kerchief on her head.

Mrs. Scofield said, "Does Mrs. Hernandez live here?"

"I'm Mrs. Hernandez," the woman said in a tiny, childlike voice.

Mrs. Scofield explained her mission, and Mrs. Hernandez disappeared into the apartment. In a few moments, she reappeared and, moving slowly, escorted Mrs. Scofield down the stairs and out of the building. We followed as the entire group advanced across some rugged, obstacle-strewn terrain. It was still drizzling, and the earth was beginning to turn to mud. At a point where the vacant lots ended and the back yards of two buildings that faced on parallel streets began, Mrs. Hernandez pointed vaguely toward the buildings and said, "There. They live in there."

With cat-carriers in each hand, Miss Cobb, Miss Neher, and Mr. McKean began picking their way across broken bricks and nail-studded timbers toward the back yards. High in a neighboring building, a window flew open and a man stuck out his head and yelled, "You looking for the cats?"

"Don't talk to him!" Mrs. Hernandez piped in her small voice. "He hates cats!"

The cat-savers ignored the cat-hater and pressed on with their search.

"Where's the food?" Miss Cobb called. "Have you got the Friskies?"

"I'm coming with them!" Mr. McKean called back.

Below a pile of wreckage, Miss Cobb made a gingerly descent into one of the back yards. She emptied a can of cat food onto a paper plate, crushed the empty can with one foot, and drew back. In a few minutes, a tiger-striped gray cat emerged from the shadow of a fence and crept cautiously toward the food. "Oh, he's a saint!" Miss Cobb whispered.

Mrs. Hernandez cried, "Oh, no! That's one of Mrs. Miller's cats!"

The League members looked disappointed.

At intervals of several minutes, a calico cat, an all-gray cat, and a black-and-white cat emerged from the shadows and crept toward the food. As each cat appeared, Mrs. Hernandez cried, "No! No! That's one of Mrs. Miller's cats!"

The group looked very discouraged.

Rain was coming down hard now, and Mrs. Scofield decided to terminate the search. "If it weren't for the rain, we'd have had them," she said as we accompanied her back toward the cars. "The last time we went out on one of these hunts, we got thirty cats, just like that! Why, some of them practically walked right up and said, 'Take me.'"

Having arranged, this time, to ride in Miss Cobb's car, we got into its front seat—Miss Neher was in the back—and Miss Cobb drove along an eastbound street. When we reached Central Park West, she came to a sudden halt. "That dog!" she exclaimed. "Quick! Somebody get him! He's a stray! Quick! Oh!" She sprang from the car, which was in the middle of the intersection, and ran toward the Park. The dog, a young brown mongrel that looked to be part German shepherd, fled through the rain along the edge of the Park. We watched the flight and pursuit in numbed fascination.

Three minutes later, the wet dog climbed docilely into the back seat, shook itself, and began to munch on a dried dog-burger. "He's a stray. See? No license," Miss Cobb said as she slid behind the wheel. "Oh, what a prize, what a beauty! I can hardly wait to get him to a vet. I just can't wait. Anybody would be a fool not to take him. Just look at him! A saint!"

"Emily's heart really belongs to dogs. There's no getting around it," Miss Neher said. "We'll get our cats the next time." She reached down and patted the dog on the head, and it looked about as pleased as a dog can look.

End of the Road

A FRIEND tells us that her five-year-old daughter announced the other day, with considerable finality, that she was through with her Sunday-school nursery class. "I'm not going back," she said, "because the clay has dried out."

Commercial for Herschel

Long shot of Forty-fourth Street, just west of Broadway.

Announcer (*voice-over—a deep, rich, friendly voice, which happens to be ours*): Friends, we'd like to introduce a zesty product of American show business: Herschel Bernardi. (*Zoom to marquee of Majestic Theatre, where Herschel Bernardi is starring in "Fiddler on the Roof."*) Bernardi, friends, comes in two distinct sizes: Broadway star (*shot of Bernardi—an amused, unpretentious-looking heavyset man with a black beard—in his dressing room, putting on makeup; cut to Bernardi onstage as Tevye, the tattered peasant, singing "Tradition"*) and Commercial Voice. His voice has been heard in more than a hundred radio and television commercials. (*Rapid sequence of TV commercial clips, with Bernardi's deep, rich, friendly voice-over: Charlie the Tuna, Jolly Green Giant, Ajax, Jell-O, Polaroid, Mrs. Grass's Chicken Soup, Sara Lee Cakes, Coca-Cola, Miracle Whip, etc.*) Bernardi is so busy that he travels around Manhattan in his own chauffeur-driven limousine, with his own secretary, Abel Pokras, at his side, reminding him where he's expected next. (*Shot of long black Cadillac, with chauffeur, Henry, at wheel, moving east on Forty-fourth Street. Bernardi, in tweed coat and gray flannels, and Pokras, in checked suit, are seated in back.*)

Bernardi: I was a taxi-driver in the winter for three years. It's a jungle—very primitive. After about twelve hours of driving, you get tired and you start pulling up for mailboxes; everything looks like a passenger.

(*Shot of limousine stopping at 304 East Forty-fourth Street. Bernardi and Pokras jump out. Cut to elevator, Bernardi and Pokras riding.*)

Bernardi: In the commercials business, there are several stages. When I started out, it was "Who's Herschel Bernardi?" Then it was "Get me Herschel Bernardi." Now I'm in the third stage: "Get me a Herschel Bernardi type." The next stage is "Get me a *young* Herschel Bernardi." (*Laughs cheerfully*) In acting, the break is so important; so many people get killed. When I start my acting school, my first course will be Chutzpah 1. Then there'll be Advanced Chutzpah. You've got to have gall, and you've got to have the need, and, of course, the technique to back it up. . . .

Pokras: You're doing three commercials this afternoon for Union Carbide, Herschel.

(*Shot of Reeves sound studio on fifth floor. In control room are several representatives from advertising agency—producer, film editor, account executive—and Reeves sound engineer, Pokras, and others. Bernardi is sitting in front of microphone at desk in green-walled studio; on front wall are clock, timer, and large movie screen. Closeup of clock: 4:25.*)

Bernardi (*rehearsing*): And it's an *Eveready* Battery . . . And it's an Eveready *Battery* . . . And it's an *Eveready Battery* . . .

Producer: Picturewise, we don't indicate very much precision, Herschel, but could you indicate . . . (*Fade. Sound of tape spinning backward—high-pitched chittering. Control room darkens.*) We'll make one. (*Timer at left of screen begins countdown: 3 . . . 2 . . . 1. Eveready film appears on screen in color.*)

Bernardi: Take a zinc container, fill it up with a carefully measured paste of ammonium chloride, manganese dioxide . . . and it's an Eveready Battery . . .

Producer: You're a little lower than usual; it takes the bounce out. (*Bernardi stands, walks around studio, singing scales.*) Herschel, it'll have to up a little bit, too, because we're going to have some sound effects under it.

(*Shot of clock: 4:40.*)

Bernardi: Take a zinc container, fill it up . . .

Producer: I think it's good. Shall we nail down the opening?

(*Shot of clock: 4:55.*)

Producer: Maybe more of a student-teacher relationship: Take a zinc container . . .

(*Shot of clock: 4:58.*)

Producer: I like the feeling. It's got a good feeling.

Bernardi (*rehearsing*): And things *happen* . . . *And* things happen . . . And *things happen* . . .

(*Shot of clock: 5:10.*)

Producer: That was good for the first time around, Herschel. But after "foams up right before your eyes," take a pause. A little more sense of wonderment. Just a touch. Let's kill the picture and do a wild one. You got a little raspy and low toward the end. (*Clock: 5:35.*) Let's print Take 16—the whole shmear. Take 22 and Take 23, and we'll cut into 22 an opening from 16.

(*Shot of Bernardi and Pokras in elevator.*)

Pokras: Thursday is the Colgate 100 commercial for Ted Bates.

(*Shot of interior of limousine, Bernardi leaning back.*)

Bernardi: I used to do the Chrysler Theatre from Hollywood every week. I was the voice that said, "Bob Hope presents the Chrysler Theatre," and then gave the opening announcement: "Mushroom on My Head," by Rod Serling, or whatever, with So-and-So. Then I did the middle announcement, and the "We hope you enjoyed—" at the end. One week, the producer called me and said, "Hersch, you want to star this week?" "Sure," I said. I went down and we did "The Dark Journey," or something. Well, I tuned in to watch the show, and it opened with my voice announcing the show, starring me, and then there was my voice doing the commercials—I'd made some for Dodge and Plymouth at agencies earlier—and me acting in the play, and me doing the final commercial, and we go out on my voice saying "We hope you enjoyed—" The whole thing was "An Evening with Herschel Bernardi"! My mother watched the show in New York and then called me up and said, "Couldn't you at least have mentioned your brother Jack?"

(*Shot of limousine pulling up in front of Greek restaurant. Cut to Bernardi at table. Series of closeups: plate of mussels; dissolves to yogurt soup; dissolves to meat in grape leaves; then honeyed dessert, while . . .*)

Bernardi: Both of my parents were actors in the Yiddish theatre, and I acted with them. At nine, I was a star on Second Avenue—I was solemnly and seriously called the Jewish Jackie Cooper. At fourteen, I was washed up—my voice changed, and I was a has-been. I went to high school at night, and in the daytime I pushed trucks in the garment center, delivered groceries and dry cleaning, worked in Macy's—everything. During the war, I was a welder in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. At seventeen, I was the youngest carbon-molybdenum steam-pipe electric arc welder in Brooklyn. I worked on the Bennington and I did all the gun turrets on the Iowa. It was a wild job—dangerous as hell, freezing cold in winter—but it gave you a lot of time for reflection, especially on the graveyard shift. I almost got killed about twenty times, but it was nice.

(*Cut to limousine moving up Eighth Avenue toward theatre district. Shot of clock: 7:25.*)

Bernardi: I spent a couple of summers with the Stanley Woolf Players in the Catskills, and then came five years as an actor and social director at resort hotels. I never worked so hard in my life, but it was fruitful, truly creative work, and the best training ground for anybody in the theatre.

(*Shot of limousine stopping at Majestic Theatre. Cut to dressing room. Bernardi, in blue bathrobe with black lapels, sitting in front of brightly lit mirror. Dressing room has white walls, red rug, oak shutters on windows. Bernardi's dresser waits in sitting room to help with costume.*)

BERNARDI: As a kid, all I knew was acting. That was what you did—acting. Like Mel Brooks' Two-Thousand-Year-Old Man being asked what people did in the earliest days. "We hit trees with a stick." "Why did you do that?" "To keep busy." We acted to keep busy. But when I returned to acting, I learned some technique. Howard Da Silva hired me for "The World of Sholem Aleichem," Off Broadway, and when the show went to California I went along, and I acted in some movies and played in "Peter Gunn" on television for three years. I began doing commercials then. The third year, nobody was enjoying doing "Peter Gunn" anymore, and I played Willy Loman in "Death of a Salesman" at the Actors' Lab in Los Angeles. Then came the lead in the musical "Bajour" on Broadway, and then "Fiddler." The part of Tevye comes to me so readily—it's my whole background.

LOUDSPEAKER ON DRESSING-ROOM WALL: Five minutes . . .

BERNARDI: To prepare for a performance, you have to empty out what you are. Go to nothing. Dump all the tensions. Drain. Drain. Drain. Then I fill up from my toes, fill up with Tevye. The third step is to turn yourself inside out, let everything that is inside you gush out. An example is Barbra Streisand—someone said about her that there's a direct line from her heart to her throat. And the final step is trust. Trust yourself. Trust that what you feel is genuine. You create a third force. That's what they mean by going beyond technique. It's exhilarating—exciting. (*Laughs*) You feel like a nut!

(*Shot of Bernardi, now dressed as Tevye, striding across darkened stage, greeting other actors. One peasant girl is softly singing "Day Tripper" and Frugging. Fiddler and fiddle are on roof of set ready for rise.*)

BERNARDI: This show has great moments, and a universal effect. On matinée days, we know we've got to them when we hear the rattle of shopping bags as they try to get to their purses to get to their Kleenex.

(*Shot of curtain rising, fiddler fiddling.*)

BERNARDI (*to audience*): A fiddler on the roof . . .

ANNOUNCER (*us, again, voice-over, as chorus sings "Tradition" with Bernardi*): Remember the name, friends—Herschel Bernardi.

(*Fade to black.*)

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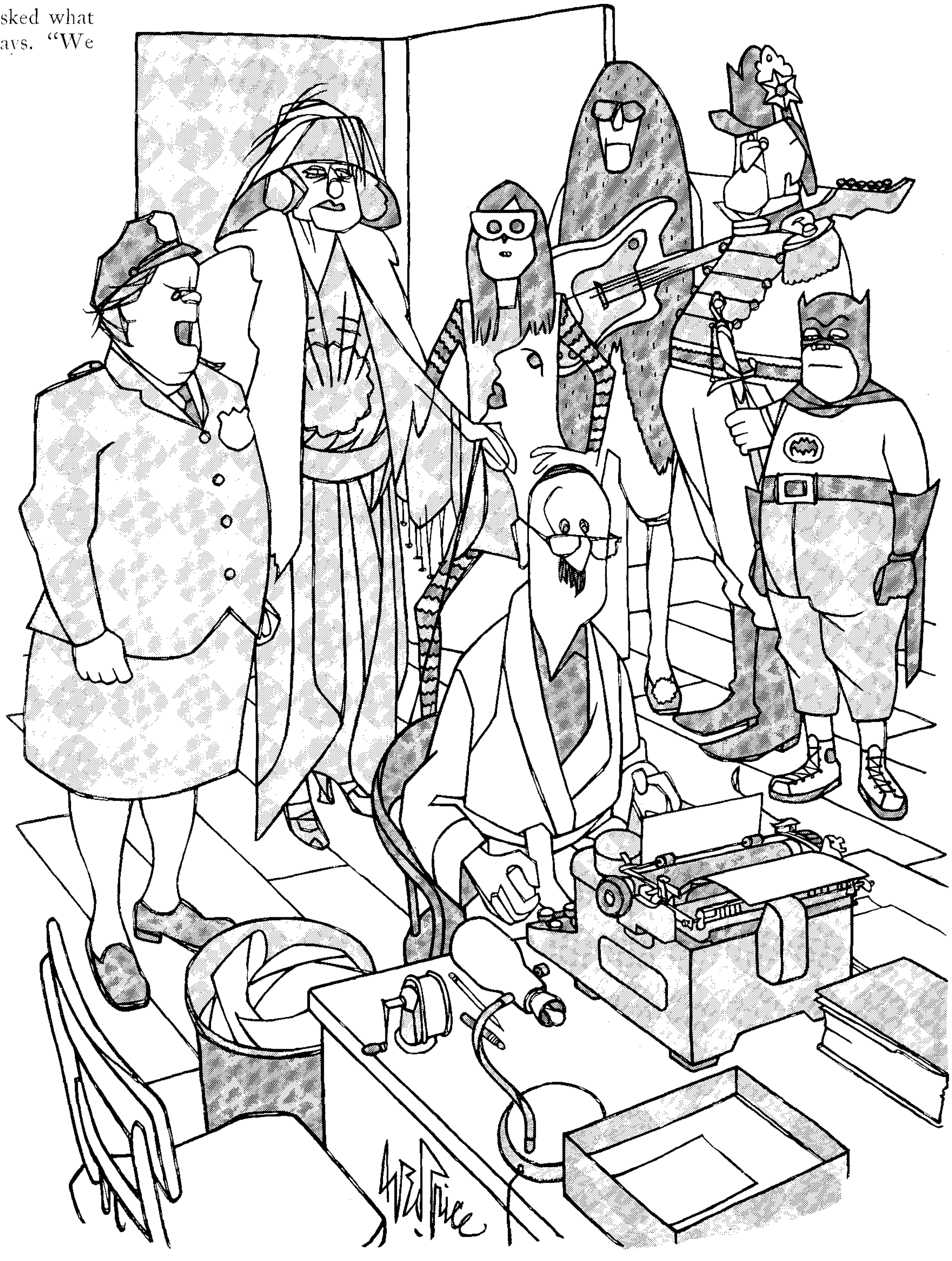
OVERHEARD in a Rockefeller Center elevator, bow tie to very wide cravat: "Then the deal, as I understand it, is firmly collapsed."



"That goes for me, too. Don't you put any of us in it!"

IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS/ TO BELONG TO OTHER NATIONS

There were some good art exhibitions [at the Edinburgh Festival] . . . and a large showing of Corot, a painter's painter and en masse rather drained of light (or perhaps too many grey haired ladies in tweeds between you and them).

In the lift in my hotel a complete stranger from Texas said, "Taken in the crows?" She meant Corot and accented the last syllable to the loss of the first vowel. We got it straight in time for me to say as she disappeared on to her floor, "Here today and gone to Corot," which may not have improved international relations but was irresistible.—*Manchester Guardian Weekly*.

CALMNESS above all, I tell myself—I must under no circumstances succumb to childish fury. Yet why not? The whole thing is so absolutely galling, so *diminishing*, that I can hardly bring myself to record it, and, of course, never would if Ayscough, my solicitor, hadn't insisted. The old fossil obviously is too potters to understand the simplest facts; not once, despite my detailed explanation, did he grasp what a shattering experience I'd been through or intimate whether we could recover damages for the mental and physical anguish I sustained. Well, inveighing against the legal mind is a footling enough pursuit, I suppose. I may as well narrate the events to delineate, if nothing else, the lengths to which women will resort to wreak their vindictiveness.

I daresay several of my older colleagues on the *Scrutator* bristled when Titheradge, the features chief, assigned me to cover the big Post-Impressionist show in Paris, but they knew in their hearts I was the only possible choice. True, I was the youngest on the staff, newly down from Oxford, and a novice by Fleet Street standards; still, wherever you went—Annabel's, the Caprice, the Mirabelle—people kept calling my art reviews the most authoritative in England, reported our circulation soaring to the skies, lionized me all over the place. As Mummy said, "Stop being an ostrich, dear boy—you've taken London by storm. Everyone lives for your Friday column. They're using words like Ruskin and Berenson." To be sure, the Mater *would* exaggerate, owning eighty per cent of the paper's shares, but nonetheless it indicated which way the wind was blowing.

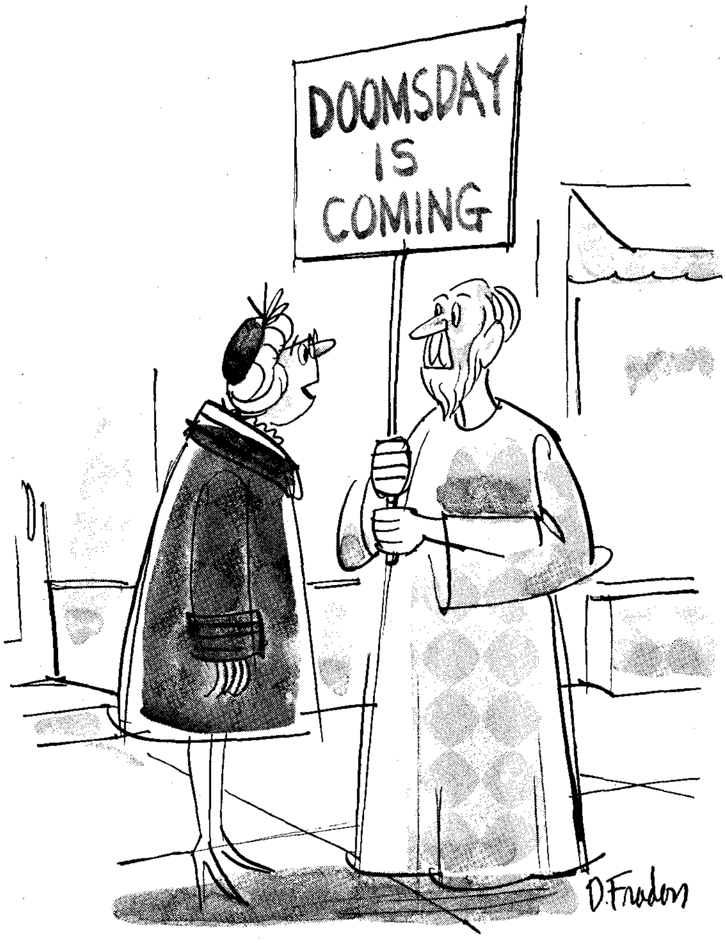
At any rate, there I was at the Jeu de Paume in Paris, undergoing, between ourselves, a frightful attack of *déjà vu*. There wasn't a single surprise—just the same shopworn canvases I'd known from nursery days, and, indeed, I had the very sensation of ennui that old *Chatterbox* annuals used to give me in youth. If only one Seurat overlooked by connoisseurs, one unfamiliar Signac, had been included to pique the jaded appetite, I thought, and decided, *ruat caelum*, that I really must rap the committee's knuckles in my review. Well, just as I was quitting the gallery, a grubby little *nouveau riche* in an absurd bonnet, with those terribly yearning eyes American culture-seekers have, blundered into me. She gushed apologies in that nasal accent that defies imitation, then proceeded to take advantage of the situation. "Isn't it divine?" she carolled. "I'm all agog about the van Goghs!"

It took a superhuman effort to restrain my mirth. The poor soul had rhymed the painter's name with her emotional state, too benighted to know that it was pronounced "Kok," with soft "k"s, or, alternatively, "Go." A delicious tidbit to regale the chums with at Annabel's *boîte*, and the impulse to cap it was uncontrollable. I lifted a quizzical eyebrow. "Money makes the mare go," I said, "but Monet makes the van Go." The quip indubitably torpedoed British-American amity, but I would have thought less of myself had I not put her in her place. "Good afternoon, luv."

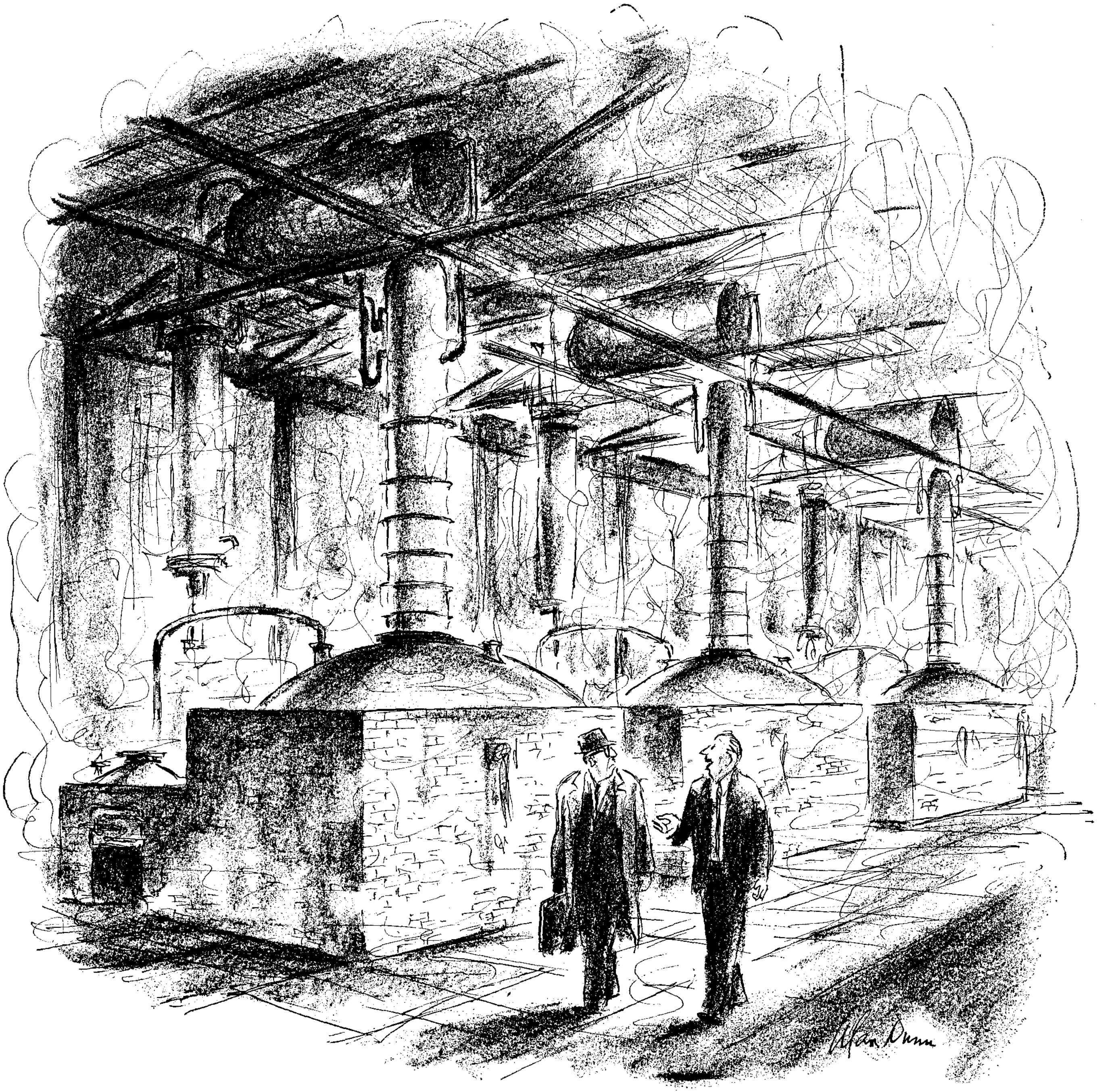
Perhaps it was an access of euphoria at scoring off the Philistines so neatly, but I felt I deserved a treat, and, yielding to my shameful secret passion for sweets, I hared off to my very favorite *confiserie* in the Rue de Rivoli. *Gourmandise*, I fear, rather got the better of me. After two huge *gâteaux* frosted over with hazelnuts and whipped cream, I sank into such blissful satiety as might a lizard basking on an ivied wall in Provence. Suddenly a voice unmistakable twanged through my marrow, and I beheld the transatlantic succubus who'd captured me at the exhibition. "Do forgive me for disturbing you," she said breathlessly. "I really owe you an apology for mispronouncing Mr. van Gogh's name. You see, this is my first trip to Europe, and we Americans don't savvy the foreign lingo, but I'm very glad to be corrected, because that's how one learns, isn't it?"

Well, had I sent the creature packing it would have taught her a salutary lesson and averted ultimate grief. Instead, all the tiresome noblesse oblige instilled in one by generations of breeding and education bubbled to the surface. As patiently as possible, I replied that she wasn't responsible for being American any more than my family could help tracing its lineage back to William the Conqueror.

She seemed truly grateful for the explication. "How marvellous to en-



"Will they close the banks?"



"Nothing is wasted on basic research. We just plow all the profits back into more booze."

• •

counter somebody with genuine Old World courtesy," she said, plumping herself down. "I knew you were a thoroughbred the moment I saw you. Your hands are so sensitive and artistic. Are you a sculptor?"

Her naïveté was enchanting—pure Fenimore Cooper. "In a sense," I said. "My medium is words rather than clay. I'm an art critic not altogether unknown in this hemisphere."

"Just imagine," she said, overcome. "Won't the folks back home be green with envy when I tell them! It's a pity my Alonzo never lived to meet celebrities like you. He was so busy running our six-hundred-thousand-acre ranch in the Panhandle and amassing his millions that neither of us had much time for culture."

Great sentimental booby that I am, something in her manner—the appeal of a lonely human being for sympathy?—touched a chord, and I reëxamined the woman. My first impression had been wrong; albeit tacky, her suit was tailored of quite respectable material and the furs were unquestionably sable. Her visage, furthermore, while no longer young, still bore evidences of beauty, and even distinction.

Any lingering suspicion that she was a nobody vanished with the entry of the chasseur to announce that Mrs. Huffaker's Rolls was waiting. As she gathered up her bag and gloves, she paused awkwardly. "I hope you won't think me forward," she said. "If you're not otherwise engaged this evening, could you—would you—escort me to the opera? It's a dream I've cherished all my life, but the thought of being alone in that box . . ." She fought to master the catch in her throat. "Please say you will. It'd mean so much."

Why, oh why, do we let ourselves be victimized by the weak? I suppose it was compassion, the knowledge of the lustre my presence would shed on her future reminiscences, that swayed me, and I chose to be magnanimous.

In fact, the episode was far less poisonous than I had anticipated. To be sure, my companion made several delicious *gaffes*, such as shaking hands during the interval with the Aveyron-Plutarchs, scions of a very old family who never shake hands when presented, but she insisted on giving me supper afterward at Maxim's, and the *direction*, overjoyed as always to see me, exhumed a quite potable Krug. Under its influence, I promised Moline—named, she told me, after some celebrated American plow, as is apparently their custom on the prairie—to accompany her on a shopping tour next day. The rigors of squiring her through a score of *maisons de couture*, jewellers', and millinery shops were, needless to say, unimaginable, and the constant appeals to my judgment depleting. As it turned out, however, my gesture bore unexpected fruit. I was about to emplane at Orly for London when she pressed on me a truly sumptuous gift—a return-flight ticket, first class, to Texas.

"No, no—not a word," she said, silencing my protestations. "I owe you a debt I can never repay. After all, you rescued me from myself, so to speak. I'd have remained such an ignoramus, a hopeless barbarian, if you hadn't taken me under your wing at the gallery as you did. Come and visit real soon. I guarantee you an experience you'll never forget."

And, indeed, the prophecy was being fulfilled, I reflected sardonically a month later as her chauffeur sped me from the Houston airport to Mrs. Huffaker's residence in the suburbs. What architectural banality, what excrescences of concrete and stucco had bloomed from those arid plains outside the car window! The acute desolation that had attended my brief stopover in New York welled up anew. Everything I'd encountered thus far seemed designed to outrage the senses—the clothes our *soi-disant* cousins wore, their language, their food, their pastimes. Worse than the ostentation, the crudities of taste and behavior, though, was the pervasive noise. The smallest activity, it appeared, demanded a rich musical obbligato. Banks and supermarkets, bookstores and hotel lobbies throbbed with light opera and similar glucose; gone was the tobacco juice spurted at the visitor's feet in Mrs. Trollope's day, and in its place cacophony. No wonder America's contribution to literature and the arts was negligible—it was impossible to concentrate. As for the vaunted standard of living there, that, too, was an illusion. Breakfast kippers were totally unheard of, ordinary toffees of the sort found in any English confectioner's unobtainable, and the mere mention of gooseberry flan evoked stupefaction.

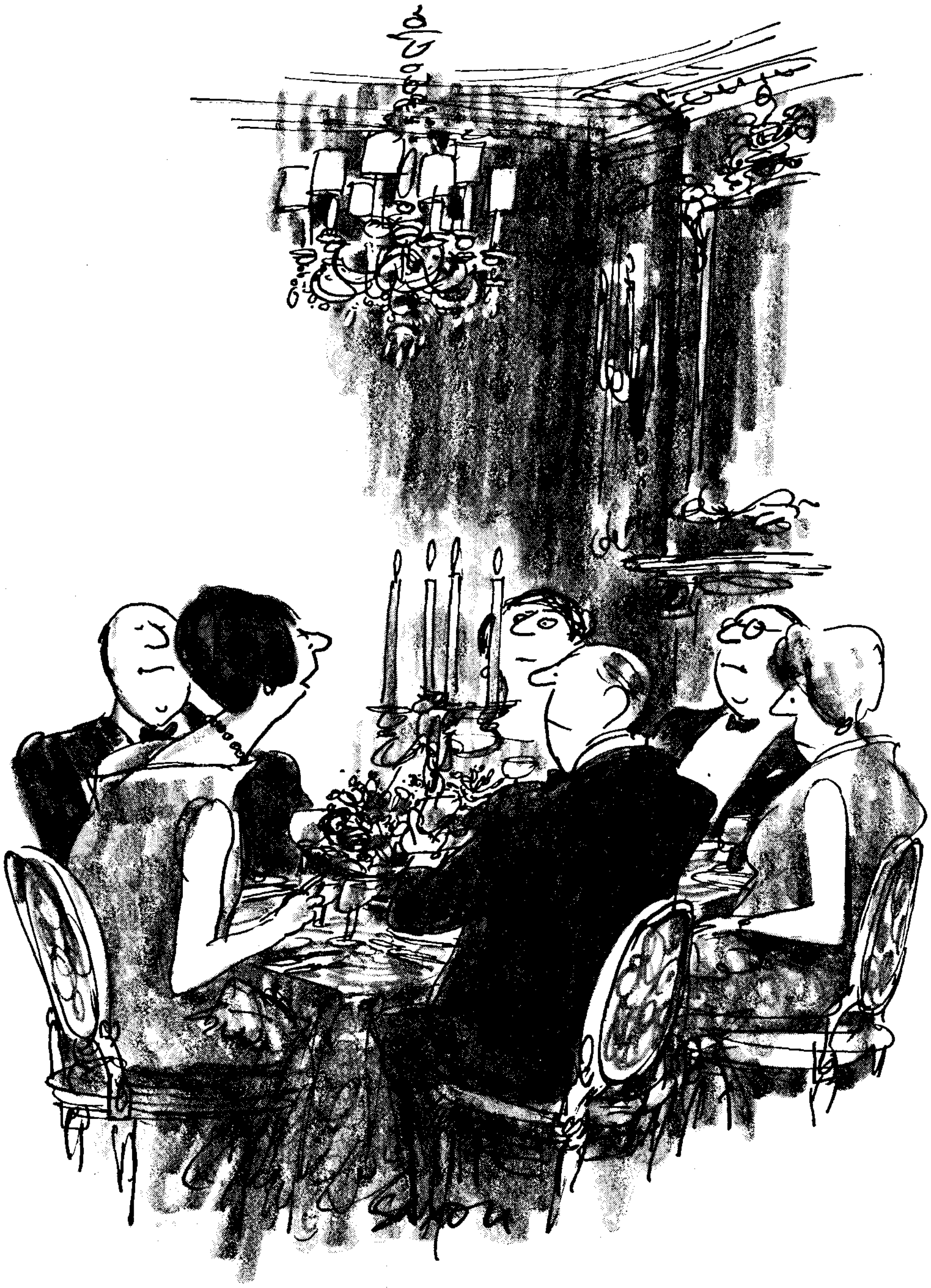
My forebodings lessened somewhat as we swung past a set of ornate gates, wound through masses of shrubbery, and came to a stop before a vast Renaissance-style palazzo. Moline, a breath of French chic in lounging pajamas I had selected for her at Dior's, gave me an effusive welcome. She apologized for the light repast we were to have; her entire staff was absent that day for some complex reason—perhaps one of their native corn dances.

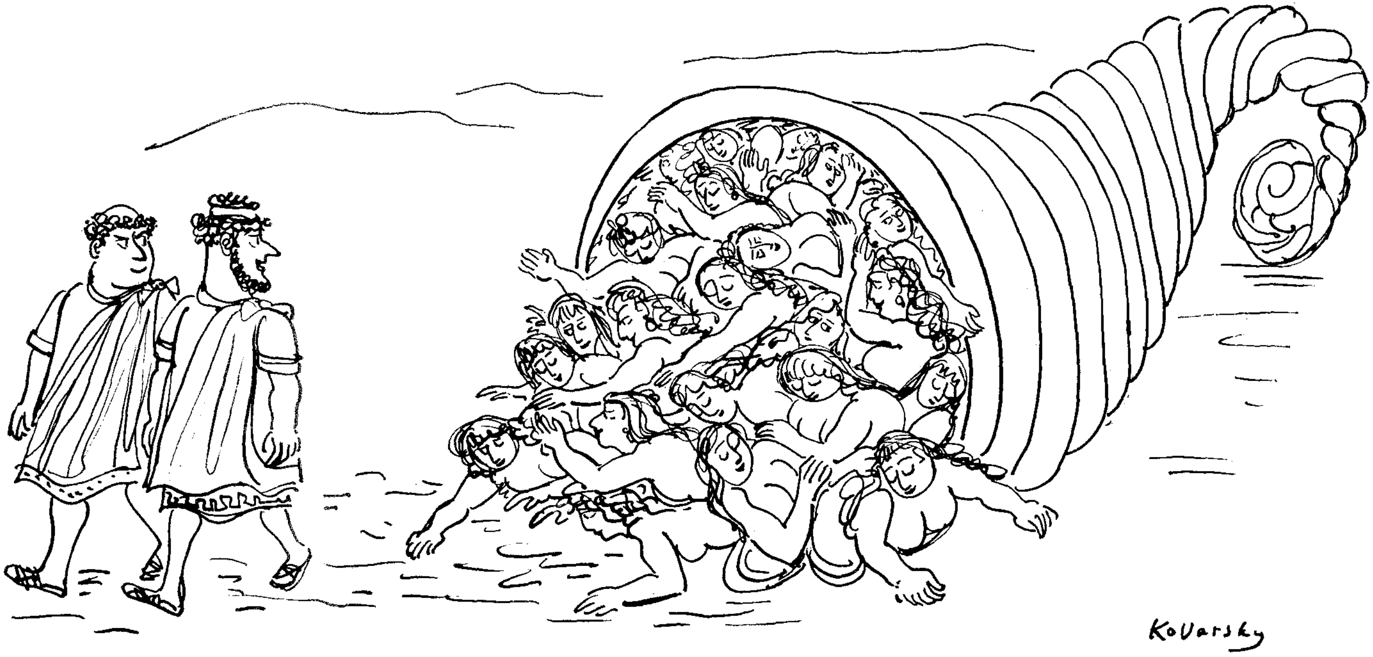
"You won't mind an informal lunch, just the two of us?" she queried. "I didn't ask anyone, knowing you'd be exhausted from the trip, the excitement of New York—"

"On the contrary, I'm delighted," I assured her. "And I can't wait to have you show me over the house. It—ah—looks fascinating."

Her eyes sparkled. "I've waited for this moment, too," she said, with an emphasis that rather puzzled me. "You'll see it all, never fear. One thing in particular, that'll make a lasting impression, I hope."

My fleeting glimpse of American décor en route must, I suppose, have partly inured me to what followed, else I believe I never could have withstood it. The atrocities the Huffakers had surrounded themselves with beggared description—the bogus Italian painting, the Mid-Victorian statuary, the objects


"Now, I don't want to hear any talk about Robert Kennedy, either for or against."



"That's what I call a real cornucopia."

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of virtu rifled from a hundred auction rooms. Mixed into the mishmash were oddments of Spanish, French, Early American, and modern furniture, not to mention Moorish tabourets inlaid with mother-of-pearl, armchairs of steerhorn, and hassocks fashioned from camel saddles. Such a kitchen midden would doubtless have posed a dilemma for the average visitor, but in matters of aesthetic opinion I always make it a principle to speak forth. I told Moline as succinctly as I was able that her home was a chamber of horrors. To my surprise, she agreed.

"I know," she said humbly. "I'd feel the same if I were in your shoes. I mean, you've been conditioned by centuries of European civilization, haven't you?"

"To say nothing of birth and superior schooling," I added. "Yes, dear lady, in that respect I'm afraid we rather have the 'jump' on you, as you say in your argot."

"Oh, that reminds me!" she said, taking my arm. "The object I said I was sure you'd remember? Come this way—it's out in the garden."

I followed her along a rocky path bordered by greenery to a secluded patio dotted with outdoor furniture. In the center stood a rustic well curb of quite unremarkable design, arched over by a roof of moss-covered shingles. To my alien eye, it possessed only the most transient charm, but, explained Moline, this was a memento of the Huffakers' early struggles, the original well that had watered their ranch house in the Panhandle.

"Alonzo used to stand here by the hour gazing into it," she told me reminiscently. "It's so wonderfully cool and mysterious down there. Look inside—go ahead."

Rather to indulge her whim than from any real curiosity, I complied and bent over the edge. In the next moment, the most appalling catastrophe in my memory overtook me. I felt a sudden vigorous thrust from behind and toppled headlong into the dark, flailing wildly for a purchase as I dropped. Somehow, inexplicably, I managed to clutch the chain the bucket was suspended from and partially braked my fall, though the screech of the mechanism and that lurch into oblivion will haunt me forever. A second afterward, I plummeted into freezing water up to my hips. The shock acted at least to dispel my vertigo. Gripping the chain for dear life, I regained my balance and peered upward. Framed against the sky, Moline Huffaker, that unutterable serpent, was leaning comfortably on her elbows, regarding me with a glee I can only describe as diabolical.

"Tallyho, old bean!" she called out. "How's everything Gauguin? It's a right smart climb out of there, luv, but don't be a Sisley—you can make it. Well, toodle-oo for now; I'm off to the Caribbean. Any time you're Pascin by, do drop in, won't you? Pip-pip."

Well, I believe that covers the salient points I outlined to Ayscough in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn. As for the pain and suffering I endured in my imbroglio and the compensation I am entitled to therefor, those will be assessed in full measure by Her Majesty's courts. For the present, I have but one thing to add—a word of warning to Britons everywhere. Beware a country that can produce harpies like Mrs. Moline Huffaker, a country without a scintilla of taste, clamorous with cheap music, and loyal to one tradition only—vengeance, derived from its aboriginal Red Indians. Shun it, I implore you. Those people are *fiends.* —S. J. PERELMAN

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MORNING, NOON, AND . . .

Easter Dawn!
From early church unwalled,
taking fresh breath,
our voices join the bird
that earlier called
the day to life,
never having heard
any word of death.

East's Easter
lily spreads its pistils
over a world
of windows silvering
lintels to sills,
in heaven's hand—
above parading
Noon—is later held.

Latest, on
a western window ledge,
light-beggared Dark
slips the expended cup
a penny's edge
of afterglow
before it turns up-
side down with the lark.

—HAWLEY TRUAX

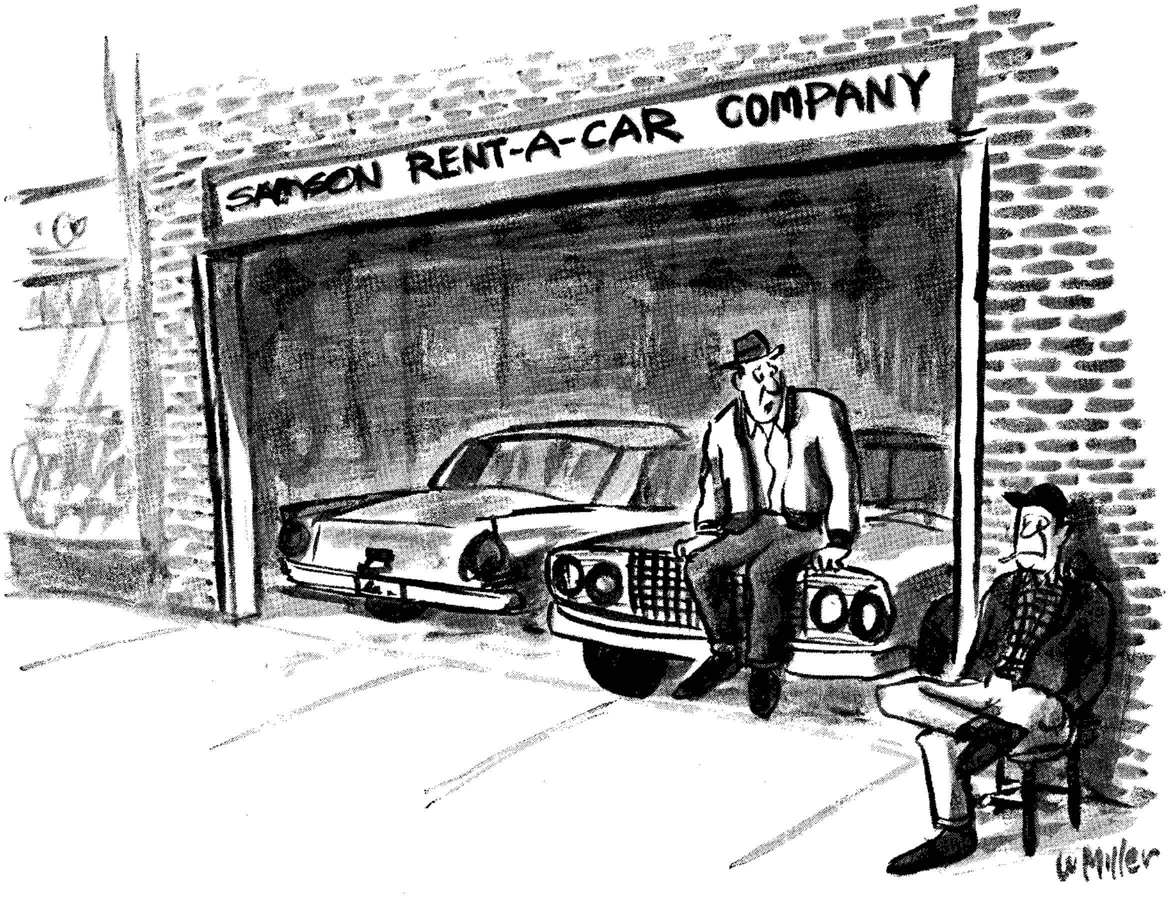
THE GOODBYE LAND

THE NEWS FROM COLUMBUS

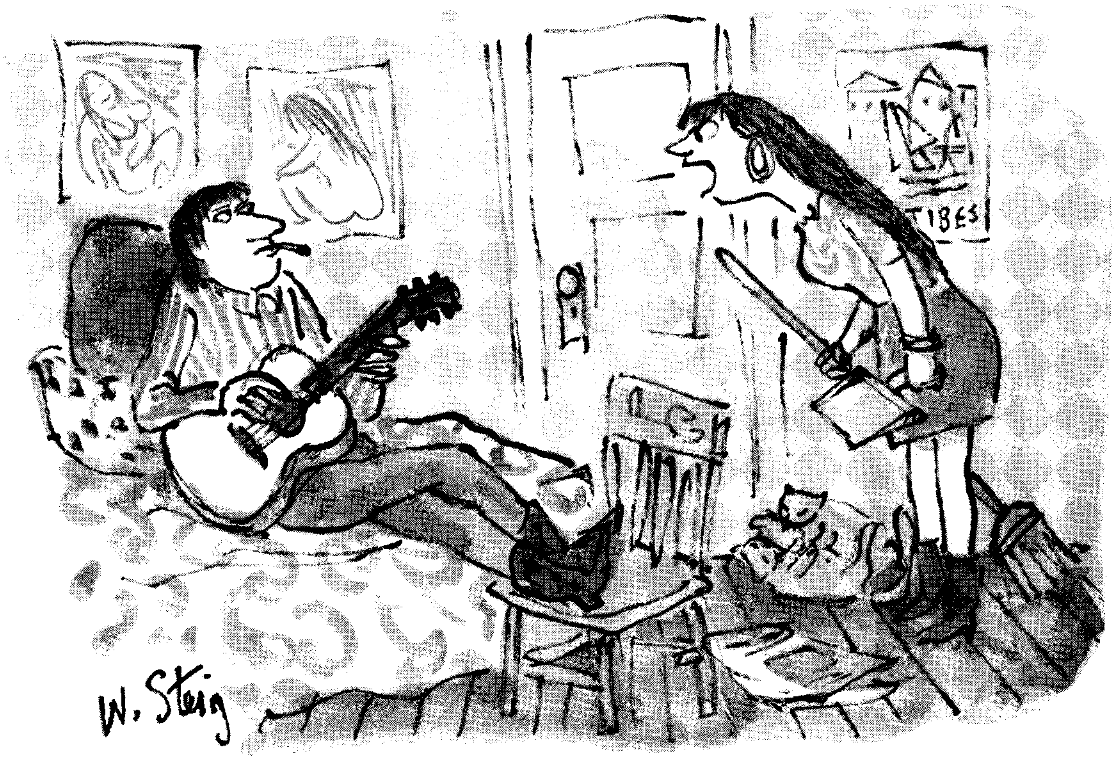
IT is a peculiarity of mine that happenings present themselves to me with proper endings, that they are not even happenings unless endings round them off. And when an ending is not there and I cannot impose one, it makes me restless and unhappy. In 1965, after seven months in Spain, my wife, our eleven-year-old son, Rafael, and I spent five days in La Coruña, a port city in northwest Galicia, and I found no ending I could impose on the trip we had just made to Miaman and Santiago de Compostela. That trip had been a pilgrimage of sorts, undertaken to find some trace of my immigrant father before we returned to America. Miaman was the place he had been born—a tiny, medieval *aldea* in the mountain country outside Santiago. It was the place to which he had returned from Tampa, Florida, when I was a little boy—ill from encephalitis and sure that the mountain air would bring him health again. He died, mute and paralytic, in a charity home in Santiago six years later. That was in 1931. We heard from the old woman, which was what we always called his mother, once more, in 1933, when she had her brother write to tell us of the death of her only daughter. And that was all. We did not know where my father was buried or what had become of the old woman, and through the years of my growing up in Tampa the guilt of our not knowing, of our feeling that we did not do enough for him during the time of his slow death, had weighed on my mother, my sister, and me like a great, uncrushable rock.

But what kind of an ending was the visit to Miaman and the Principal House of the Andeiros, the large, cavelike stone house where my grandmother was born and where I found middle-aged children of my father's cousin and learned that I had two carnal cousins I had never heard of—carnal cousins in Spain being as close as brothers? If this had been all, the ending would have been simple and happy—certainly there was happiness in finding that I had relatives, that my father's family had not died out. But there were more discoveries—that my aunt was illegitimate, having been born to my grandmother years after her husband died, and that the second son of my aunt, Gustavo Andeiro, was, like his mother, illegitimate. And so were the two small children of Asunción, the little hunchbacked daughter of my father's cousin Carlos Andeiro Piñeiro. The more I learned, the further I seemed from an ending. No one had cared enough about my father to find out where he was buried, and I still did not know. My grandmother had lived for twelve years or more after her daughter's death without ever getting in touch with us. My carnal cousin Gustavo Andeiro, whom we had gone to see in Santiago the evening after our trip to Miaman—he owned a bar and restaurant in a poor neighborhood of the city—had never heard of my father's wife and children in America, although he had been born in my grandmother's house and had grown up there. The experience had left me feeling troubled and bereft. There was no question that I had to return to Santiago; I could not go home without looking up my father's death record, and the records were there. If it turned out that he was buried in the churchyard at Miaman, I would, of course, have to go back there. But I hoped I would not need to.

We had spent the last morning in Santiago before coming to La Coruña with Paco, the son of my carnal cousin Claudio Balan. Paco was staying at El Gran Derby, the restaurant and bar of Gustavo Andeiro, while he attended the university. Paco had shown up at our hotel promptly at ten, dressed in a gray suit, white shirt, and tie, and although he was somewhat disappointed that we hired a guide for a tour of the cathedral and did not trust to him alone, his self-confidence revived with our praise of the things we saw. He was twenty-one and had already spent six years in the city of Santiago, for there were no rural schools in Miaman to prepare him for the university, and his parents had had to part from him and do without his help on the farm so that he could get an education. "I am very drawn to the countryside because of all my years in Miaman," he said,



"How does this sound for a slogan? 'We're tiny. Our cars are old. Our service isn't much. But we exist.' "



“You’re turning me off!”

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“but it is a romantic interest. I would not want to work there anymore.” He was taking the three-year “social” course, to prepare him for work in an *empresa*—a corporation.

“It was very beautiful yesterday,” my wife said.

“ ‘It was the month of May,’ ” he recited, “ ‘the month of love . . . the month of flowers.’ I have not seen it all spring and I shall go tomorrow to say goodbye before I leave for the summer with my platoon for military training.”

We sat in a sidewalk café across from the College of Pharmacy, and studied the figures of the Renaissance portal of the building while he talked. I already knew that he had never heard of my father or of his father’s cousins in America and that his knowledge of the architectural styles of the cathedral was imprecise, and the previous day’s adventures returned to me insistently and beguilingly, making me forget his presence. I came to and heard him extolling Franco, his resistance to Hitler during the war, his peaceful statesmanship, the independent position he had gained for Spain. “There is no turmoil in Spain as in other places,” he said, sure of our admiring interest.

I told him I knew that many Spaniards felt as he did but I had also met many who did not. “The impression you get of peace comes mainly from the newspapers,” I said, “for they do not report the riots of the students in Madrid or the sympathy strikes of the universities in other cities. Do you know that last month three thousand Asturian miners marched into Mieres and attacked the jail successfully enough to release their union leaders who had been jailed?”

“Some of the students here also talked of going on strike, but when the authorities let them know that strong measures would be taken they gave up the idea,” he said, and laughed, still expecting me to go along with him.

“I must tell you that outside Spain people do not think of Franco the way you do,” I said. “For all the friendly relations between our government and yours, most Americans do not like him. I do not know if you know that the great majority of Americans sympathized with the Republic during the Civil War.”

He was a nice young man and he would have liked to agree with anything I said, so his face seemed to disintegrate with the desire to show interest and hide his shock.

“One thing more,” I said mercilessly. “In Tampa, all the Galicians and Asturians in the cigar factories were very strongly on the side of the Republic. You would not have had a single friend there if you had been for Franco.”

He brought his face under control, and he nodded and said politely, “I see.”

I was ashamed of myself; all this was what I should have said to Carlos Andeiro, head of the Principal House of the Andeiros, when he told me the day before that he had fought in the Movement. “That is not to say there is nothing wrong with the United States or that the Americans do not like the Spanish people,” I said, sounding pompous.

Paco paused and then dared say what he was thinking. “There is a great deal of unrest in your country, I hear. There is all the trouble with the Negroes.”

I didn’t laugh at Paco. I simply said, “Yes, things are very bad for the Negroes,” and this puzzled him, for he expected that I would add, as Spaniards happy with the regime always do about its shortcomings, that we had plans to change all that.

In La Coruña, for which Paco saw us off after lunch, our café faced the alameda and the harbor—if you cannot find a café you can call your own your first day in a Spanish city, then you must leave that city immediately, for you will never feel at home—and one day there, the very one when the waiter knew what to serve us without asking, we watched a stream of children cross the park and head past our tables for the street beyond. They were Scots, a whole shipload from Edinburgh on a ten-day tour to Gibraltar, and in the Galician sunlight they looked pale and undernourished. But they had the gaiety and abandon of children just let out of school, and they were torn between the desire to sit in the café and immediately order orange juice—the British in Spain are mad for oranges, the way New Yorkers in Miami are for sunshine—or dash ahead to the shops.

Some of the larger shops knew of their coming and had brought out tables full of souvenirs to the sidewalk—peasant dolls, miniature corn cribs, castanets. Rafael followed the children, and we sat alone in the café until a middle-aged couple from the Scottish ship joined us. They were both teachers, and we learned from them that the tour was very inexpensive—purposely so, to make it possible for these working-class children. “We’ve warned them not to

spend all their allowance here," the woman said. Just before lunch, Rafael returned; he had spent the morning acting as interpreter at the souvenir counters, and the children straggling back to the ship for their lunch stopped to say hello and get more instructions from him on how to hold the castanets.

"Did you have a good time?" my wife asked.

"It's been great fun!" a boy said, and one of the girls hugged herself and squealed.

All of the children were dressed up and not one of them was dark or brown-eyed, but I was reminded of young Carlito, son of the unmarried maiden Asunción, in his patched pants in the yard at Miaman, his eyes full of wistfulness for the world we evoked. There he was—hanging back, watching, not saying a word, letting his eyes speak for him. I remembered then the day my father left Tampa. I was two and a half, and keeping an eye on my father; I jumped off the packed trunk in the living room and stood in the doorway of the bedroom, where my father had just gone. My mother stood at the dresser; they opened and closed the drawers. "Socks, socks," my mother said. That was all I could remember. I was small, my head didn't reach the doorknob; they were tall, transparent presences. Then I heard my Cousin Viola's voice when I was eleven and the letter from Miaman had arrived saying he was dead: "You were always dragging after him and crying if he went out without you. Once, you followed him to the corner and you were wearing a dirty undershirt and diapers, and he gave you his hand, poor man, and took you with him, he limping and you skipping for joy."

Rafael poked my hand with the straw from his drink. He poked again. I stare ahead when I'm thinking, and he doesn't like it. "Stop it," he said.

"I'm sorry that we didn't bring Carlito with us to La Coruña," I said to my wife. "He's probably never been farther than Santiago."

"Santiago de Compostela!" my wife said, as eager for another pilgrimage as I was reluctant.

At the hotel desk in Santiago, they said, "Welcome, welcome!" and the desk clerk said, "The room with bath for you and your lady," dropping all pretense, now that we were old friends, that there was more than one so equipped on each floor. "And a small one across the hall for the young master."

We stood at our little balcony and looked at our street; the restoration work on the Romanesque church had progressed slightly in the time we had been away, and the movie theatre in one of the ancient buildings just beyond was opening for the first show. A woman went by carrying an enormous bundle of groceries on her head, as casually as Galician women do, and stopped to talk to another, on whose head was a long flat wooden tray with sardines. In a moment, we said to one another, we'll go down to our café across from the Horseshoe Park and watch the *paseo*. Then the phone rang and the man at the desk downstairs told me there was a gentleman to see me. "You see how at home we are," I said to my wife. "We're even getting phone calls."

It was Gustavo Andeiro, the carnal cousin we had met the night before we left for La Coruña. I had not expected to see him again. Withdrawn, wary, he had worked single-mindedly all his life to get where he was now, owner of El Gran Derby. He had given no sign that I was of the slightest interest to him. He stood at one end of the desk, wearing gray slacks, white shirt, tie, and an *americana*—which is what Spaniards call a sports jacket—and looking circumspect and determined not to be surprised by anything in the lobby. He extended his hand, smiled at my exuberant greeting, and immediately began a speech that informed me he had come to check whether I was back from La Coruña.

I interrupted him, took his arm and led him upstairs, and he had a difficult time keeping to his mission and still observing the furnishings, the polished banister of the staircase, the plants and flowers on the landing.

"Padrino came here yesterday to ask for you," he said, "but they told him you were not back yet." Padrino, his godfather, was my other carnal cousin—his brother, Claudio Balan, the legitimate son of my father's sister, Remedio. I had not met him on my visit to Miaman.

"Claudio came!"

Gustavo nodded soberly. "He would have come sooner," he said, and looked at me as if this behavior of Claudio Balan's surprised him, too, "but he knew you were still in La Coruña." He stopped me by coming to a halt in the corridor outside our room. "He wants you to know that if you had gone to Madrid and were not to return he would have followed you there."

It was as important to me, suddenly, as it was to Gustavo for him to impart the message. "That is very amiable of him, but I had every intention of visiting him in Miaman," I said, and told myself that of course that was true.

I opened the door of the room, and before stepping in he said, "I took the liberty of coming here to find out, as Padrino asked me to do, if you were coming to Miaman and when."

"Here is Gustavo!" I said to my wife. "He wants to know when we are going to Miaman again!"

He looked at the beds and headboards and covers. We made him sit in an upholstered wing chair by the balcony, and he sat in it carefully, and primly brought his knees together. "Padrino wants to be sure when, because he wants to have all the cousins at his house. He heard that you want to meet them all."

We said we would come Sunday but that we did not want him to go to so much trouble. By this time, Gustavo had taken a good look at the dresser and mirrors, our suitcases and the stand for them, but he kept his mind on his business and said, "Then Sunday it is?

For I must send the message to him." It was Friday afternoon, and he could see that I wondered how he would do it. "By the afternoon bus to Trazo," he added.

I apologized for having put him to the trouble of looking us up at the hotel and assured him we meant to drop by El Gran Derby the next day. I also told him how well he looked, how interesting La Coruña was but that Santiago was better—a rush of talk I hoped would make him feel how happy I was about his and Claudio's attentions to us. I slowly came to a halt when I noticed his lack of responsiveness.

He had not finished his business. "I have made inquiries," he said as soon as I stopped, "about where your father stayed. A man who is a customer of mine at El Gran Derby has connections with the Asylum of the New Road, and to do me a favor he spoke to the directress. It says in their records that he died there in 1931, and that is all. I had thought that he was probably buried in the holy ground of the church at Miaman, but Padrino says no, that it must have been at the Santo Domingo cemetery here." That was a long speech for Gustavo, and when he finished he seemed to go over it in his mind to see if he had left anything out.

"Yes?" I said, to encourage him.

"You can find out at the municipal building where he was buried," he said. "But it must have been Santo Domingo, because that is where they were buried in those days."

"They" would be paupers, I thought, and I was so occupied with the idea that I did not answer.

"It is my belief, however, that the records at the Asylum must say more, for this customer who asked for me is, after all, not a person . . . of influence. And I believe that if you were to go you would find out more." He looked at his watch. "I shall go with you."

I put on my jacket, and he stood up. He pointed to the tall, old-fashioned clothes wardrobe. "It is disgraceful that for the money you must pay here they put such things in their rooms. I would not have it at my place." There was a slight smile on his face, as if he were happy he had had the courage to make the comment after all.

He led me to the Horseshoe Park, but instead of walking into the alameda he took a sidewalk along a street that sloped with the land, a street where the buildings were no longer old. Before we reached the bottom of the hill beneath the park, he stopped and asked, "Now, what was your father's name?" I told him, and he nodded and we went on. The Asylum was a neat, square building taking up about half a block. "At one time, it stood here by itself," Gustavo said, and he gestured to the houses across the road and beyond the Asylum on the same side of the street to show what had been added.

I was not ready to go in and talk to the directress yet, so I turned my back to the building before we reached the entrance and looked across the road; it was a lovely farming valley and it must have made a sweet view for my father to look at. When I turned around, I saw the sign on the stucco wall to one side of the entrance:

Hermanitas
de los
Ancianos Desamparados
Residencia
"Apóstol Santiago"

"Little Sisters of Abandoned Old People, Apostle St. James Home." I told myself that "*desamparados*" should in that context be translated as "needy," not "abandoned," and we walked up to the wooden double doors and knocked.

The porter pointed to dark inner doors and said the directress would be out as soon as Mass was finished. I could hear chanting from behind the closed doors. I wondered how my father felt being taken care of by little sisters whose church he hated, and suddenly recalled, as I turned the word "*desamparados*" over in my mind, how my mother and aunts had cried when Aunt Lila and Uncle Arturo announced that they were accepting the charity of W.P.A. I heard Gustavo volunteer to the porter that I had come from America and had inquiries that were important to me to make of the directress. The porter's eyes got a little larger, and we looked at one another and nodded.

The group that came out of the chapel was all women, all of them full of chirping questions for the directress. The directress was a young nun, accustomed, like a public personality, to handling groups, and each time she answered one of the ladies she glanced aside, hoping to put an end to the question. During one aside, she saw us and took a few steps toward us and nodded.

"Señora," Gustavo began, with just a suggestion of deference, and she immediately placed him from his accent and lack of pious address. She did not change her manner or stop listening, but her replies lost the tone of attempting to please and were, instead, efficient, equable, unencouraging—like a good clerk's.

When he finished, she said, "No, the gentleman who inquired has all the information. Our records only give the date of his death—if I remember correctly, May of 1931—and no more." She looked at me. "In those years," she said, "very simple records were kept. Now much more information would appear, but that is not to say that they overlooked the most essential, for the date of death is all you need to find out at the *ayuntamiento* just what the death certificate included and where he was buried." She was a young nun, pale and thin and businesslike, and I decided she was a true mystic, like that other good organizer, St. Teresa.

"It is my opinion," Gustavo said, "that he was buried at Santo Domingo."

"Yes, that seems most logical for those days," the directress said. "Unless other arrangements were made." Then she asked her only question—the

SECOND GLANCE AT A JAGUAR

Skinful of bowls, he bowls them,
The hip going in and out of joint, dropping the spine
With the urgency of his hurry
Like a cat going along under thrown stones, under cover,
Glancing sideways, running
Under his spine. A terrible, stump-legged waddle,
Like a thick Aztec disemboweller
Club-swinging, trying to grind some square
Socket between his hind legs round,
Carrying his head like a brazier of spilling embers,
And the black bit of his teeth—he takes it
Between his back teeth, he has to wear his skin out,
He swipes a lap at the water trough as he turns,
Swivelling the ball of his heel on the polished spot,
Showing his belly like a butterfly,
At every stride he has to turn a corner
In himself and correct it. His head
Is like the worn-down stump of another whole jaguar,
His body is just the engine shoving it forward,
Lifting the air up and shoving on under,
The weight of the fangs hanging the mouth open,
Bottom jaw combing the ground. A gorged look,
Gangster, club tail lumped along behind gracelessly,
He's wearing himself to heavy ovals,
Muttering some mantra, some drum song of murder
To keep his rage brightening, making his skin
Intolerable, spurred by the rosettes, the Cain brands,
Wearing the spots off from the inside,
Rounding some revenge. Going like a prayer wheel,
The head dragging forward, the body keeping up,
The hind legs lagging. He coils, he flourishes
The blackjack tail as if looking for a target,
Hurrying through the underworld, soundless.

—Ted Hughes

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only gesture she made to prolong the interview. "Are you planning to transfer the remains?"

I had not thought of such a possibility, did not have the money for it, did not think myself someone whom such sentiments touched, and all in a rush was both ashamed and disconcerted. And I reacted out of a taught response, which skipped over all the years of my adulthood to a maxim learned in childhood from the cigar-makers in Tampa—get away quick from nuns and priests or they will get money out of you. "I do not know," I said, saying no to her unspoken question: Don't you want to repay the charity extended to your father years ago?

The young directress turned back to Gustavo, as to someone she could understand, and reviewed with him the advisability of going to the *ayuntamiento* rather than the cemetery to check the facts.

He agreed with her and thanked her, but I felt sure that he approved, out of the same motives as the Tampa cigar-makers, my having been so reserved about my plans. We walked up the hill to the Horseshoe Park quietly and at ease with one another, and so we remained for the next hour while waiting for the driver of the bus that returned each evening after seven to Trazo with the workers it had brought to the city twelve hours earlier.

There was a modern café on high ground in the park, overlooking the shabby side street where the driverless wreck of a bus was parked, and I insisted that we have a drink and wait at one of the tables for the driver to show up. Gustavo gave in, but it was obvious that he was not one to pamper himself with refreshments between meals, even when he didn't have to pay for them. Once we had ordered beer, however, he relaxed, and I found out that he had not been insensitive to what I had experienced at the Asylum of the New Road.

"It is not important where you are buried once you are dead," he said to me, and leaned his head to one side, the way the cousins in Miaman had done when they meant to be kind. "Not important at all where your father and my mother are buried."

"Well, having come this far, and having promised my mother . . ." I said.

"That goes without question," Gustavo said, man to man. "And if you cannot get satisfaction at the *ayuntamiento* tomorrow, this man I know who asked at the Asylum will be happy to inquire. Padrino, too, is certain we can find out, do not worry."

I said I planned to go the next morning, and we sipped the beer and I told him how beautiful I thought the Horseshoe Park was.

He did not follow my gaze to the awesome trees along the alameda; he looked down at the table and closed and opened his fist—a characteristic gesture when he was about to speak from the heart. "I would give anything—anything!—to have my mother with me today. It would be worth everything to me—El Gran Derby, everything."

I stared at him—he had surprised me. I did what Spanish men do when they agree or sympathize with one another: I leaned over and tapped him on the shoulder.

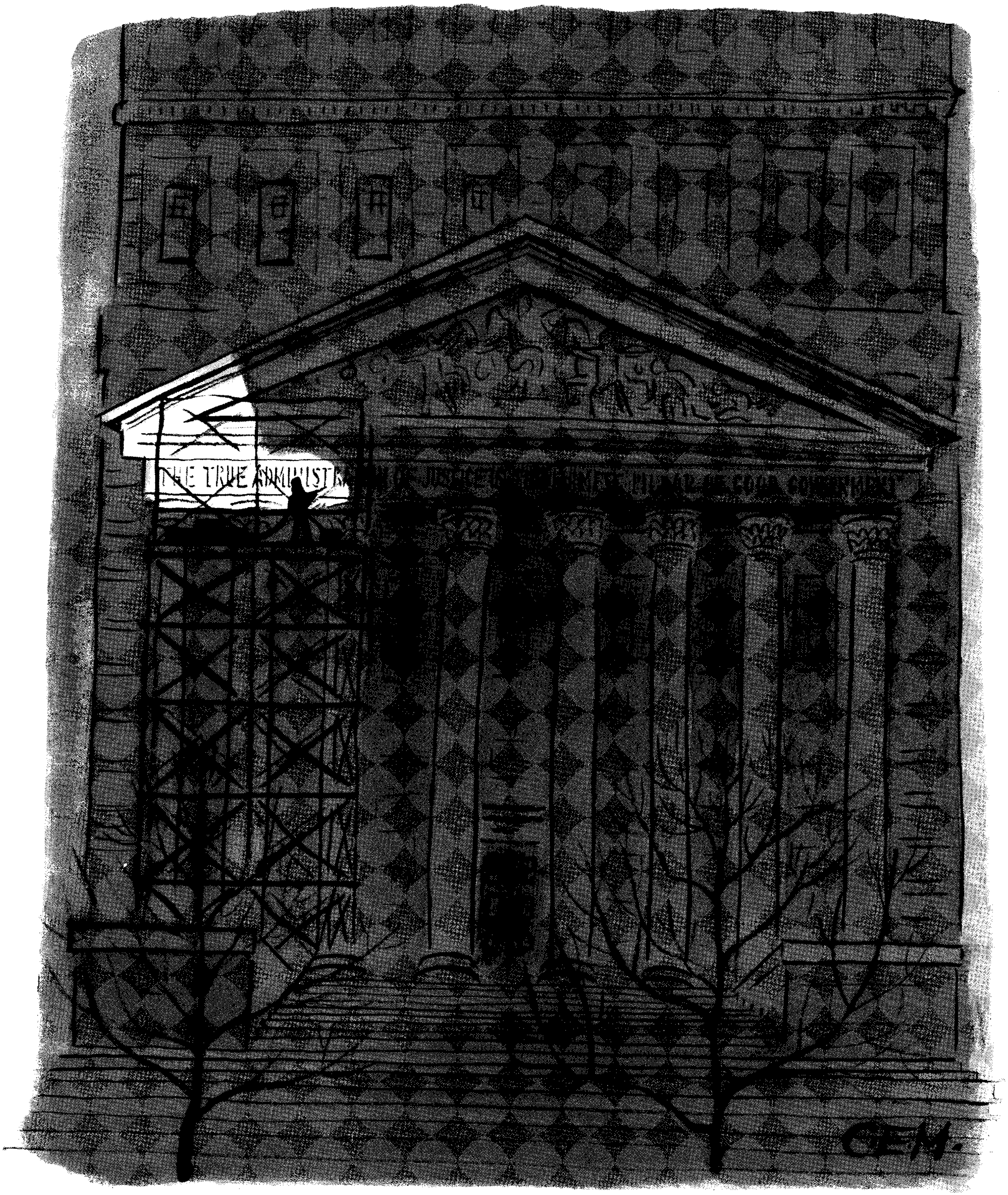
CLEARANCE
RD

He looked up with his head to one side and smiled just a little. "Life is strange," he said.

I said yes, life was strange.

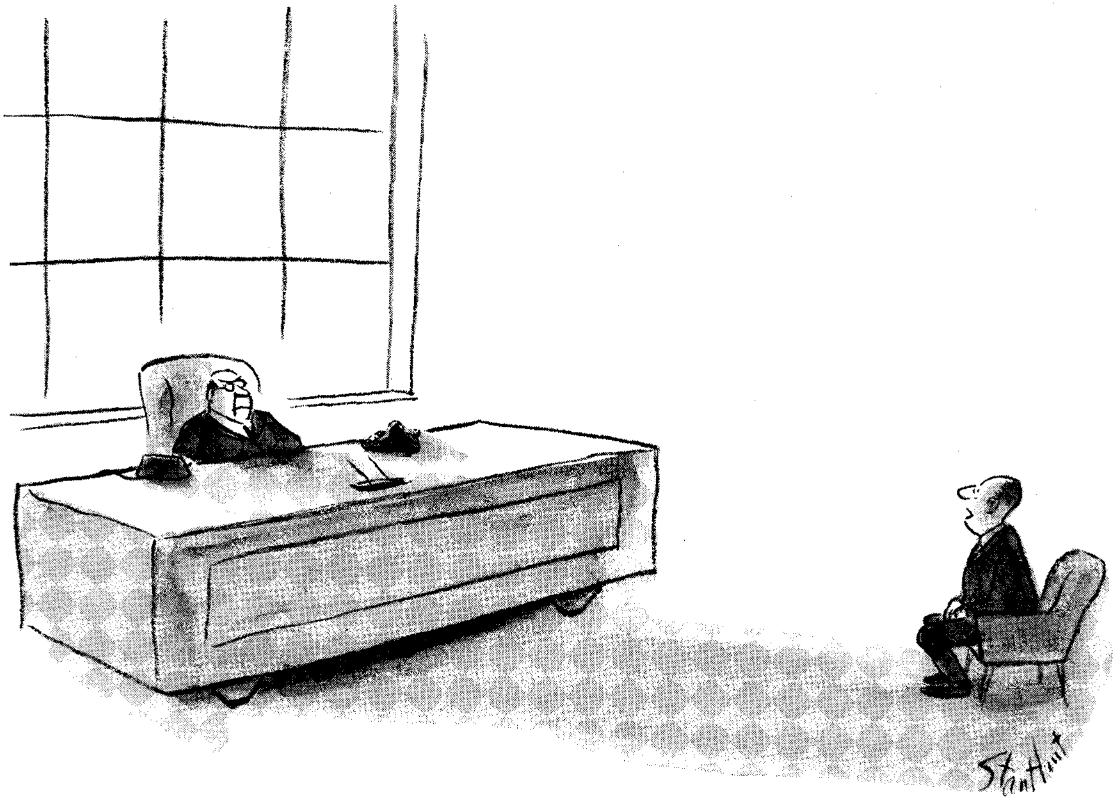
"You know, nowadays families cannot disappear, that is what I think," he said, and I knew that this was something he and his wife, Luz, had discussed together at El Gran Derby; they must have talked about it with Claudio Balan when he came to Santiago the previous day on the workers' bus from Trazo to look for us—while I was in La Coruña thinking badly of them. "Your children and my children would have found each other if they had cared, that is what I think."

He saw the driver of the bus then, and got up, his momentary softness left behind at the café, and I followed him down to the side street. He told the driver to have his brother, Claudio Balan, informed that their cousin was coming on Sunday, and the man looked over Gustavo's shoulder at me and


THE TRUE ADMINISTR… OF JUSTICE IS THE FIRMEST PILLAR OF GOOD GOVERNMENT
CEM.

touched a hand to his cap. I stepped forward, gave him my hand, said my name, and told him I was his servant, and he said he was Eliseo Castro and he was there to serve me. Gustavo was very pleased by this exchange, and pleased, too, I had the feeling, that he had carried through his brother's bidding, and when he left me at the polished double doors of the hotel lobby it seemed plain that he was proud his meagre lineage had expanded to include me.

THIS good feeling of acceptance stayed with me until breakfast the next morning, when I realized how childish and vain a response it was; it was Gustavo and Luz, and Carlos and Ana, and all the other relatives I had met at the Principal House of the Andeiros in Miaman who were supplying me with a lineage that I missed—I who should feel proud, to have all these cousins. When my wife, Rafael, and I were coming out of the dining room, I saw one of them—the little hunchback Asunción—standing next to the double doors where Gustavo had left me. She looked even tinier



"I was supposed to contact you, but I'm not sure I have."

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than she had in the yard at Miaman.

"Here I am, Pepe!" she shrieked. "I came to see you!" She wore her kerchief, a brown pleated wool skirt, a sweater over a plain blouse, and she carried a woven basket, like the workmen in the city. "I had to come to see the dentist and I said to myself, 'I wonder what my Cousin Pepe is doing.' "

I bent down to kiss her cheek, and I saw her look triumphantly at the desk. In the same loud voice, she said, "They told me you were having breakfast."

"Why didn't you come in?" my wife asked, and I translated.

Asunción shrugged. "It was better that I waited for you," she said, and took my wife's hand and walked upstairs with her, looking like a strange waif my wife had picked up. I was to see the two of them walking like that during the day, and each time it was to be as funny and painful a sight; the astonished looks of the men at the hotel desk were to be duplicated in the stares of passersby.

We led her to the same upholstered chair in which Gustavo had sat, and it took her a while to settle in, first pulling her pleated skirt up to her waist. Underneath, she wore a silk slip with a wide lace fringe, and she stroked it and said to my wife, "It is a gift from Cousin Esperanza, who brought it from Havana."

She already knew that we were going to Miaman the next day, and she said that the Andeiros, too, were going to be at Claudio Balan's house. "Oh, Claudio is such a good man," she exclaimed, still in a voice tuned to the open spaces of Miaman. "He cannot wait to see you. He said that he would have followed you to Madrid if you had not returned from La Coruña."

I volunteered to go with her to the dentist, and she informed me that she had come to the city early with the workers' bus and had already been to the dentist. Now she had only a few errands to do and then she would be free, so I said I would go with her. But my wife wanted her to rest a few minutes, and asked Asunción if she always had to make a trip to Santiago to go to the dentist.

"*I* do," she said, and then felt she had been too critical of the others in Miaman. "There is no dentist nearer, and people cannot leave their work just because their teeth hurt. And you know, we are a little foolish in Miaman. Look what happened to me when I had the accident." It happened when she was twenty-three, six months after she had given birth to Carlito. She was sitting on a wagon piled high with the yellow flowering bush we had seen in Miaman. "We had been cutting all afternoon," she said, "and I liked sitting up there on top of all those branches, just resting on the way home." A wheel slipped into a deep rut, and she fell off the wagon on her back. "If such a thing happens to a child of mine, you think I would not take her to a doctor?" She lay in bed a few days, in terrible pain, then began to hobble about when the bones started to mend. "But I was never out of pain and I have looked this way since. You see why I say we are a little foolish in the *aldea*?" She looked at each one of us and then smiled. "As soon as I put an ounce more than twenty-five pounds on my head, my back begins to hurt. And, Pepe, you know us Galician women—we do not use our heads to think but to carry things. Ana carries more than a hundred pounds on her head as if it were nothing. And me, I am good for nothing and I look one hundred years old."

I had never been called Pepe, which is the equivalent of Joe for Joseph, and Asunción not only initiated it that day but she never had to be told to call me *tú*. Yet she would not let me carry her basket for her, because it would not look right. I had, it seems, been too quick for her in the lobby and picked the basket up before she did, but now that we were going to be out in the street it would be too shameful for me to carry it. I held the basket in my hand, she begged, I said no, and we compromised by leaving it in the room, after she made certain that my wife and Rafael would be there all the time to watch it.

"Once I do these errands," she said softly, as if to herself, "I am free for the whole day."

We told her we hoped she would spend it with us.

"I do not even have to return on the bus," she said. "They do not need me in the *aldea* until tomorrow."

I said we would take a room for her in the hotel, and she shrieked, "No!"

"Do you prefer to stay at El Gran Derby?" I asked.

"No, I shall stay with a friend who lives here in Santiago. I only need to tell her and it will be all right." She looked down at the floor, on the verge of a confession. "Would you believe it, I have never been to El Gran Derby. I did not even go to their wedding.” I said nothing, but she explained. “I do not know what it is, but Gustavo does not have the character of Claudio—there is not that openness about him.”

Out on the street, she unerringly took turns that quickly got us away from the business and middle-class section, and for her errands she managed never to leave the poor streets of the city. “Carlito showed me the money you gave him after you left,” she said as we walked along. “He said, ‘Look how much money Uncle Pepe gave me, Mother,’ and I said it was all right because, after all, it was not as much to you as it is to us.”

First we went to a small wine merchant from whom she was going to order a barrel of red Galician wine for the house, and before we got there she told me that she also wanted to buy something for both Carlito and Consuelito, her little girl. My wife had already bought gifts for each person she had met in Miaman, so I did not feel that I should take Asunción’s statement as a hint to me; rather, I felt like telling her that since she was going to return to Miaman in the taxi with us, she should forget about getting the children something and so spare herself the expense. Especially since she said that they had been very hard hit that week; one of the oxen had been sick and they had to take it to a veterinarian and the injections had cost a fortune.

“Carlos was very depressed,” she said, “but what can one do? The money has to be spent.”

At the wine merchant’s—a poor place, with dank interiors—she told the surprised owner that the last barrel had not been so good.

“Why, what was wrong with it?” he said.

“I cannot say exactly,” she answered in her soft voice, “but it was not as good. Did anyone report to you that it was a little sour?”

“No,” said the merchant. “There was not a single complaint about that shipment.”

“So what are you going to give us this time?” she said.

He gave her some wine to taste.

“Do you think this is good?” she asked.

“Woman, of course I think so,” he said.

“I wanted your opinion,” she said, “because I know nothing about these things and I have to tell them at home.”

The man never lost his humor, not even when she insisted on looking at the particular barrel he was going to deliver to the workers’ bus. The driver would drop it off at Trazo and from there Carlos would cart it on a wagon to Miaman. She studied the barrel for distinguishing marks. “How will I recognize it?” she asked worriedly. “It is the same as the one I tasted?”

“I can open it and let you taste it, too,” he said, “but you would not want that.”

She thought about it a long time. “Make a scratch on it so there is no mixup,” she said finally. “It costs so much money that one cannot make a mistake.” She turned to me apologetically. “You know how it is when you are poor, Pepe—you cannot afford to make a mistake.”

When she had said yes, and gone over how he would deliver the barrel, at what hour that day, where on the bus he would tie it, and how Carlos would know which was theirs—when she had done all this, I took out some money and told the man I was paying. The man said Carlos always paid when he came to town, but I insisted and he took the money.

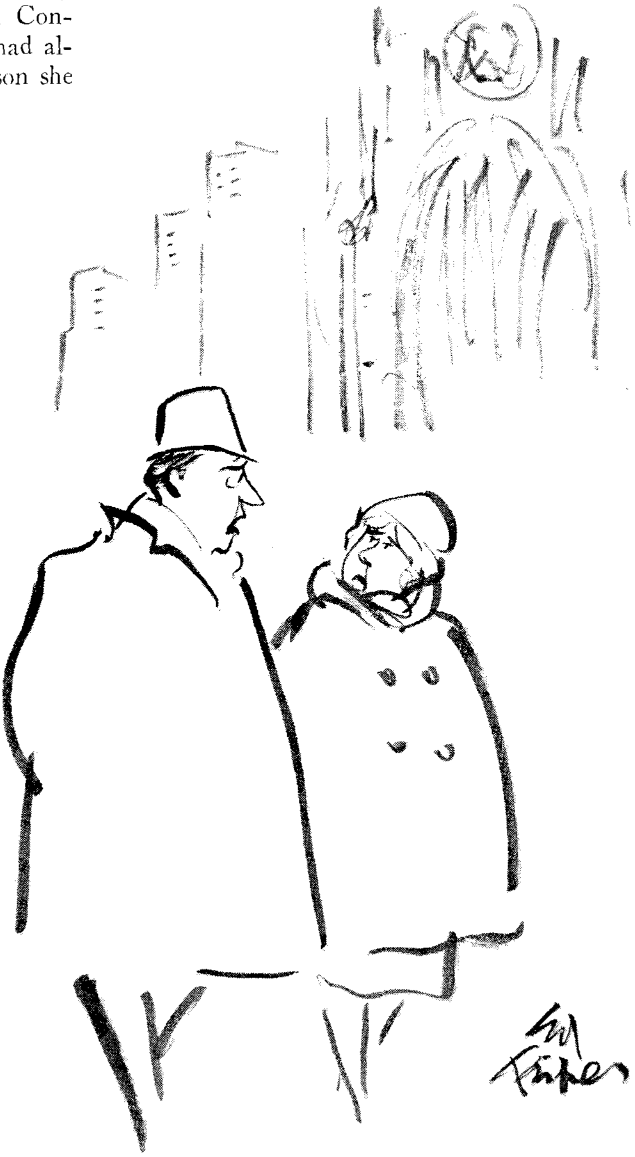
Asunción said, “Oh, Pepe, there is no need for you to do that.” But I could see that she was pleased, and she added, “Besides, I still have to get a bottle of sweet wine—for Ana.”

I told the man to charge for the bottle, too, and Asunción repeated, “Oh, Pepe, there is no need for you to do that.”

Outside, she told me that now she had to buy a kerchief for Ana, one with a little color in it, for Ana was coming out of mourning for her brother, who had died thirty-five months before in Argentina. “That long?” I said, and she looked at me blankly. She selected it at a stand in the public market, and she made them unfold every kerchief they had. The nicer ones she said were too expensive, but I told her I planned to pay for it. “Oh, Pepe, there is no need,” she said, and she picked one with a little blue in it. While I paid, she kept darting looks at the other stands. “Do you think I should get something for Carlito and Consuelito now?” she said.

I told her there would be other opportunities during the day and that perhaps she should not bother at all, since my wife was bringing them something tomorrow. I was anxious to get to the *ayuntamiento* that morning, and the errands had already taken longer than I expected.

She listened to me without changing expression but gave me a quick, direct look when I mentioned the gifts for the children. There was just

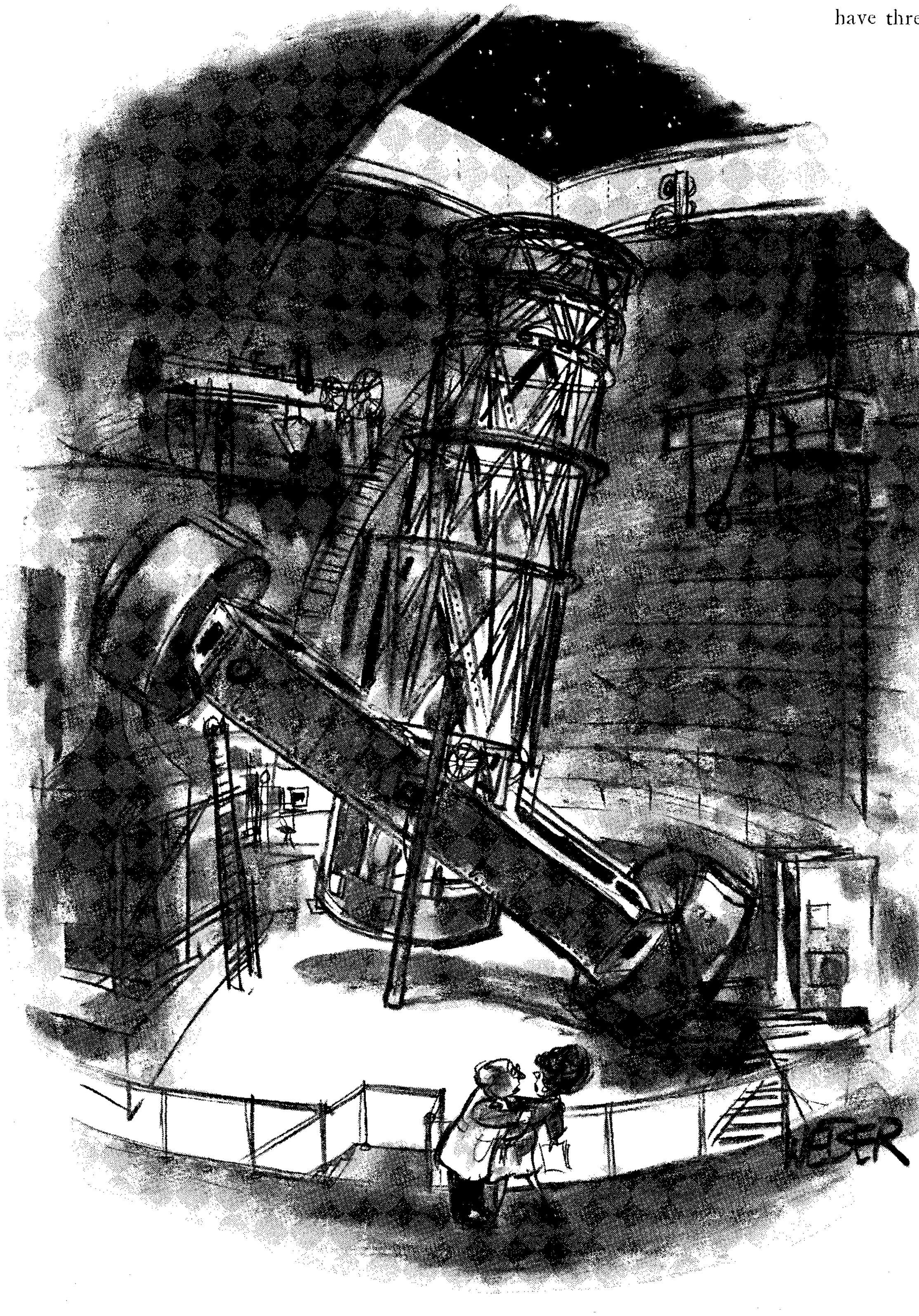


“Here we are living in a period of violent transition, moral and cultural anarchy, unbridled libertinism, and rampant individual self-expression—and not participating at *__all__.”*

one more thing, then, she must do—go to the bus and tell the driver about the barrel being delivered. On our way, she suddenly said, “My father felt so foolish the day you were in Miaman, not remembering everything about your father. After you left, he remembered that it was your father he had gone to Cuba with when they were both thirteen. His memory is not so good, but he was in Havana with your father at the cigar factory, and you know how he is—so good, so innocent, not a live one like your father, so your father got the job and he had to come back.”

She looked away, as she always did after she had said something bold, and I saw her hump. She must feel that the whole world should make amends, and so in another block I had forgotten this new thrust of hers. Trusting to her harsher view of things, I said, “I cannot understand, Asunción, why my grandmother stopped writing after Aunt Remedio died. We could have helped her then, and she would not have had such a hard time raising the boys by herself.”

We were walking single file on a narrow sidewalk, and she turned back to answer. “They are fools in the *aldea!*” she shrieked. “Do you know why she stopped writing? She stopped writing because she was afraid that your mother and her two little children would come to live with her and she would have three more burdens to support!”



“My wife doesn’t understand the theory of the expanding universe.”

I put one hand against the solid granite wall of the building to steady myself. But I saw the fear in Asunción’s face that she had gone too far, and it took me only a moment to see the dreadful humor of it. I shook my head and we walked to the rickety bus in silence.

Eliseo Castro, the bus driver, acted like an old friend this time, and since he knew Asunción well, he gave her every assurance that the barrel would not fall off, that he would not fail to give her brother Carlos all her messages, that she might, in fact, take it for granted that the barrel of wine was already at home in Miaman. I was impatient; it was near eleven. I was more intent than ever on finding out what the death records at the *ayuntamiento* had to say about my father, and now that I knew where I was I led Asunción past the entrance to the Horseshoe Park, through the lively streets with restaurants, cafés, and shops.

A different kind of impatience dogged her—to make her plea for purchases of all kinds before we joined my wife again. “Oh, Carlito needs a wristwatch!” she exclaimed, inflamed by the sights in the shopwindows. “Let me look at these

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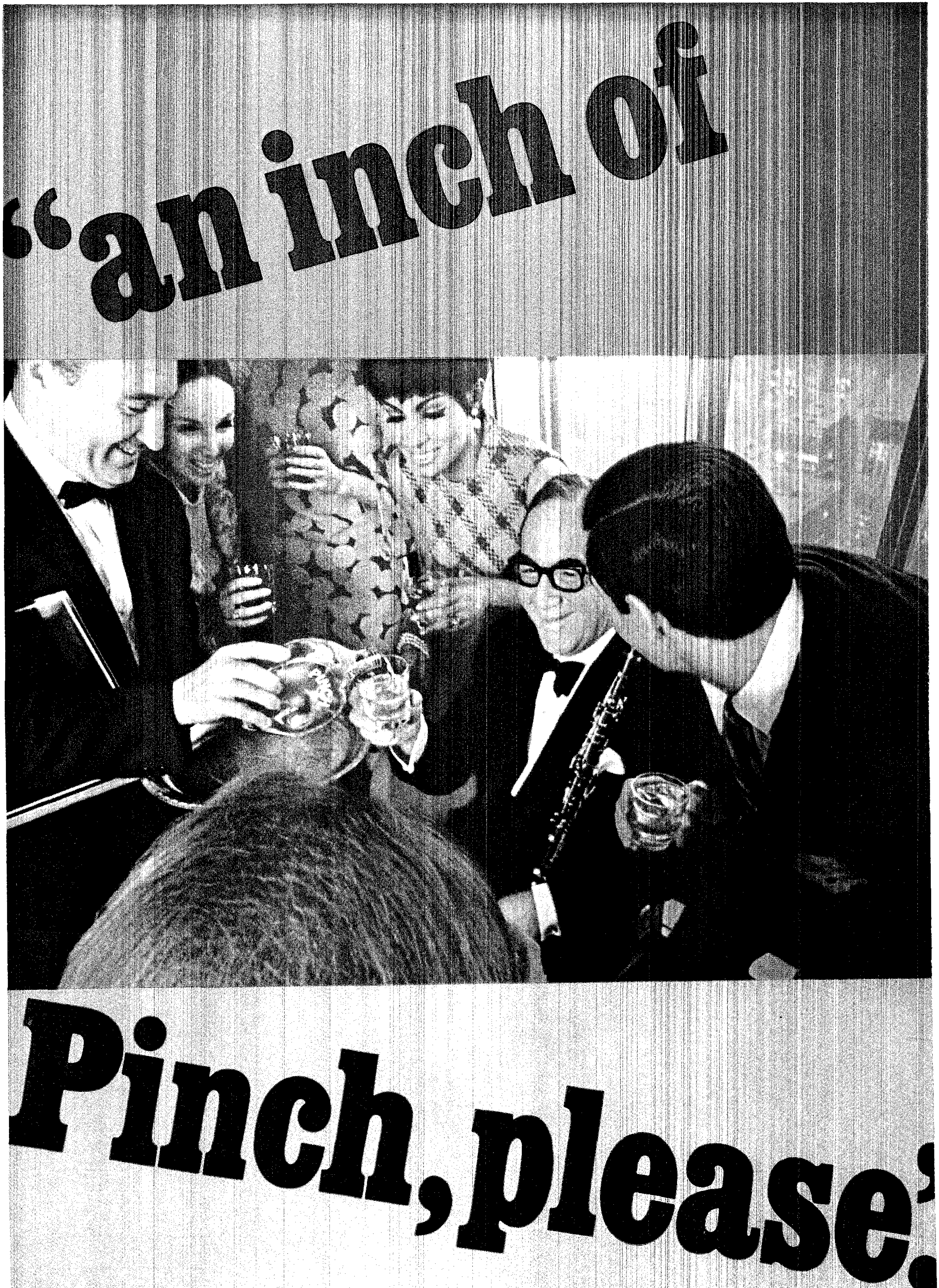
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shoes a moment. Consuelito would love a pair of little white sandals."

Getting to the hotel became a tug-of-war, and I excused my resistance to her suggestions by telling myself they were wildly impractical; Carlito needed unpatched clothes, and white, openwork sandals would disintegrate in the muddy lanes of Miaman. Yet my wife had already bought for Consuelito, with my approval, a large doll whose long-lashed eyes opened and closed and that, when moved from a cradled position, squeaked, "Mama! Mama!" I told myself that I would give Carlito himself enough money to buy something he needed. As we neared the corner of our street, Asunción made her last attempt. "Look, Pepe, a television set!" I laughed, and because it startled her I explained that it was a new gas range with a look-through oven.

On our way to the *ayuntamiento*, I saw her holding my wife's hand and carrying the woven basket. I had lost the argument about carrying the basket, and we had walked the four long blocks to the magnificent Plaza del Obradoiro without her making any suggestions or even hints of things I could buy. True, we had not much more than enough money to take us back to the States, but I knew then, in the rush of pity that seeing Asunción at a distance always excited, that I resisted her because of what she had, I thought, perversely revealed about my grandmother. Yet she spoke the truth; from that awkward little form, abrasive, shocking humps of truth stuck out.

IN one wing of the palace that housed the city administration was the small office where death records were kept. It was disarranged and inefficient-looking, but the man there, his eyes wide with interest at our mission, reached unhesitatingly for the bound book of May, 1931. He found the page. "The death was on May 26th," he said, and kept on reading. I watched his hand move down the page and thought, Yes, he died—a reassuring statistic.

The man lifted the book to the counter and turned it toward me, and I read each line on the form until I got to the one that gave the cause of death as "general paralysis." I said it aloud, and only my wife understood; the man and Asunción seemed to think it was a reasonable illness. I looked quickly at the form again and saw that it did not state the place of burial, and the man informed me that another office in the same building

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would tell me. He typed out Father's name and the date of his death on a slip of blue scratch paper he picked up from the counter, and handed it to me so that I would not forget it by the time I found the other office. Then before he took the book away he pointed to one of the entries without a word, as if to get my attention only. It was at the end of the line that gave the mother's and father's name, and it said—I read it for a long time—that Father was a "bachelor."

We went down the stairs to the wide gallery along the street and climbed up again into another wing of the enormous building. This time, we were guided to a bigger and lighter room, and we had to wait while someone else finished his inquiries. There was hardly any room between the door and the railing, but Asunción squeezed in ahead of my wife. "You know why it said that he was a bachelor?" she said in the soft voice I had come to mistrust. "It is because he was the object of charity and Aunt Petrona probably did not want to give them too much information."

In this office, they had to look in two books—one to find the number of the plot where he was buried, the other to see whether the remains were still there. A line was drawn across the page for that plot number, and underneath a new person's name was entered, with a 1949 date. "The remains were raised," the man said, and explained that whatever was dug up was then put into a common grave with others. "And there is no record for that," he added.

I didn't know why, but I gave him the blue slip from the first office and asked him to put on it the new information he had just given me. Going down the stairs, I read it. He had written that Father was buried in the Municipal Catholic Cemetery of Santo Domingo in the city of Santiago de Compostela on June 4, 1931. A full nine days after he died. What happened during those nine days? Did medical students at the university learn their anatomy from him? Quite arbitrarily, I decided that that had not happened, and I turned the blue scratch paper over and saw that it was a throw-away announcing the performance by the College of Philosophy drama group of three one-act plays by Bertolt Brecht. I was glad I had asked them to type the information on it and I folded it into my wallet, the only headstone my father has. It pleased me: a harsh tale of how the poor survive.

At the bottom of the stairs, we looked

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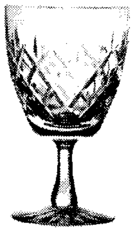
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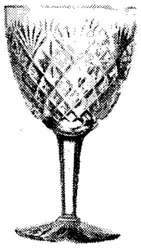
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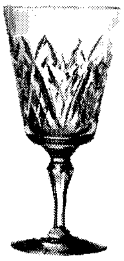
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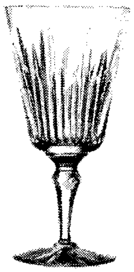
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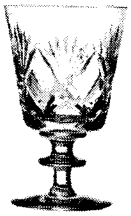
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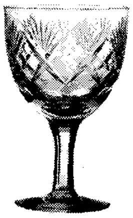
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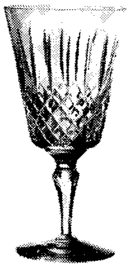
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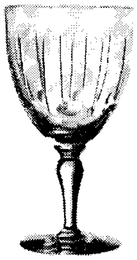
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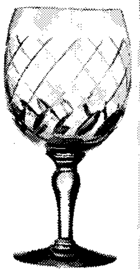
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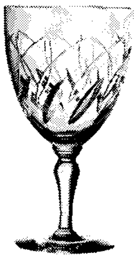
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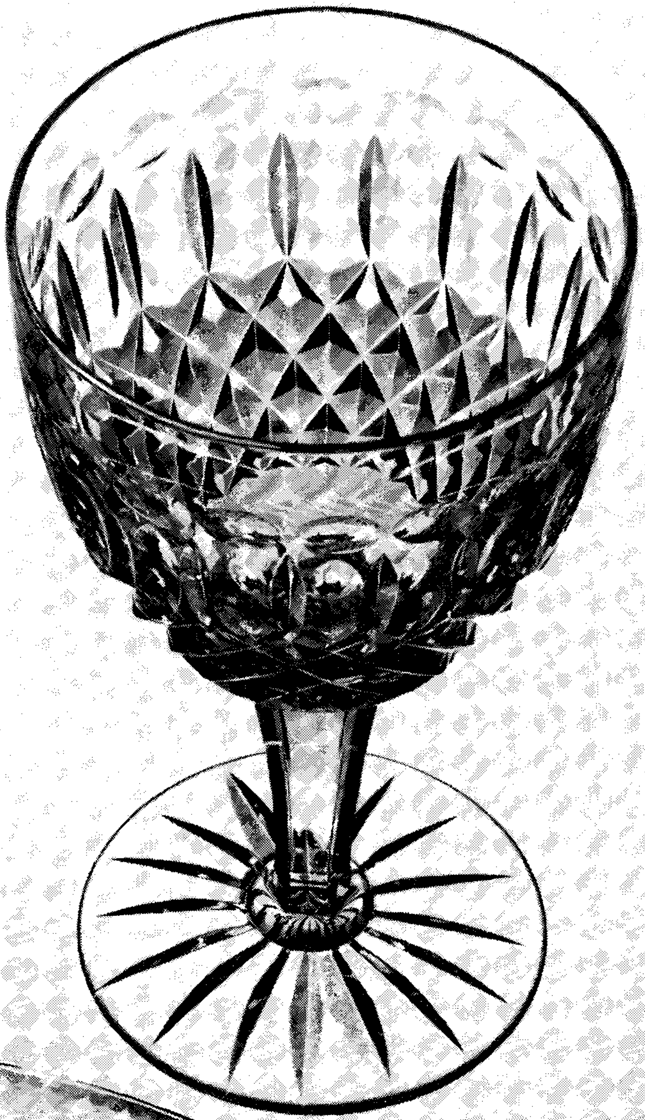
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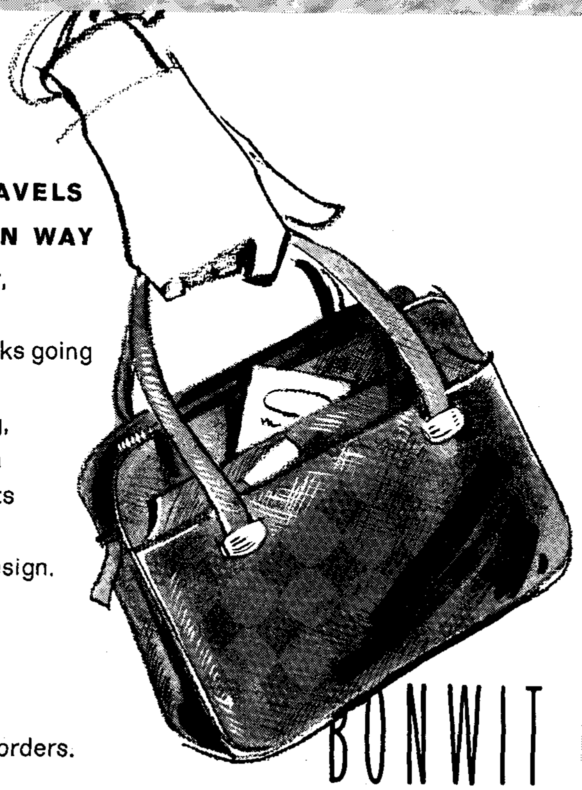

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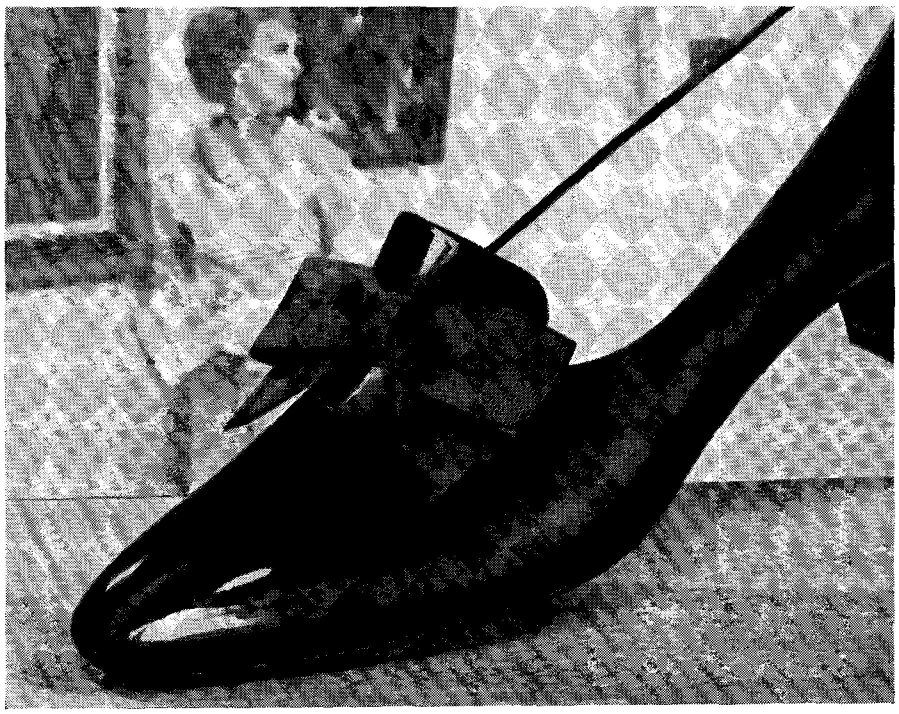

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across the sunlit square at the cathedral and decided to join the day's pilgrims at High Mass. "Well," said Asunción, glad to start on her sightseeing in Santiago, "all the problems you had are now resolved."

WHEN we walked into El Gran Derby that Saturday afternoon, little Asunción became quite meek, and so I was glad to find out that Gustavo was coming with us Sunday morning in the taxi to Miaman; it insured her good behavior. Gustavo did not ask if he could come; he simply stated it—he treated me like family. And when Asunción said she was spending the night at the home of a friend in Santiago, Luz said in a hurt tone, "You mean you are not staying here—how can that be!" Asunción looked down and gave in. Luz glanced at me and shook her head, taking it for granted that, like a good member of the family, I knew what a problem Asunción and her taunts were.

We had already spent eight hours with Asunción by the time we were ready to leave El Gran Derby, and she still insisted on staying with us, at least until nine o'clock, when she would return there to have dinner. To give ourselves a respite, we decided to spend the intervening time at a movie. We bought orchestra seats, and after looking about at the other ladies who filled the theatre Asunción surreptitiously lowered her skirt and sat down.

During the day, she had picked up other city manners; in the dining room of the hotel, where we had had lunch, she began to experiment with lowering her voice once she noticed that the astonished waiters responded to her in what was almost a whisper. But she was not consistent, and there were private bits of family gossip that reached the ears of the entire dining room.

"Tell me," I had asked, hoping I had perhaps misunderstood what Carlos Andeiro told me, "were my cousin Claudio Balan and your brother Carlos really in the war?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "They were in the Volunteers of Galicia."

"They volunteered!" I exclaimed, speaking in a louder voice than I meant to.

And she brought one hand to her head and shrieked, "Volunteer! They went the way you pull hair from your head!" And she pulled at her own to show me. "You know, Pepe," she said, "I have been thinking about Aunt Petrona not writing to your mother, and I think it must have been because she could not write after my uncle died—

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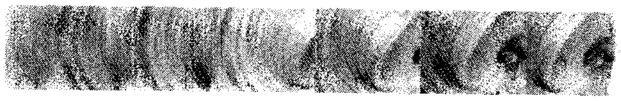

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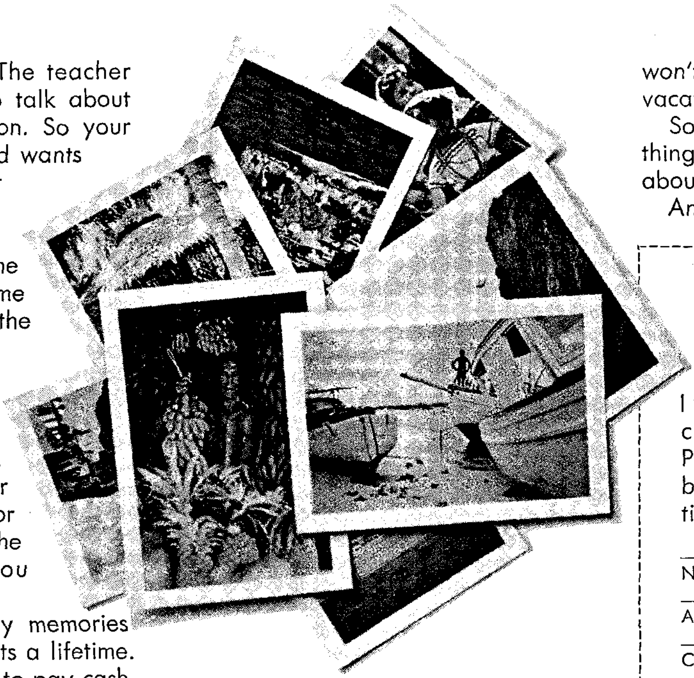

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and also it may have been that your mother's letters did not reach her. They sometimes get lost, letters do."

I took it that she had regretted her morning's outburst, and did not answer. To change the subject, I asked her about my cousin Claudio Balan.

"Oh, Claudio, he is such a good man," she said. "He was such a handsome young man it is a miracle he married, for he was the father of three children before he seriously courted Isabel, and *she* was already far gone, too, when he married her. But her family had lands, and that kind of reason for marriage exists in Miaman, too, I want you to know. One of Claudio's children was by the daughter of the man who made his mother pregnant with Gustavo. So Claudio got his own back—he is no fool." Then, in a pious voice, as if to please me, she said, "I cannot complain about my father. He has always been good to me and never scolded me, even when he has had reason to. And he is such a good man—never cried over spilled milk, such as his lack of success in Havana when he was young."

Seeing she had not yet pleased me, she asked about our two older children in the States. There had not been an opportunity to explain that our older children were my stepchildren, and I did so now.

Asunción looked quickly at my wife, and said to me, "You mean *you* were married before?"

I said they were my wife's children by her first marriage.

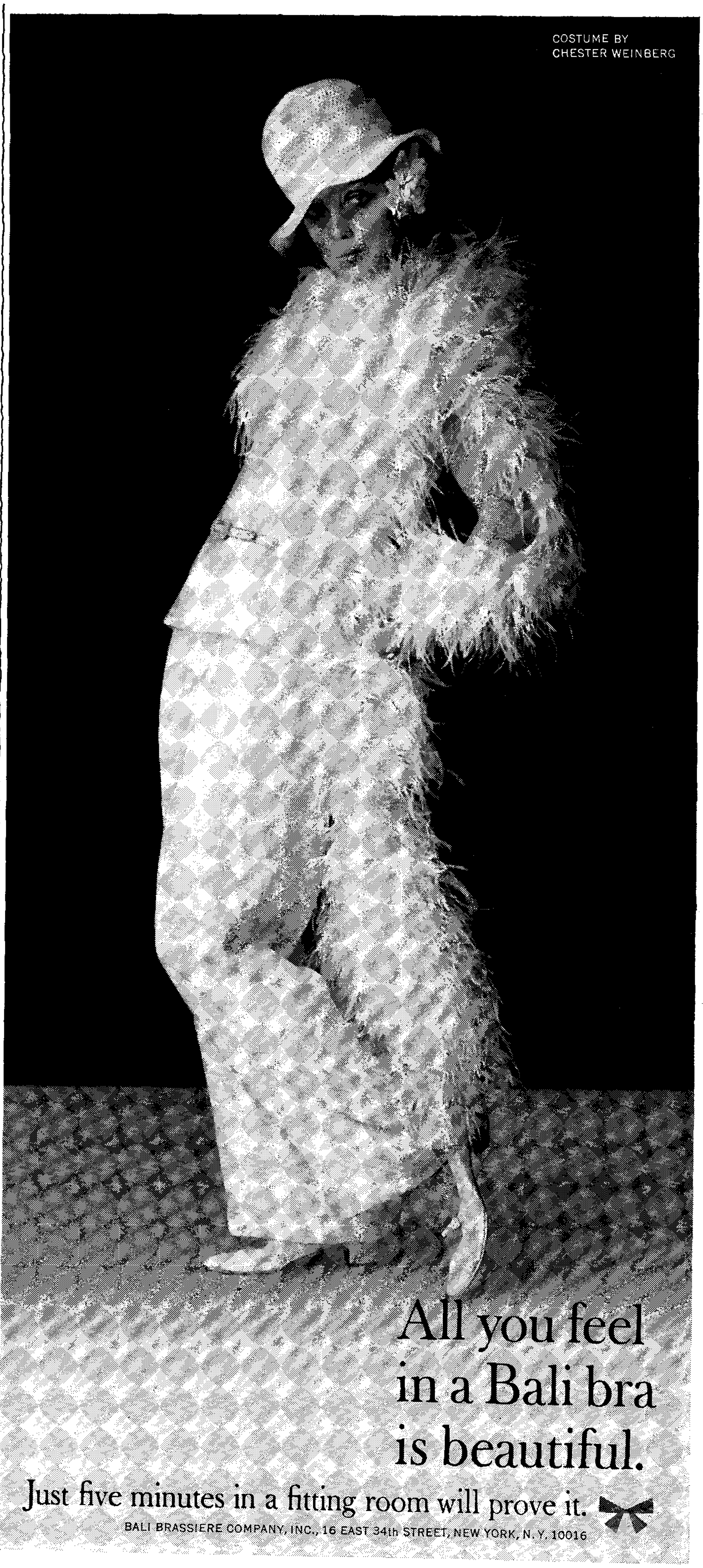
She was so shocked that she spoke in an aghast whisper. "Oh, Pepe, do not say that! How could you have done such a thing? No Galician man ever would!"

I said that customs in other countries were different, that men and women divorced and then married again. "You sound as if a Galician would not even marry a widow," I said.

"Oh, no!" she said. "A woman who has had a child cannot hope to marry! I never could marry." She looked at my wife again. "I know, it was because you loved her, because she is so beautiful—you must have preferred her above all other women!"

"Exactly," I said.

When we left the dining room, as when we left the movie theatre that evening, she took my wife's hand and looked at her with awe. But she never brought up the subject again, although after the movie we left my wife and son at the hotel and we were alone on the way to El Gran Derby. She dashed into a grocery store that was still open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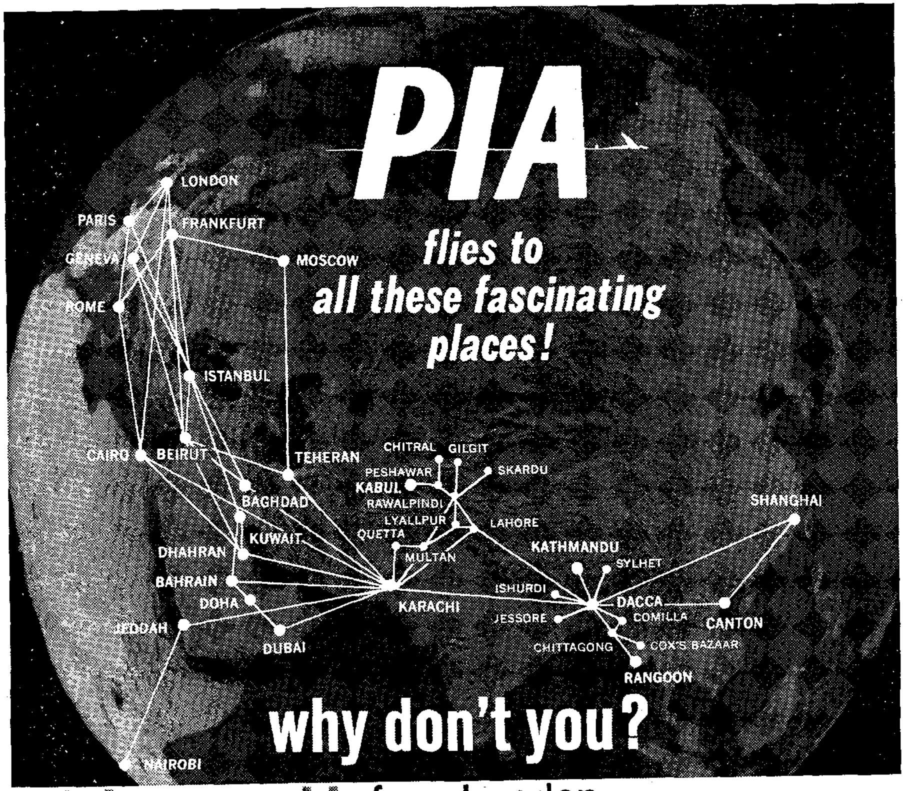
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to buy just one item, she said, but she was carried away when she saw me take out money and bought several more things.

WHEN we showed up in the taxi at El Gran Derby on Sunday morning, Asunción hardly greeted us, and I could tell by the first glance Gustavo and Luz both gave my wife that Asunción had told them about the stepchildren. Asunción feels guilty, I told myself, and that is why she is trying to be unobtrusive, but after a while I realized that in their presence she went back to being the unfortunate woman from the *aldea;* her holiday was over. Gustavo brought his little daughter with him, and Luz stayed in Santiago to take care of the restaurant. She gave my wife a special embrace when we all left—though my wife was unaware of it—as if to say she did not care about Asunción's gossip, and Gustavo was courteous and deferential with my wife. I stopped feeling on the defensive.

The six of us filled the taxi, and the packages we had all brought filled the trunk. Gustavo carried several things, one of them a large sponge cake; they had ordered it baked in a Santiago bakery, but Isabel, Claudio's wife, had sent fresh eggs from the *aldea* for it. It was to be a gala day, I could see, and the morning was lovely.

We went through open fields, forests, and two or three *aldeas*, until finally, on an open height, Gustavo told the driver to stop. We got out and took the packages that were for my Cousin Claudio's house from the trunk, and Gustavo and his little daughter remained there. The rest of us went on in the taxi until suddenly the landscape became familiar; on a level with us was the church steeple, and below was the field of corn seedlings and the huddled houses we had seen on our first visit to Miaman.

At Carlos Andeiro's house, everyone was waiting for us except Ana, who was still at Mass—the one person in the family who went to church on Sundays. When she came, she looked at each gift my wife had brought and crossed herself. Consuelito hugged the large doll to herself and then sat her on a chair. When we were about to leave for my Cousin Claudio's, a short, rosy-cheeked man came in, and Asunción introduced him as Consuelito's godfather; he had Consuelito's coloring and eyes and rosebud mouth, and he smiled at me as if to say, "Yes, I am her father." He took the doll in his arms and watched her close her eyes. "What

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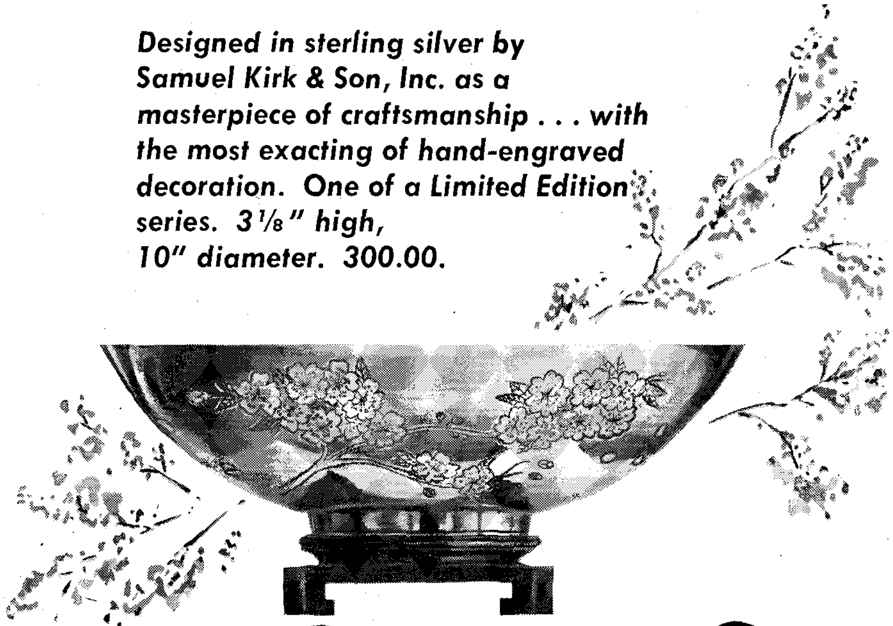

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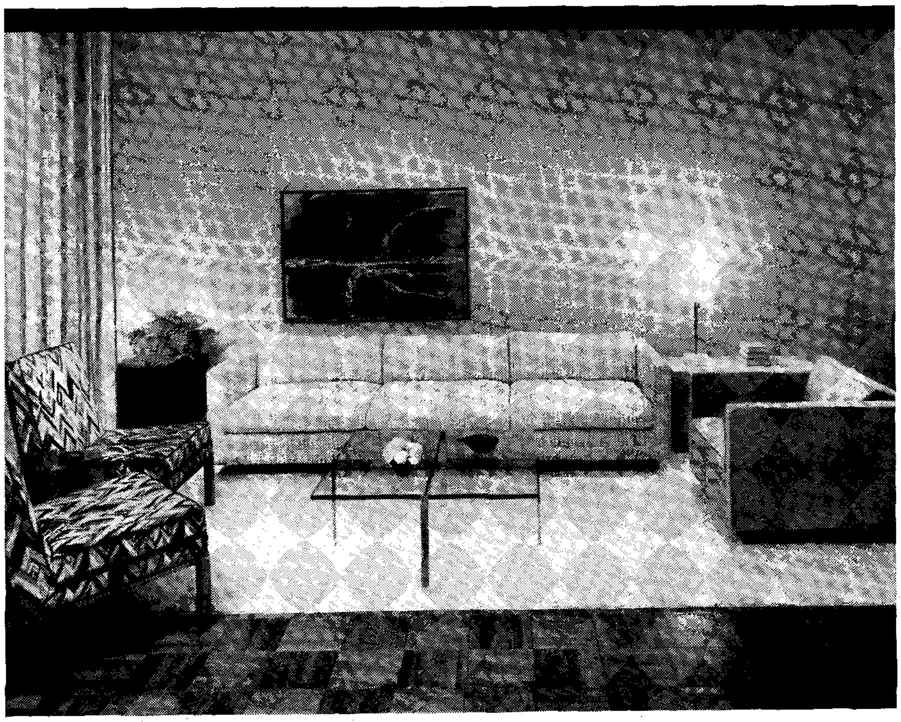

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a marvel!" he said, and carefully held her out to Consuelito.

Everyone wore his best clothes: Ana still all in black but with a silk apron and kerchief; Carlos Andeiro in a jacket, though it did not match his pants, and though his shirt was collarless and tieless; the old man in patched, clean Sunday clothes; José Sabell in an unmatched jacket, too. These four would walk to Claudio's house in Nodar with us across the cornfield. Asunción was to come later.

Carlos Andeiro and José Sabell walked ahead with me. I looked up toward the wooded hill, as on the first day I had come here, and asked Carlos if he had explained to my Cousin Claudio that I had not known that first day, until we were on our way to the taxi on the highway, that his home was so near.

"That evening, as soon as we finished in the fields," Carlos said, "I went to his house and told him you had been here and that you were coming back and wanted to meet all your cousins. 'So it shall be,' said Claudio, and he was on fire with the desire to meet you. He said that if necessary he would follow you all the way to Madrid."

"He is a good man, Claudio?" I said.

José Sabell and Carlos both stopped to give what they had to say proper stress. "A fine man," said one. And the other, "A very good man who has pulled ahead by working very hard."

"I am going to ask you a favor," I said. "Will you show me the house where my father was born?"

They laughed. "Of course. It is on the way there. In Fuenfría."

I called back to my wife in English that we would see my father's home, and she and the others caught up with us at the end of the field. Ana crossed herself and tears came to her eyes.

"After you left," Carlos Andeiro said to me, "we were all wondering how it is that you understand Galician so well."

I explained that I knew a little French and Italian and those, plus the Castilian, helped me with the Galician. Carlos nodded, very impressed, and I heard José Sabell comment to Ana and the old man behind me, "What is Galician to a man who is master of so many languages!"

We started up the lane through the eucalyptus and pine forest, and to change the subject I said, "So I shall meet more cousins?"

"Oh, there are more Andeiros, and the Fragas and the Lopezes," Carlos said. "We are a large family and all the older ones are probably right now

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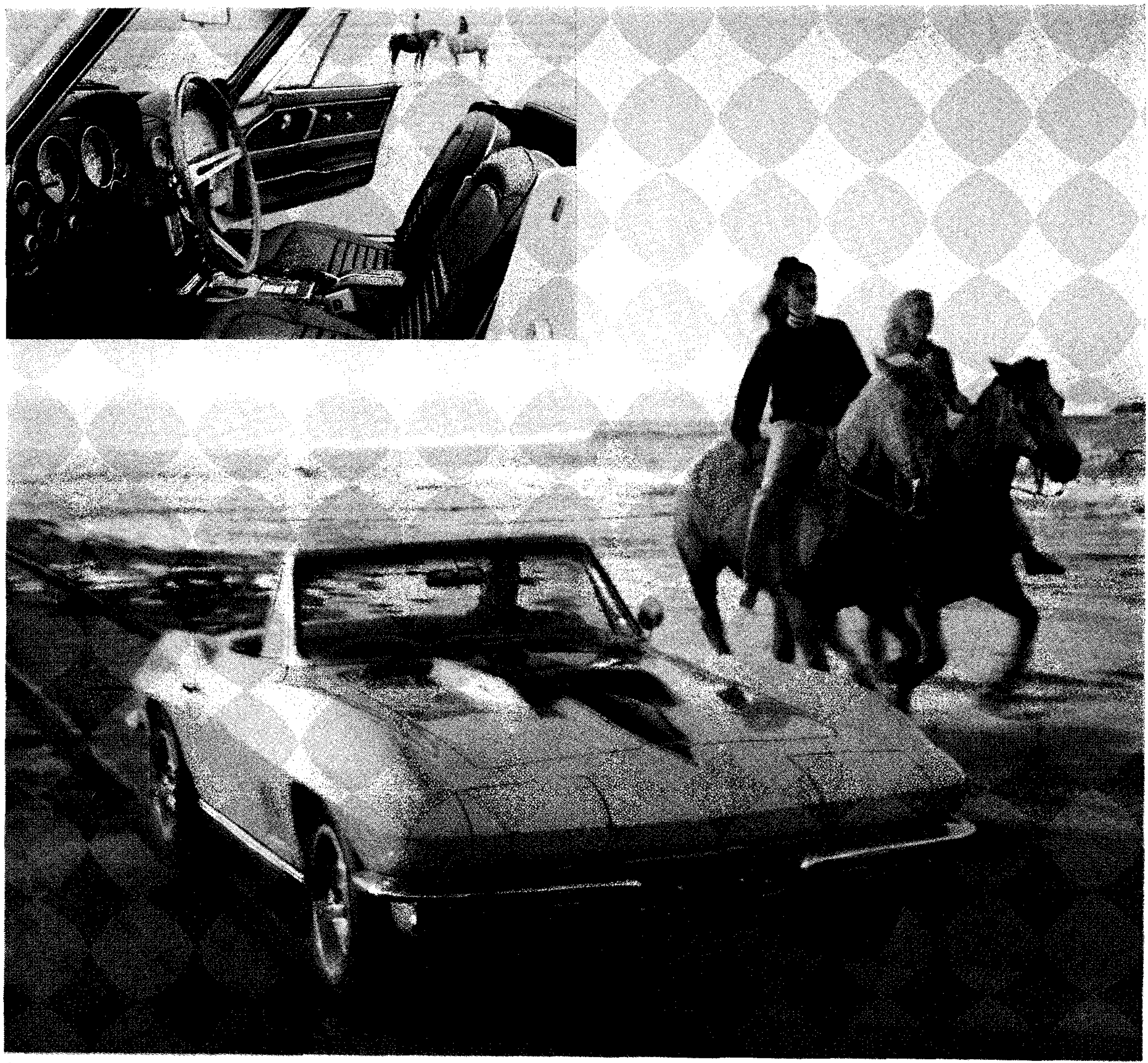

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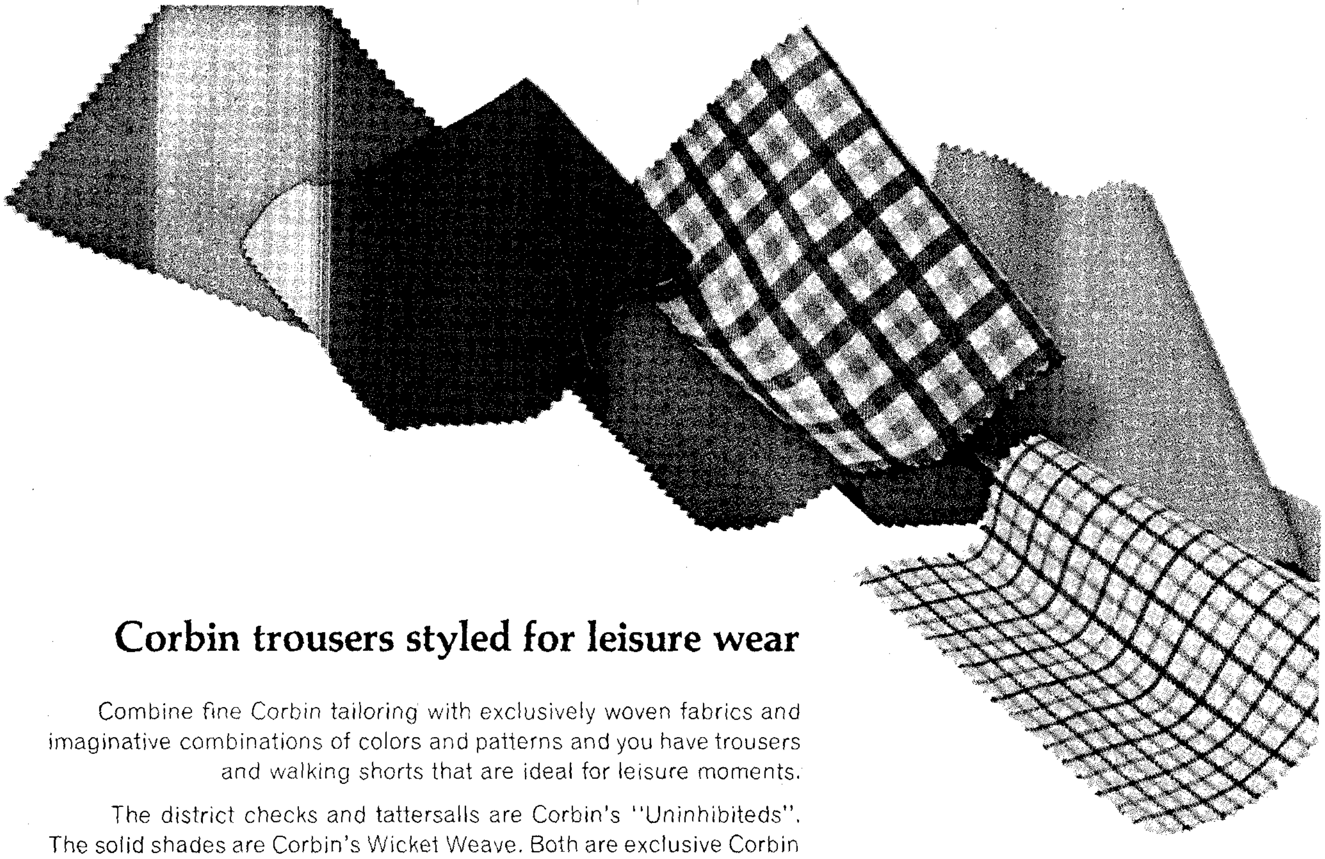

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at Claudio's waiting to meet you."

"But we shall take time to look at my father's house first," I said, and they assured me it was my day to command.

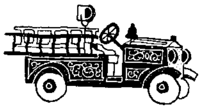
When the lane left the trees and houses appeared ahead, Carlos turned back to see where the others were. They had fallen behind, but he nevertheless lowered his voice and said in a confiding tone, "At Claudio's you will also meet Amparo Noceda."

"A cousin?" I asked, and knew that I should stop for Carlos's answer.

We were close together, but he took a step further toward me and put an arm around my shoulders. José Sabell moved closer and put a hand on my elbow. "Amparo Noceda was your father's woman the last time he returned to Miaman," said Carlos in a voice, low and loving, that said, "We are men, we are cousins, there is no shame."

Their faces were close to mine, waiting for my response. I looked from one to the other and tried to shut out the resplendent sun in the fields beyond, reflected by the sharp stones and smooth leaves. Their faces held their expressions for an interminable moment, but when José Sabell's thin cheeks stretched into a smile and Carlos's hand patted my shoulder, I knew I must have smiled. "I am glad," I said. "I am glad for my father."

"Amparo Noceda is a fine person," José Sabell said, and I felt he was correcting me. "A good woman. She helped your grandmother take care of him and then later she stayed with your grandmother and worked her lands, especially when the Movement took Claudio away and Gustavo Andeiro was just a young boy."



Of all the things I could have thought, my mind chose to remember Gustavo Andeiro, the first day at El Gran Derby, talking about his godmother. "Is she Gustavo Andeiro's *madrina*?" I asked.

"Yes!" said Carlos, surprised that I knew, and I didn't want to explain that, except for his brother Claudio, she was the only person in Miaman Gustavo Andeiro referred to with love.

"I wanted to tell you before you met her," Carlos explained.

"And I thank you," I said. "I am grateful to you. And to her."

Carlos kept his arm on my shoulder and José Sabell put his around my waist, and we walked up the land with our arms around one another, like drunks leaving a bar at closing time, full of the good feelings that confidences bring.

At the first little cave of a house we came to on the lane, Carlos stopped and said, "That is where your father was born."

It was tiny and hugged the ground; its stones were weathered and black brown with age; weeds and wild flowers—a tiny blue one like a delicate clover—grew in its interstices; and an underground stream surfaced in the small yard between it and the land and left puddles in the grass. Its one window was on the side that faced the lane—a little square, now boarded up—and the sloping roof that made an open shed for the door was just beyond, to the side of the one-room house. The door was closed; there was no haystack in the yard, no wagon with cut bushes in the roofed shed. The little house seemed to be returning to the soil.

"It is not lived in anymore," José Sabell said. "It is used as a storehouse."

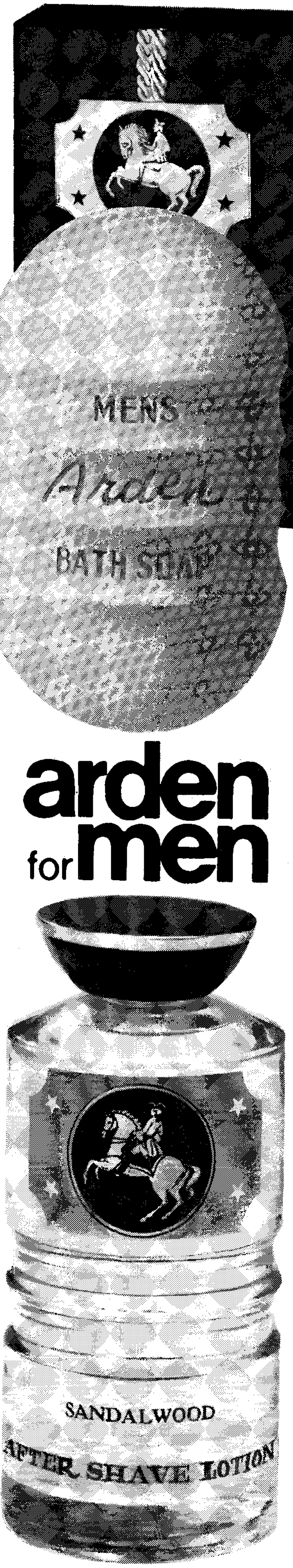
We stood there and looked at it—a miniature Principal House of the Andeiros; inside, no doubt, was a corner under the chimney where black pots hung over the open fire, a trestle table, two benches, a corner with straw mattresses, and a corner behind a partition, where, if they were lucky, an ox and a cow had slept.

IT must have been known in Nodar that we were coming to Claudio's house, for as we climbed the lane people came out to watch us go by. Carlos and José Sabell called out greetings to them but did not stop to introduce us, and I had so much to think about and so many puddles and little mounds of dung to watch out for that the walk from my father's home in Fuenfría to Nodar seemed like a fast ride in a car past a city block—short and blurred. Carlos turned into the door of one of the low houses and announced that we were at Claudio's tavern.

Inside were barrels of wine and a low wooden counter behind which Gustavo Andeiro was serving some boys and two men. He waited until he had finished before he acknowledged our presence. His brother Claudio, he said, had gone to bring the cows from the field and would soon be there. "You are to wait here."

His serious, withdrawn manner no longer fooled me. "What kind of a day off is this?" I said. "You might as well have stayed at El Gran Derby."

That sally was considered quite a witticism, and Gustavo Andeiro grinned but did not stop waiting on customers. The customers stayed to watch and listen, and Gustavo took out a broom



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when he had finished with them and began to sweep the dirt floor. There were no chairs in the tavern, only a bench and table and some piled-up boxes, and they were still trying to persuade me to sit with my wife on the bench when I noticed an elderly woman standing just inside the door, quietly watching. She wore a blue skirt down to her ankles, a long-sleeved man's shirt of a striped print, and a kerchief of the same material as her skirt. She had the straight-shouldered posture of Galician women, and although she smiled and looked directly at me, she made no claim for attention, seemed only a shy observer.

Carlos Andeiro touched my elbow. "There is Amparo Noceda," he said, and waved a hand at her.

"Amparo Noceda!" I said, and went toward her. She held out her hand and looked down. I took her hand and then embraced her, and was surprised that for all her ruddy complexion, her strong, large face, and straight body she felt so slight and up close was so small. I kissed her on her cheek, and she looked up at me smiling, her eyes full of tears.

I kept her hand in mine, and she struggled to say something but did not manage it. I had the feeling that everyone in the tavern was talking and exclaiming, but when I turned to introduce her to my wife and son I saw that everyone was quietly watching. "Come," I said to her, "I want to take your picture," and led her outside to the lane.

No one followed us, not even the curious children. I embraced her again, and she simply smiled and nodded and let the tears roll down her cheeks. "You stay there," I said, and stepped back. She straightened her shoulders and looked at me quizzically. Through the viewer I noticed a glint of light on her shirt; it came from a small safety pin that held her shirt together where a button had fallen off.

When I took her hand again, she spoke for the first time. "You are very tall," she said, and her voice was low and husky, like the voice of an old actress.

"Amparo, do you remember my father?" I said.

She put one hand over her mouth to keep from crying and nodded her head so vigorously that her tears sprinkled over her shirt and on her hands and mine.

I asked her how old she was, and she controlled herself and smiled. "I am sixty-eight or sixty-nine, one of the two." She kept her sad, gray-green eyes on me, her head shyly cocked, and a

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slight, appealing smile never left her lips.

I said, “Amparo, I want to thank you for taking care of him.”

She looked down and nodded very fast, as if she were consenting to a request. “Your father was a very fine man,” she said. She kept nodding and looking into my face.

I was as tongue-tied as she. But Galicia had begun to teach me its own code, and if, like Amparo, I could think of nothing to say, I could nod and smile with her and lean down and embrace her and kiss her again. Yet the release of tears would not come; this last bastion of manly good manners would not yield, no matter how much I shared with Amparo, as we walked back into the tavern, the aching joy of a happy ending to my father's suffering.

In the tavern, José Sabell called out to me and pointed behind my shoulder. “There is Claudio!”

I turned around and had no time or space to see anything; it was as if a wall had fallen on me and I closed my eyes as a reflex while a tall bulk of a man hugged me and butted his head into mine. I brought up a hand and pushed against his shoulder to make a distance in which to see his face. Ruddy, long-faced, with high cheekbones, deep-set eyes, a wide slash of a mouth, Claudio was startlingly familiar. “Claudio!” I exclaimed. “You look like my sister and father!”

His strong arms dropped to his sides; he wore a black beret, black pants, and a clean, long-sleeved shirt neatly buttoned at the collar without a tie, and he looked at me with stolid dignity, yet with all the hunger and happy surprise with which I had first gazed on Miaman. Then suddenly he walked brusquely past me to the counter and, as if separating himself from the crowd of people in the tavern, leaned on it and looked down.

“Claudio,” I said, “I want to thank you for arranging this . . .”

He shook his head and I stopped and he kept shaking his head, his mouth turned down at the corners like a gargoyle's. With one hand on the counter, grabbing it for support, he reached with the other into his back pocket and brought out a handkerchief. He was sobbing noiselessly, and he rolled the handkerchief into a ball and scrubbed his cheeks with it; he was a tall, lean, strong man, and every nail of his long powerful hands was outlined, as if with a pen stroke, in deep black, by good clean dirt.

“Claudio?” I said, and put a hand on his shoulder.

His eyes were swimming in tears and

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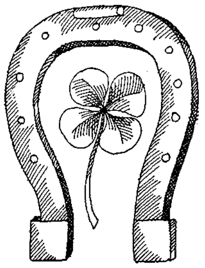

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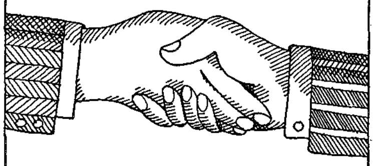

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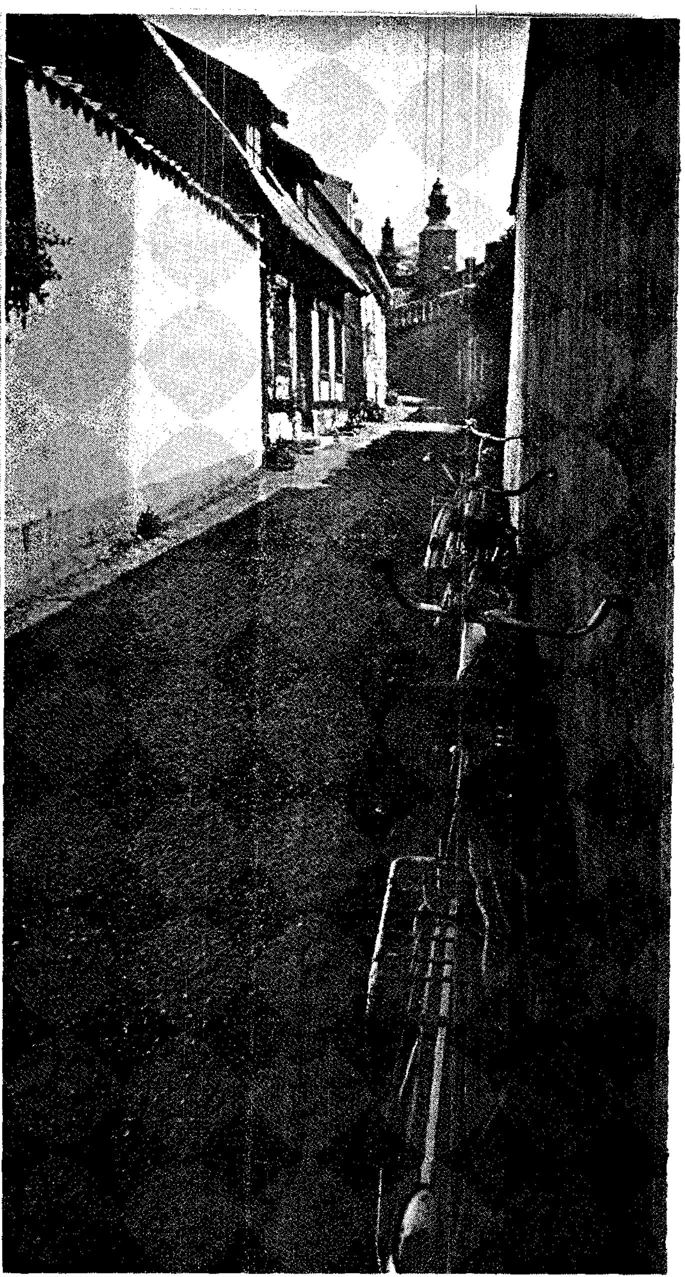

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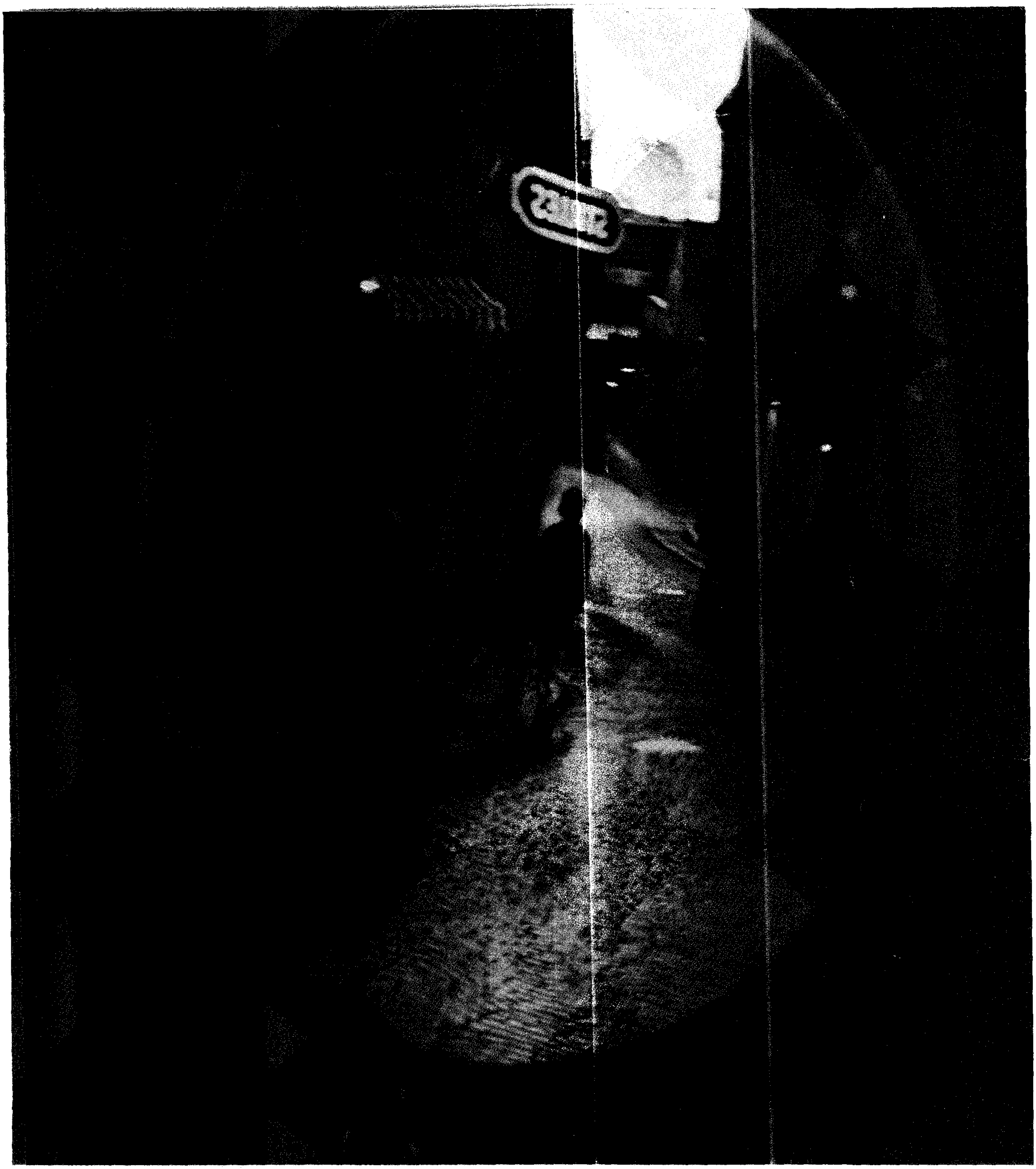

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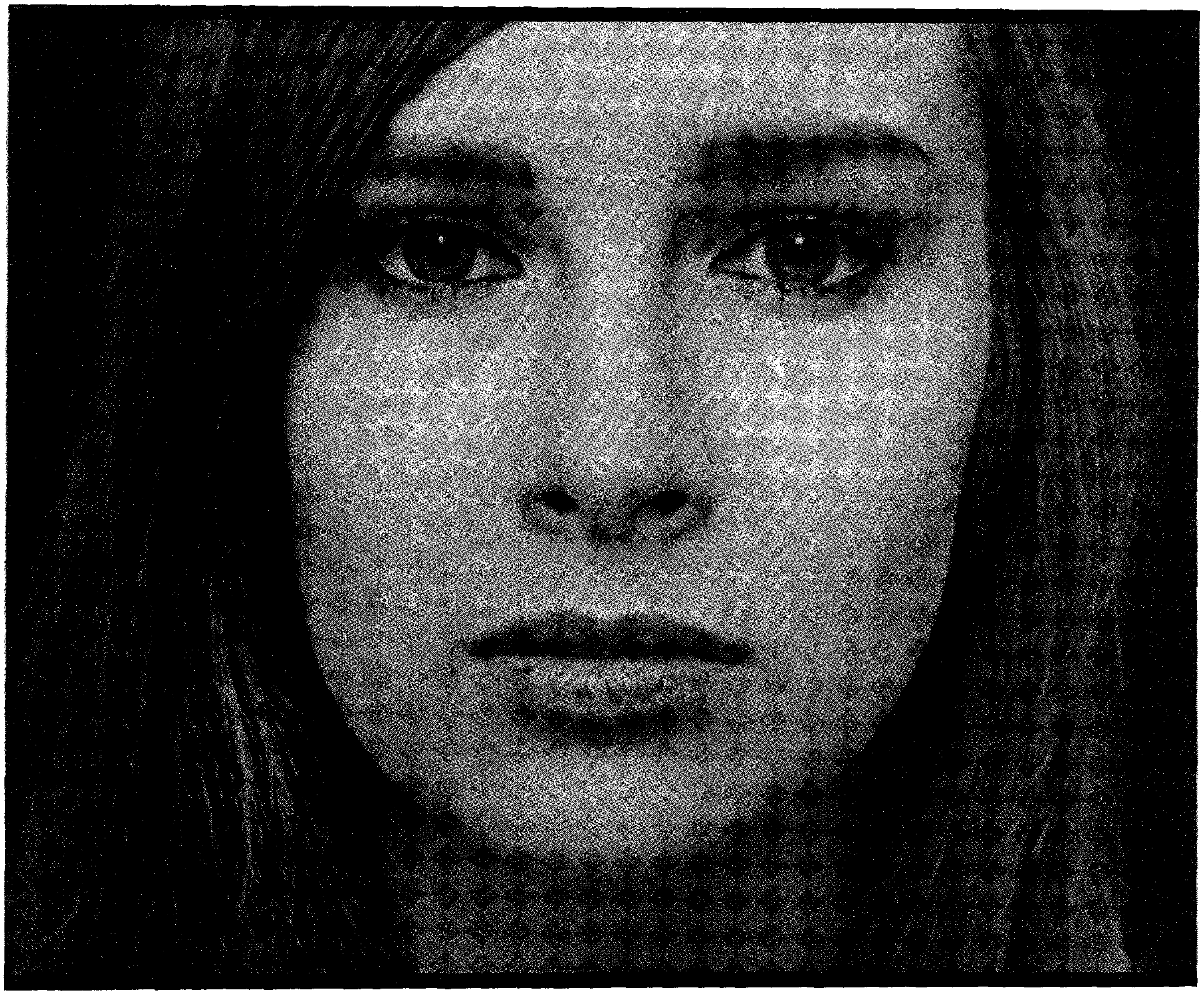

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there was a supplicating look in them, which seemed to ask for forgiveness. I was so startled by the depth of suffering I saw that I forgot what I wanted to say. Carlos Andeiro took my elbow and brought me away. No one looked at Claudio.

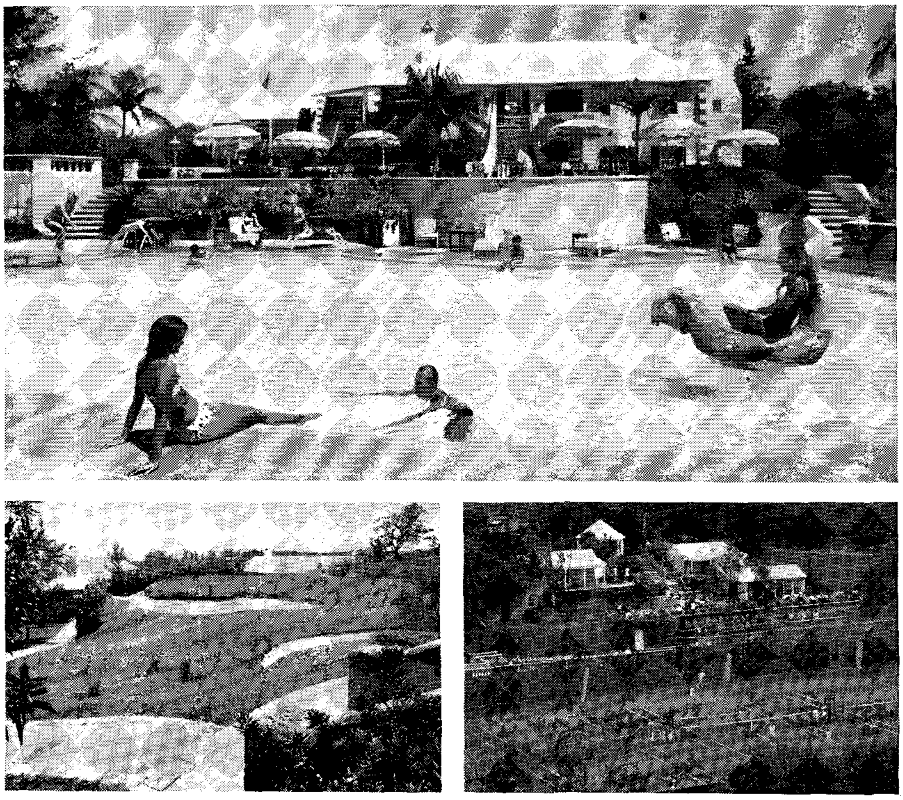
"Come," Gustavo Andeiro said, "they are waiting at the house." He waved the children off and closed the front door, and José Sabell slapped me on the back. When Claudio came over to me again to lead me out the back of the tavern, his eyes were red but the suffering was under control.

They showed me the barns behind the tavern, the extra *orreo* belonging to Claudio in the tavern's yard, and as we walked in a group past yards and narrow lanes to Claudio's home, I got the sense from the quiet manner in which he set the pace for the group that Claudio was a man of considerable achievement; he had got his own back in a way that the little hunchback Asunción was perhaps unaware of. Carlos and José Sabell had told me that Claudio was the first in Miaman to build a tall new house, and I expected something grander than the first view I got of it in a close yard crowded with trees, though there were signs of affluence I could not recognize offhand—several cows, oxen, a pigpen with huge sows. Had I looked up from the open shed sheltering the door to the downstairs of the house, I would have seen that the old stones of the *aldea* houses at the base changed to blocks of good granite, and seen, too, the rows of open, wooden windows looking out on the tops of the trees.

Claudio led me to the house, like a feudal lord leading a friendly equal about his domain, and the cousins walking with us and those crowding inside acknowledged the relationship by the room they made for us, the way they made the children stand aside, and the way they looked at me for my reactions. Every move I or my wife or son made and everything we said rippled into the laughter of others and their exclamations.

A little woman broke through all this; she was tiny, but her hands were large and rough and they grabbed my head and her face laughed at me. "Cousin, cousin, here you are at last!" she said, and someone said that she was Isabel, Claudio's wife. "This is your house," she added, and laughed at herself. "Such as it is!"

I kissed her and she laughed and held on to one of my hands, and while she pointed out who were the other Andeiros and the Fragas and the Lopezes, she kept my hand in hers and brought



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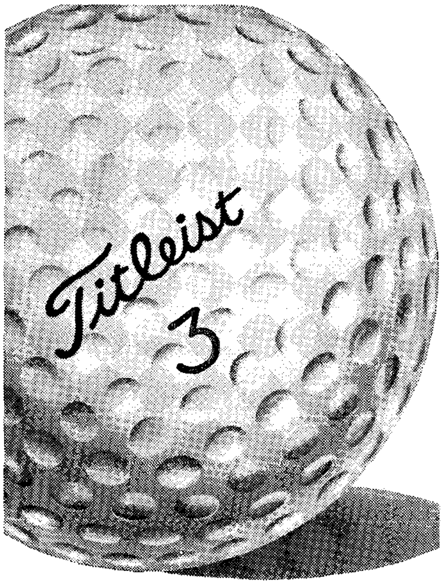

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it to her cheek and caressed it. "All right, all right," she yelled above everyone. "Upstairs with you all and let the women work!" She slapped Claudio on the back, as if without her presence of mind the poor man would be lost, and he smiled tolerantly and led me past the activity of the kitchen to the wooden circular stairs at one end of the room.

I came out into a long bright room whose beamed ceiling was of light raw wood, its inner walls of plaster, and whose outside, wooden walls were broken by long open windows; at one end, French doors led out to a narrow three-foot ledge, from which you felt like leaping into the fresh shining air onto the thick treetops. The room was furnished only with a solidly built table of the same wood as the walls and the sturdy benches and stools alongside it. On the plaster wall at one end of the table was a curious shelf on which Isabel had placed, as if on exhibition, the boxes of candles and pastries we had brought her from Santiago. At the opposite end, on another shelf, was the only decoration in the room—a child's doll dressed in a long satin gown. It was covered with cellophane and obviously was never touched—Isabel's version of the Virgin, I imagined.

By the time I had admired the place, looked out the windows, and been taken down the hall by Claudio to see the little bedrooms on either side of it, the room had become filled with cousins and children from the *aldea*. Isabel went to the wall near the French doors, opened the door of a built-in cupboard, and took out a photograph, which she handed to Claudio. Everyone watched as he handed it to me. I recognized it immediately and so did my wife; my mother has a copy of it in her album at home. It was a studio picture of my mother sitting on a bench, my seven-year-old sister in a pageboy hairdo standing behind her, and me in front in short pants, sailor blouse, and hat with riband—a photograph specially taken to send to my grandmother when my father made that first trip to Miaman to be cured by the perfumed air that filled this upstairs room.

You had only to look at my sister and me to know that our whole beings were concentrated on the man who hid his head in the black snood of the camera, but our mother, carefully posed in three-quarter profile, seemed serenely by herself. Her dark, almond-shaped eyes looked away with gravity, and the wide, startling streak of gray hair, which began at the temple and disappeared into the large bun at the nape

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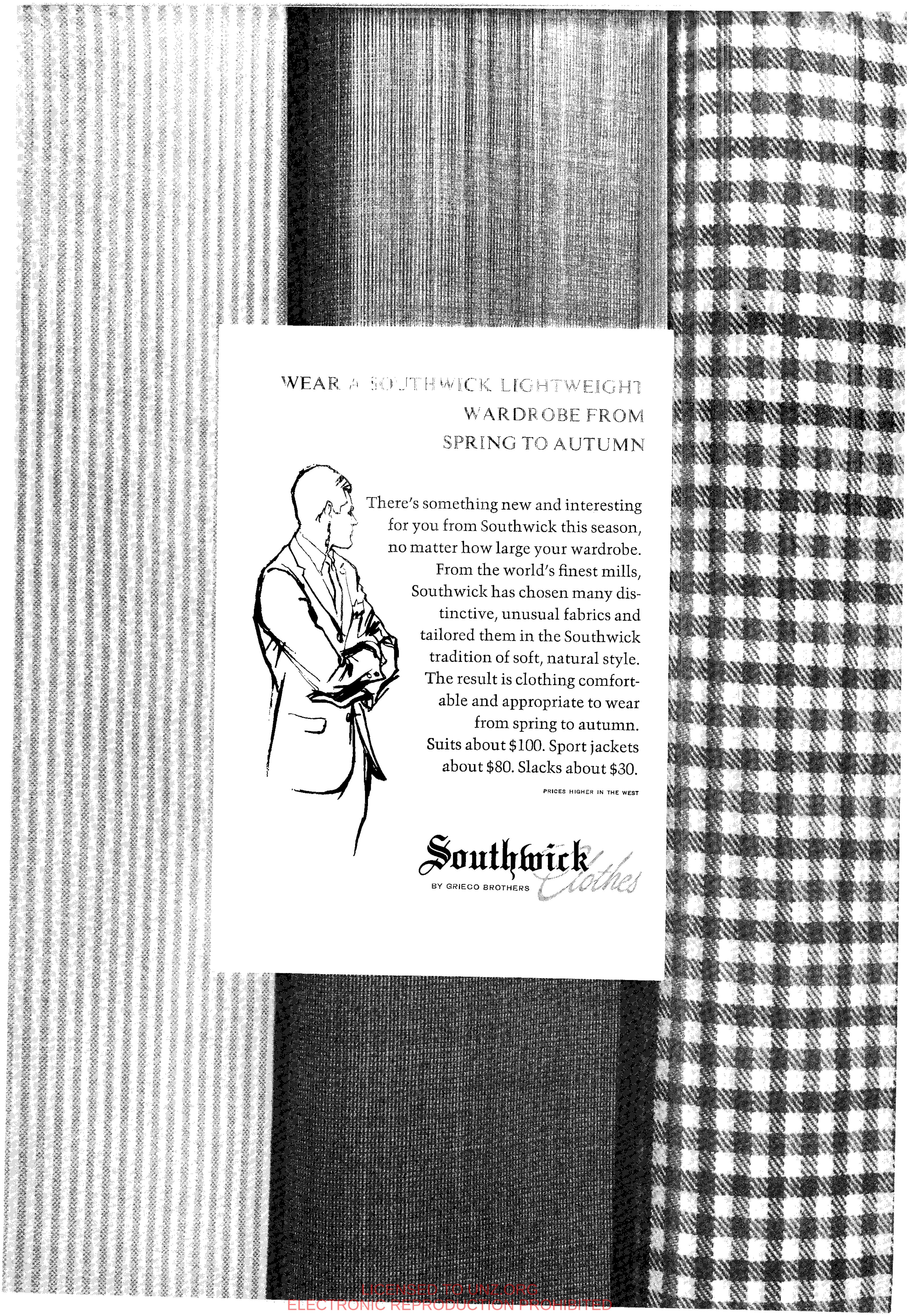

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of her neck, set her apart even more.

Claudio said to me, "She is my only living aunt."

I wanted to say to him that she was not what she appeared in the photograph, that at twenty-six she was not this Pre-Raphaelite young matron; she was a cigar-maker who ran home each day to cook, and spent her Sundays boiling clothes over a wood fire in the back yard. Instead, I said, "You kept the picture all these years!"

Carlos Andeiro took the photograph from me and said, "That is a handsome, beautiful woman."

I watched the photograph go from hand to hand in the room until it reached Amparo Noceda. "Oh yes, she is *guapa*," someone said at that moment—which means handsome, pretty, desirable—and Amparo nodded in agreement.

Claudio listened proudly to the compliments. "Grandmother always used to say that she was blessed to have such a daughter-in-law," he said, "who wrote her such affectionate letters."

Isabel took the photograph from Amparo to put it away again. She laughed and said, "And sent her so much money!" She skipped and with a dancing motion went off to the cupboard.

We were there four hours and Isabel never sat down. Nor did she ever stop talking or teasing Claudio, and even with a platter of food in her hands she went through the steps of a jig or sang snatches of a song. "Oh, Pepe, look at the serious man I married," she said once, pointing to Claudio. "He sits there solemn as a king, when I should have married a gypsy!"

"Like me!" I said, and got up to dance with her. I had already drunk several bowls of thick Galician wine, and I was ready to do my own version of the *sevillanas* I had seen Andalusians dance in the streets at the Seville Fair. All it requires of the man—or so I thought at the moment—is that he hold himself very straight, lift his arms over his head, and clap his hands and stamp his heels. Instead of whirling round me, snapping her fingers and stamping her heels, Isabel did a jig. We were a great success.

There were two young girls downstairs to help her, but Isabel brought up all the platters of food herself and served the fifteen people at the table and distributed pieces to the children who came and went. First came the bread baked by her, enormous chunks of which she placed up and down the table, then a *potage* of chick-peas made with their own sausages, and bowls of

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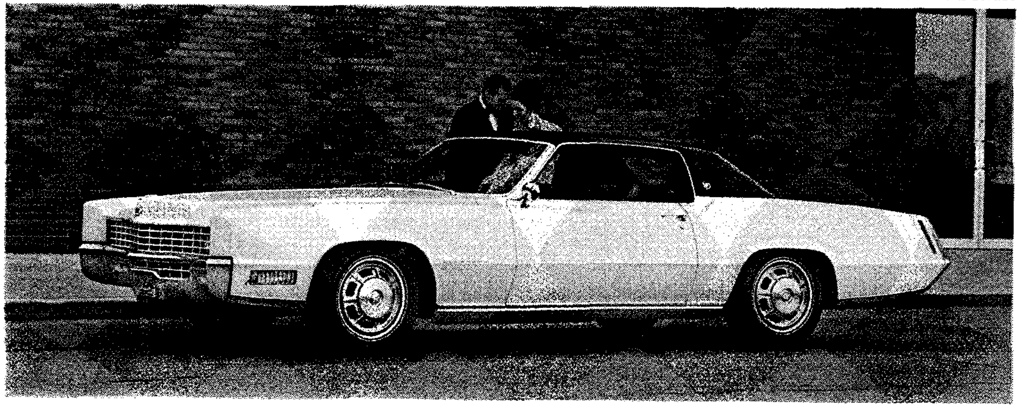

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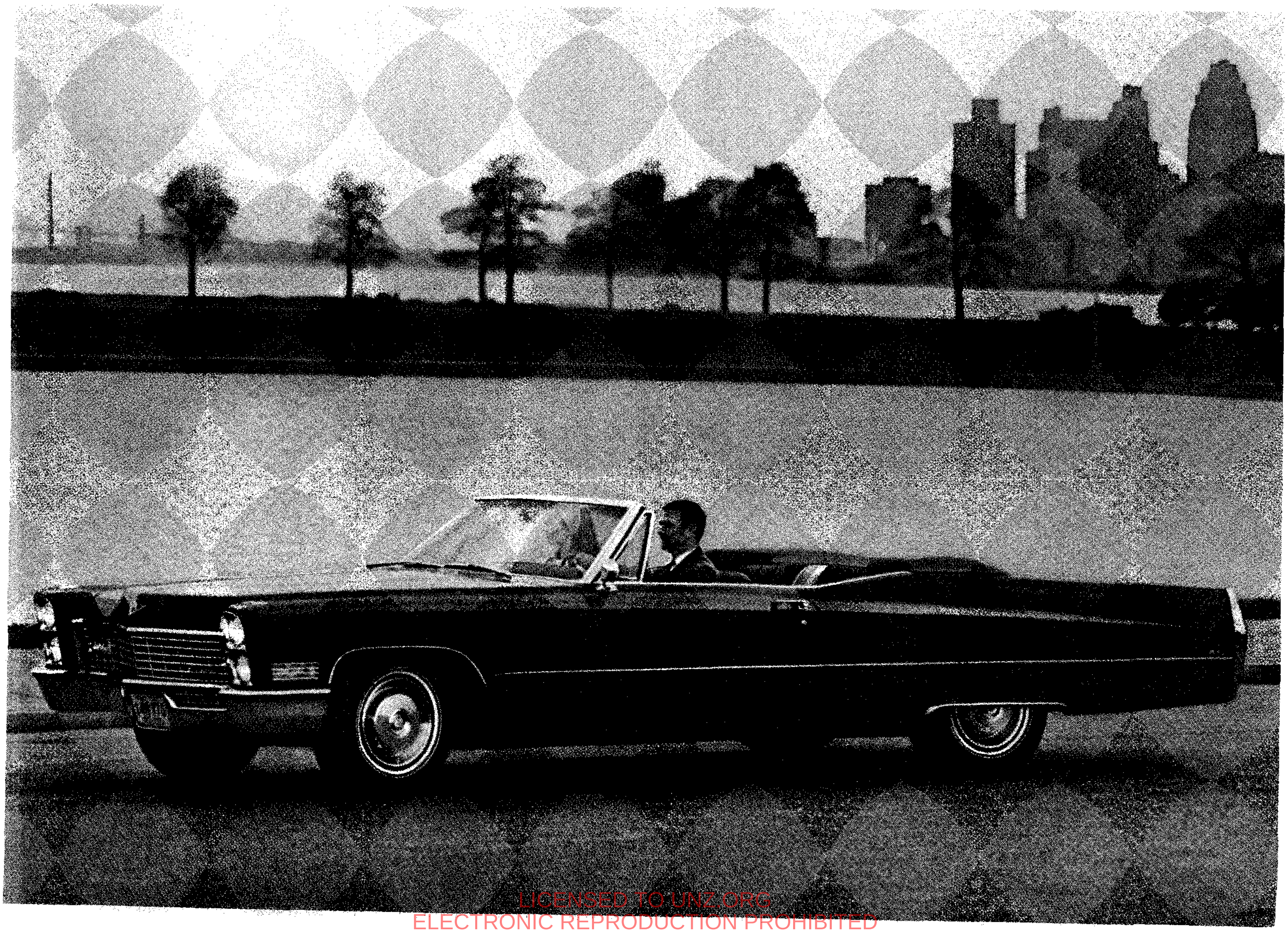

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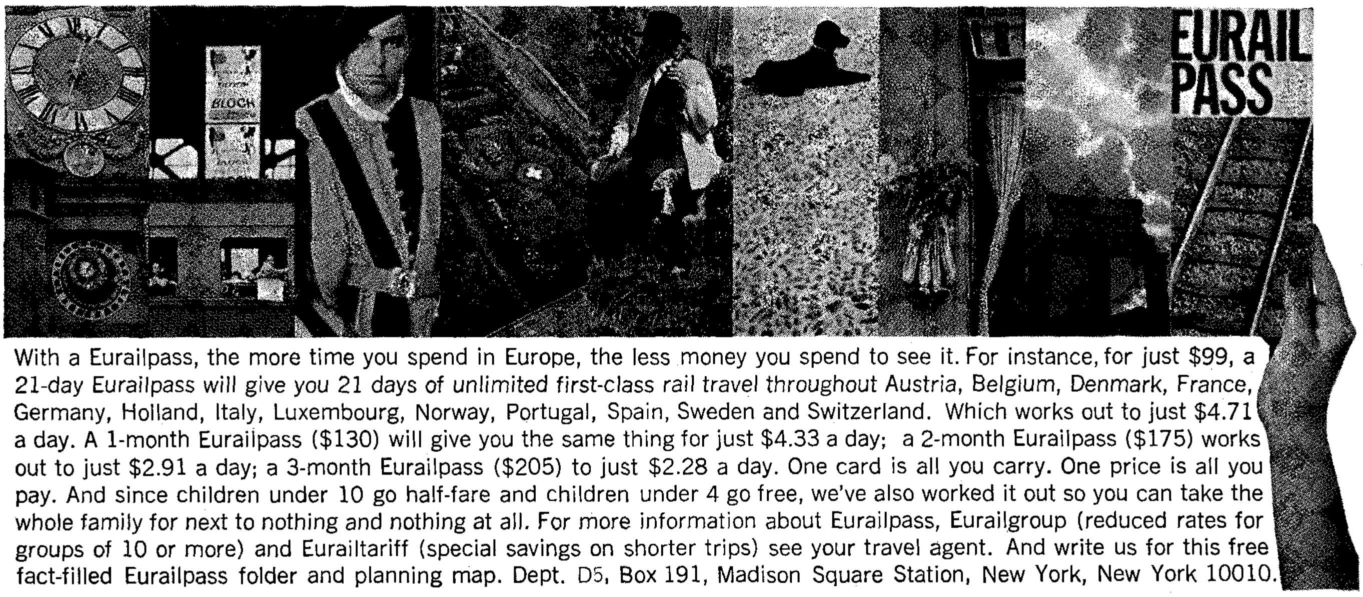

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white rice. The second course was a huge Valencian *paella*; the third, a casserole of rabbit and chicken cooked in a thick brown sauce; the fourth, platters of fried fish and potatoes; the fifth, slices of salted pork and two or three varieties of sausages; the sixth, a Galician specialty, *empanadas* of tuna—a kind of pie made with pastry filled with tuna and cooked with onions and chopped olives in a tomato sauce. Then the sponge cake baked in Santiago with eggs that Isabel had sent from her own yard.

Claudio sat at the head of the table and I to his right. He never got up and he never served the food, but his eyes were everywhere, and while Isabel teased and laughed she also followed his gaze and complied. Occasionally, a small child came and sat on his lap; he fed him some food and then sent him off. The bowl of wine in front of me was always brimming, and I discovered that he had at the very outset commissioned Carlos Andeiro to see that it was kept full. There was, however, nothing pompous about Claudio, and I would catch his face in repose and see that it became immeasurably sad, as if he had once done something which so shamed him that he had only to stop listening or talking for it to return with full force.

I told him that Gustavo Andeiro had taken me to the Asylum of the New Road, for I sensed that this had been an order he had given his younger brother, and I told him it had made me happy to see that my father had spent his last days in such a different kind of charity home from the one I had imagined.

"I remember that we used to come in at the entrance," he said, "and that he was in the first room to the left. He had a room all to himself."

"Then you used to visit him?"

"Yes, of course," he said, and looked at me, suspecting for the first time that I felt Father had been neglected. "Sometimes with my grandmother, sometimes with Amparo Noceda or my mother. We took turns."

"In those days you must have had to walk all the way to Santiago?"

"Yes," he said, and took out his balled-up handkerchief. "Or on horseback."

"Claudio," I said, "do you know that you are remarkably like my sister!"

The Fraga cousins, dressed all in black and looking Amish, sat just beyond Carlos, and I heard one of them ask him what I did for a living. All those bowls of wine I had drunk seemed to make it possible for me to listen to

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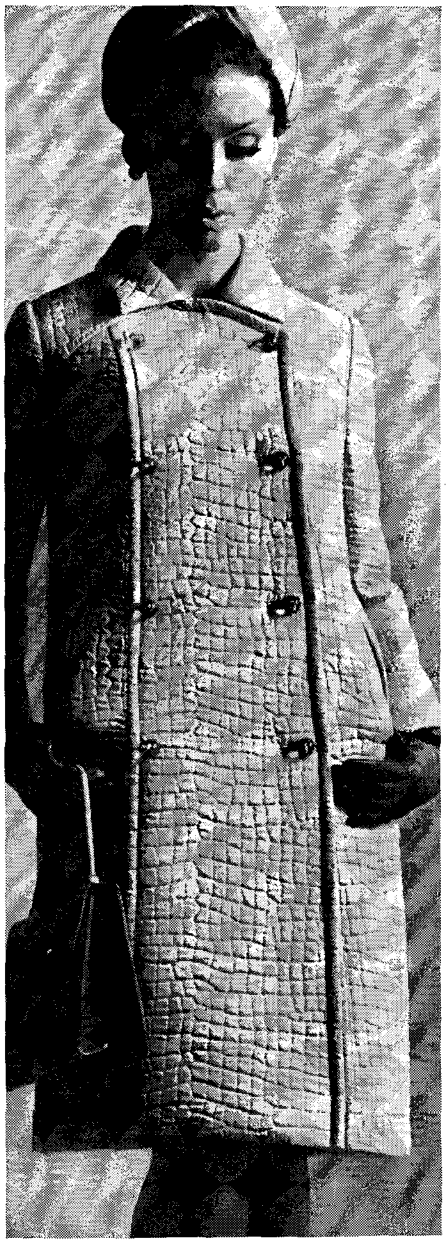

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every conversation at the table while at the same time contemplating Claudio at my side.

Claudio nodded at me and said, "Your sister and I are the same age, I remember your father telling me."

Amparo called to him and me for the first time since I had talked with her outside Claudio's tavern. "Oh, how he used to talk about his children!"

I looked at Claudio and felt suddenly the same attraction that those children felt who came to sit on his lap. He looked at me with the protective air he extended to everyone at his table. "I used to like to visit him at the Asylum," he said, with tears in his eyes. "I was a boy, and it was an outing for me."

Ana put down her fork and crossed herself.

Isabel appeared from nowhere at Claudio's side and slapped his shoulder. "No more sadness," she said. She extended her arms in front of her, ready for another jig, and said to me, "Come." I got up and could not move my feet, but I felt light and happy. She wore heavy, leaden country shoes, but she kicked her feet lightly and sang, "Santa Eulalia, the town where I was born, whose *romerías* are the gayest." Her face was flushed pink, and she held her hands gracefully in front of her.

I took her hands in mine, thinking I would show her a square dance, and felt this time how hard and swollen they were. From the little finger down to the wrist, the edges of her hands had the texture of wood, and the nail of each thumb had been smashed and turned into a small black scab. I did not attempt the square dance but bowed like a *madrileño* and kissed her hand.

"Ah, a real gypsy!" she exclaimed, and started on another trip down to the kitchen. At the stairs, just behind Claudio, she touched his shoulder again. "No more sadness," she repeated and, catching my eye, added, "That man turns everything to sadness."

Claudio smiled broadly, happy with the day.

Between courses, I would go out with one or two of the cousins to the tiny landing of the French doors and take a picture. The second time I did it, I realized that a hush had fallen on the room and everyone had the look of a child anxious to be chosen. When I used up the roll of film that I had brought with me, there was a chorus of disappointed "Oh"s.

Asunción arrived then and made a place for herself on the bench next to me. "There is room for you at the other end of the table," her brother, Carlos Andeiro, said, but since Claudio said nothing she did not budge, to show she had a claim on me based on closer acquaintance than the others. In her meek voice, she said to me, "Pepe, I brought you salad because you said yesterday that you like it." Isabel placed a platter of lettuce and tomatoes and watercress in front of me, and I saw that these were the vegetables that Asunción had bought last night when I thought she had loaded her basket at the grocery store only because I was paying.

"True, true," my wife said. "Vegetables in Spain are marvellous."

I saw that Claudio had a curious eye on the salad and I passed it on to him. He smiled like a child who is going to try a new candy. He chewed and smiled. "It is very good," he said, and took more. "I like it."

Each time Claudio looked at me with appreciation, he made me feel like a boy. "Did my brother Gustavo tell you that I was determined to see you even if I had to go to Madrid?" he asked.

I nodded and smiled.

His wife said, "He is just eager to get away from home, like all Galicians."

I asked him if he liked Madrid, and he said he had been there only once, many years before. "With the Movement. I was a soldier, and when the city fell I marched in. Those were bad days. I would like to see it now."

I looked away. Cousin Fraga's wife was reporting on me to Amparo. "Yes, everything. He seems to like everything," she said. "The wine, too."

Amparo answered, "Oh, there is no food like the food in the *aldea!*"

I called to her, "You are right. There is none more delicious!" And then I was able to look at Claudio again.

He leaned forward and asked shyly, "Now tell me about my aunt, tell me how she is. Is she well?"

I told him, and the table became quiet and listened.

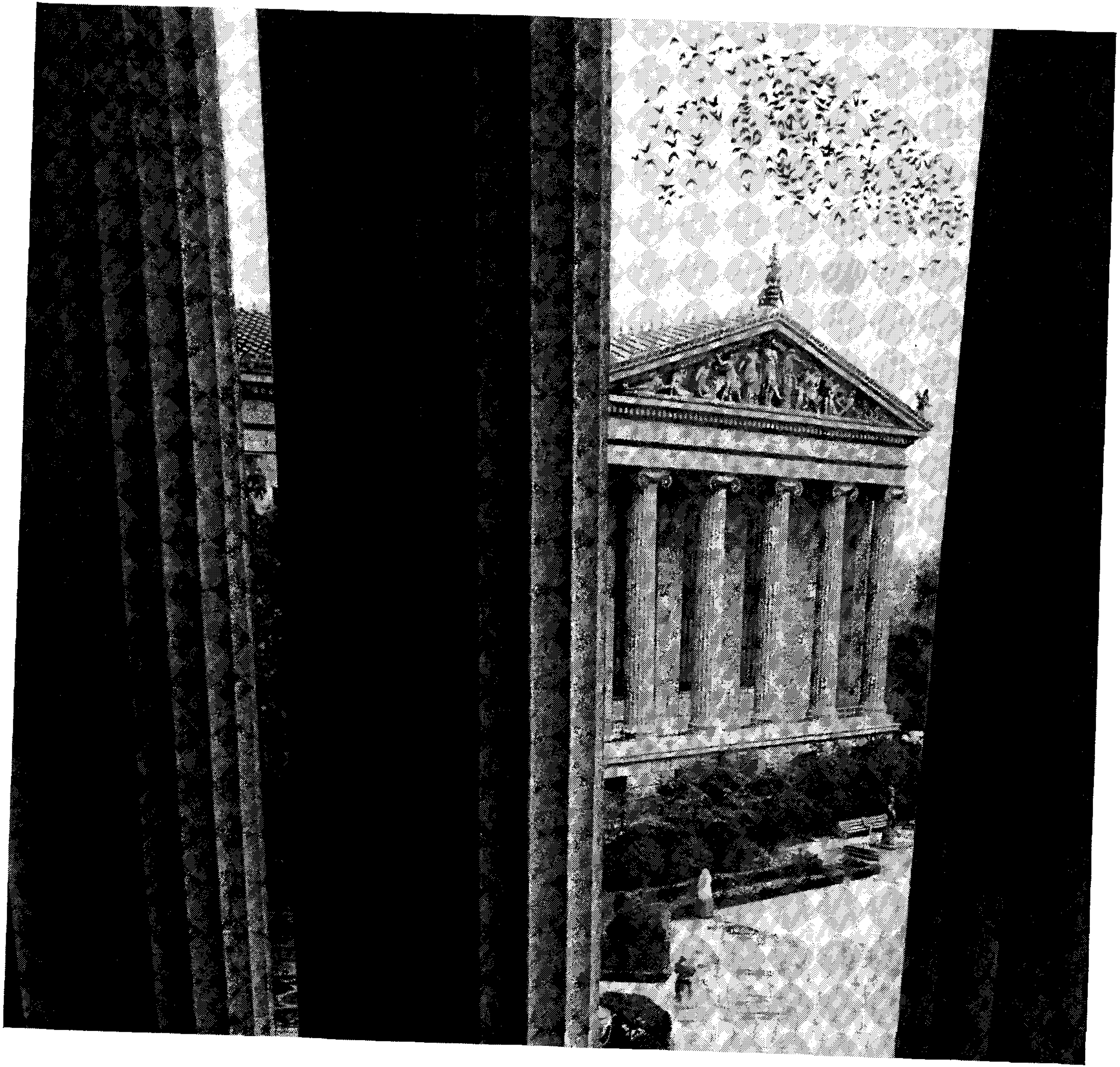
"Do you think she would come and visit Miaman?" Claudio asked.

I said I thought she would like that very much, and there were murmurs of approval up and down the table.

"She is my only aunt," said Claudio. "I would like to see her very much. I would like to thank her."

"She was a wonderful woman," said José Sabell.

This time Isabel did not joke. She



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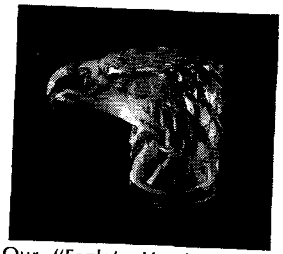

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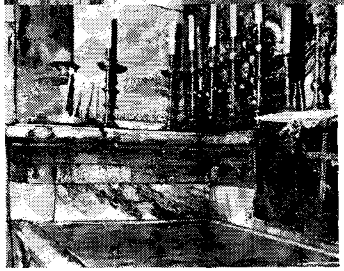

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took my hand and brought it up to her cheek and then kissed it.

My wife pointed to Ana's wristwatch and asked her the time. Ana shook her head; the watch did not work—it was an ornament. "It is almost five," Gustavo Andeiro said. "The taxi will be at the road soon."

I got up, and everyone with me. I heard little Asunción say, "Would you believe it, none of them owns a wristwatch!" I started to say goodbye, but they told me they were all coming with us to the road.

The women surrounded my wife, and the children Rafael, and the men took turns clasping me by the shoulders as we walked up the lane. José Sabell bent down once and grabbed one of my feet and held it over a thin clear stream and with one hand washed off the dung I had got on the shoe. They spoke only of the briefness of my visit, and asked when my ship would leave from Vigo, as if that explained our need to leave. I did not say that I was broke, that I had to be in Vigo to receive a bank draft, which was all the money I had and would just about pay for the passage and the hotel bill in Vigo. I said, instead, that the week I would spend in Vigo before the ship left would have to be devoted to work, and their faces took on the same solemn, respectful look as when I had told them I knew a little French and Italian.

Toward the road, the fields became bare; we were at the top of the mountain, and the taxi was waiting. "And you never sat down, Isabel," I said. I had an arm around her and I felt marvellous. I looked down toward the valley and made out the church where my father was baptized, the houses at whose edge stood the Principal House of the Andeiros. "How beautiful Miaman is!" I said.

Then my wife and I began to kiss each one goodbye, and when I got to Claudio he grabbed me roughly again and I felt his head butting into my neck.

"Claudio, Claudio," I said. "It has been a good day."

And I saw all the others crying. Amparo held both hands to her face, and as each tear came down she swept it off; Ana covered her face with her apron; José Sabell wiped his face on his sleeve; and little Asunción kept repeating, "*Aiee, aiee!*"

It became necessary to go back to each one once more and kiss them goodbye again. The taxi-driver looked away. Isabel began to walk up and down by the car, and suddenly yelled and waved her arms over her head. "I

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I got in the front seat and watched Claudio, who stood by the door looking down at me, his lips turned down at the corners. Behind him, Carlos Andeiro wiped his eyes and kept one hand on Claudio's shoulder. The others got in back. "Ready?" said the driver.

"Wait!" Claudio said. "I am coming with you." He looked toward his wife—she had turned her back on the car. "Isabel!" he called.

She raised an arm and nodded. "Go," she said, "for you will not see him again—like all the others who leave and never return!"

He got in and sat next to me and looked quietly down at his knees, on each of which he had placed one of his long, strong hands, and he did not smile or look around, like a child who has won a respite and will not endanger his victory.

The car started and I turned to take a last look. The men still watched and waved, but the women had all covered their faces with their hands.

WALKING around Santiago with Claudio that Sunday evening and the following day was less an action than a reminiscence; we were already preparing to remember the day. Everything had happened, I believed, and now we were simply composing a sweeter parting. We walked under the trees in the Horseshoe Park. We went to the best restaurants and cafés in Santiago, looked at everything at one remove, and did all the things Claudio had never done on his trips to the city. Perhaps it was possible to make everything fall into the kind of place I envisaged for it, because, as my wife said, being with Claudio was like spending time with a tree. He was inarticulate and solidly rooted, and he gave shade and rest; he murmured at the things we did together as when a breeze stirs a tree's leaves, and when Rafael took his arm Claudio welcomed him as if he were a bird that had come to rest. I took many photographs, and we knew that before the week was out this prepared nostalgia would take shape.

Two days later, at our favorite café in Vigo, we looked at all the snapshots we had taken of those last days in Santiago. There were Claudio and Gustavo and Luz standing outside El Gran Derby, Claudio walking across the wide expanse of the Plaza del Obradoiro with an arm on Rafael's shoulders, Claudio sitting next to the driver

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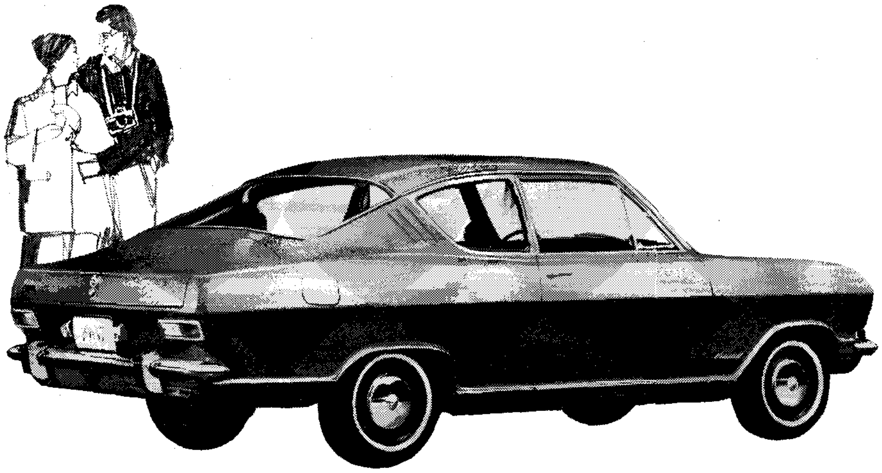

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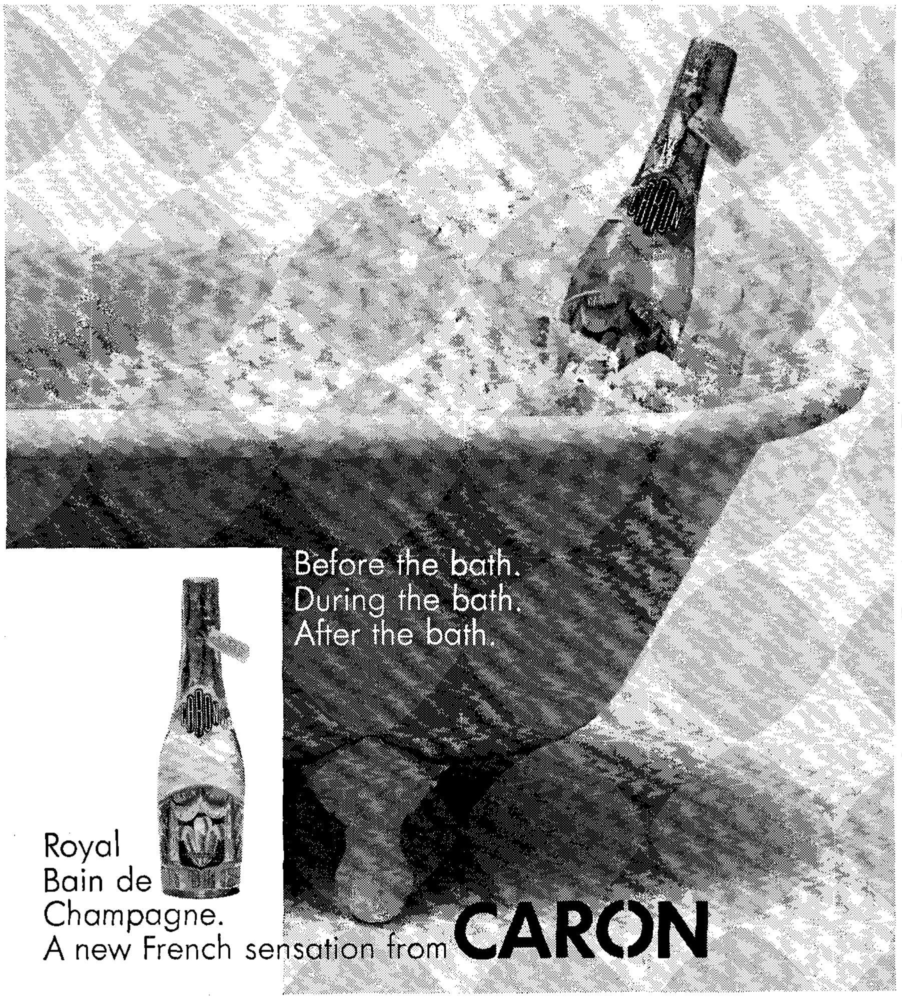

of the bus, smiling goodbye. I made a space on the tiny table, wrote a note, and addressed an envelope to Claudio; he would have the pictures in another day and with them could round out the experience as we were doing.

I wondered, I wondered, for until that afternoon in Vigo I had held back from my wife one small exchange—it could not have lasted more than thirty seconds—that took place between Claudio and me on our last day together. We had been walking in the Horseshoe Park a few paces ahead of my wife, Luz, and Rafael, and our conversation consisted as if by common agreement of questions to which there were only pleasant answers. Sometimes Claudio used a Galician word or two that I could not figure out, but so long as I got the drift of what he was saying I nodded and smiled. We had made the turn and could now see the enchanting postcard view of the cathedral through the break in the trees, and I absentmindedly nodded at something Claudio said. When I turned toward him to point out the view, I saw that he looked embarrassed and upset, and it occurred to me he had asked a question and my nod had been the wrong answer. "I am sorry, Claudio," I said. "I did not understand."

He made an effort to say it all in Castilian. "You saw the house where your father was born? Carlos and José Sabell said you especially wanted to see it."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I took a photograph of it to show my mother and sister."

He did not look at me when he said, "That house belonged to our grandmother and your father, and it now belongs to my brother, Gustavo. Did you know that it belonged half to your father and half to our grandmother?"

"No," I said, "but I suppose it must have."

"Your father sold his half to our grandmother before he died, and he signed papers when that happened. I hope Gustavo showed them to you, for it was all legally done."

I stopped looking at him and said quickly, "I did not see them and I am not interested in that. It is not any of my business anyway." I made an enormous effort and dammed up that bit of conversation. "Look at the view," I said to him. "Look at the cathedral!" I was not going to leave Santiago with my feelings about my Galician family again unresolved. I stopped and waited for the others to catch up. "How beautiful Santiago is!" I said to them, and saw on Claudio's face a look of relief

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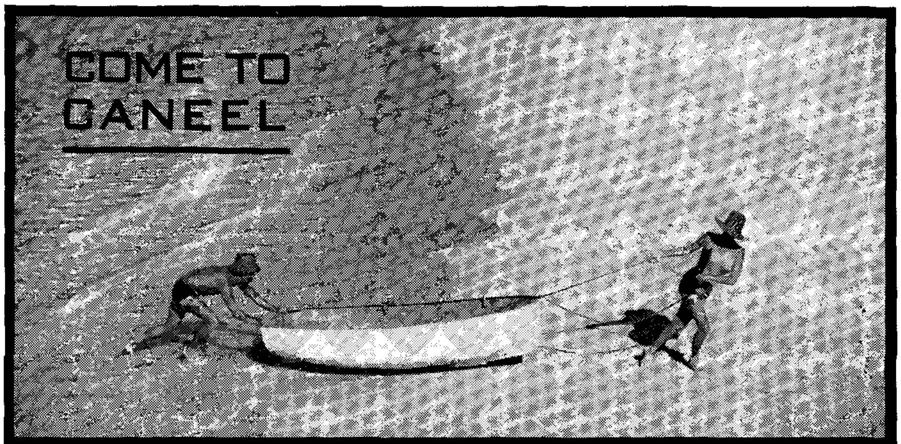

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and gratitude; he had worked himself up to tell me, and it had gone well.

But I had only to recount it to my wife in Vigo for Claudio's story to flood and submerge the whole time. "Why did he tell me that?" I asked. "What made him think I wanted to know that?" And I had to go just one logical step beyond Claudio's confession for it all to become clear. "My God!" I said. "Do you realize that I am the legal heir! They must have been scared of me." My father's sister, Remedio, was illegitimate and, it followed, everything my grandmother owned should have come to me through my father's legitimacy. That little house and its lands in Fuenfría to which my grandmother moved when she married my father's father should have come down to me. My father's father! He was a total blank. No one in Miaman had mentioned him, and all my questions about him were unanswered. When I asked about his family, I was told only that there were no more of them in Miaman.

And the land in Nodar? No, I thought, that must have been Claudio's father's land, or he must have bought it when he married Isabel. Then I remembered the little hunchback Asunción in the yard of the Andeiro house, on our first day in Miaman, explaining how my grandmother had moved from Fuenfría to Nodar. She had bought land in Nodar, Asunción told me, and then she had become alarmed and said the old woman had bought it because she had to. Had Asunción become alarmed when she volunteered that information because at that moment they were all wondering if I had come to Galicia to claim my property?

"Oh, it's true what they say about Galicians after all," I said to my wife. "They're very sly." But it was a poor joke and would not relieve me of my feelings. My good Cousin Claudio, *he* knew the extent of the duplicity and that was why, when he was with us, his face in repose took on such a sad expression.

"Your mother sent your grandmother fifteen dollars a month," my wife said. "Can you imagine how much money that must have been then? It's a lot here now."

I remembered Claudio's wife, Isabel, when the others praised my mother for her beauty and goodness, adding, "And sent her so much money!" That money must have made it possible for my grandmother to buy lands in Nodar. What a boon my sick father had been for the old woman! Whenever I had asked about their Aunt Petrona, the

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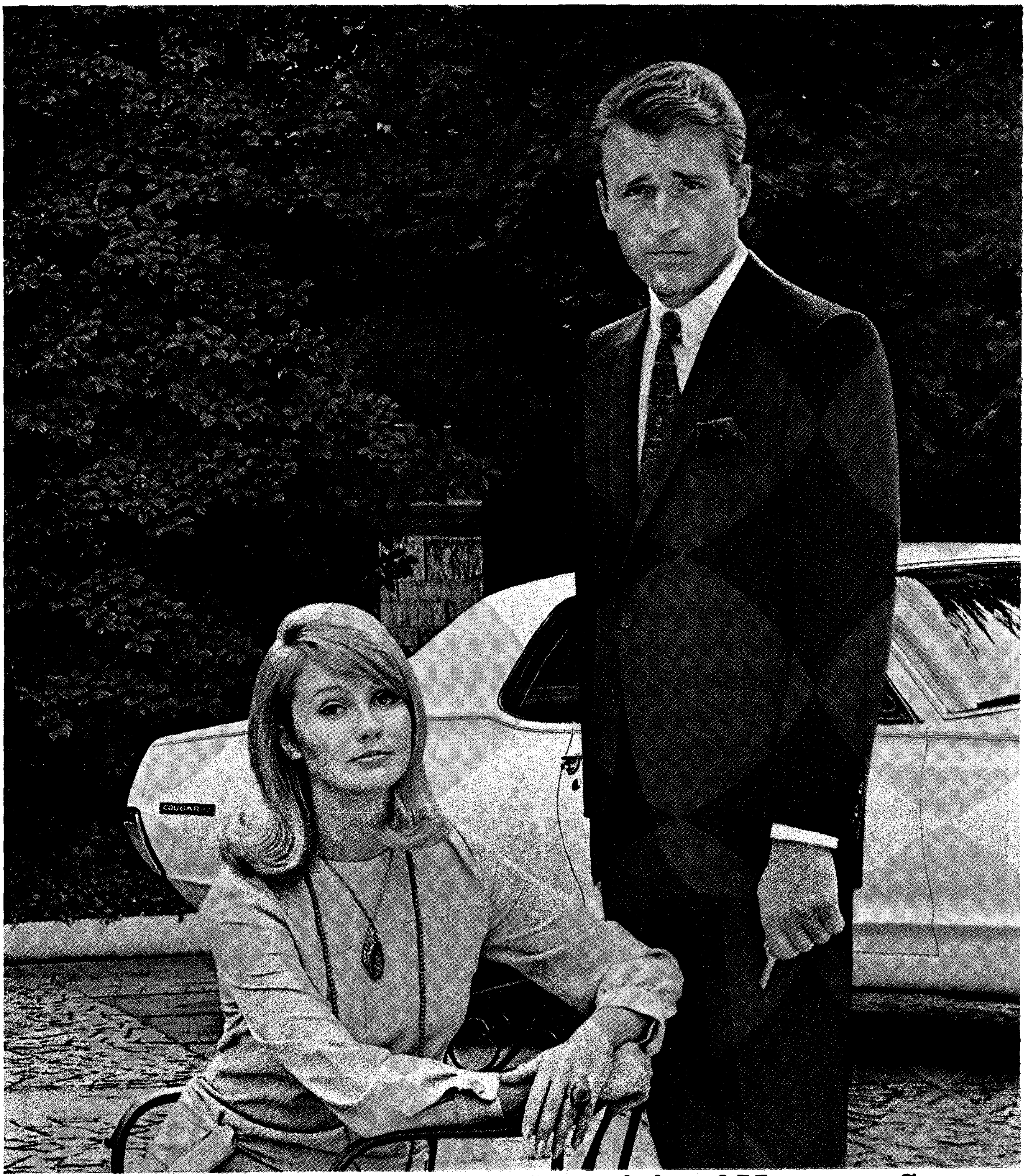

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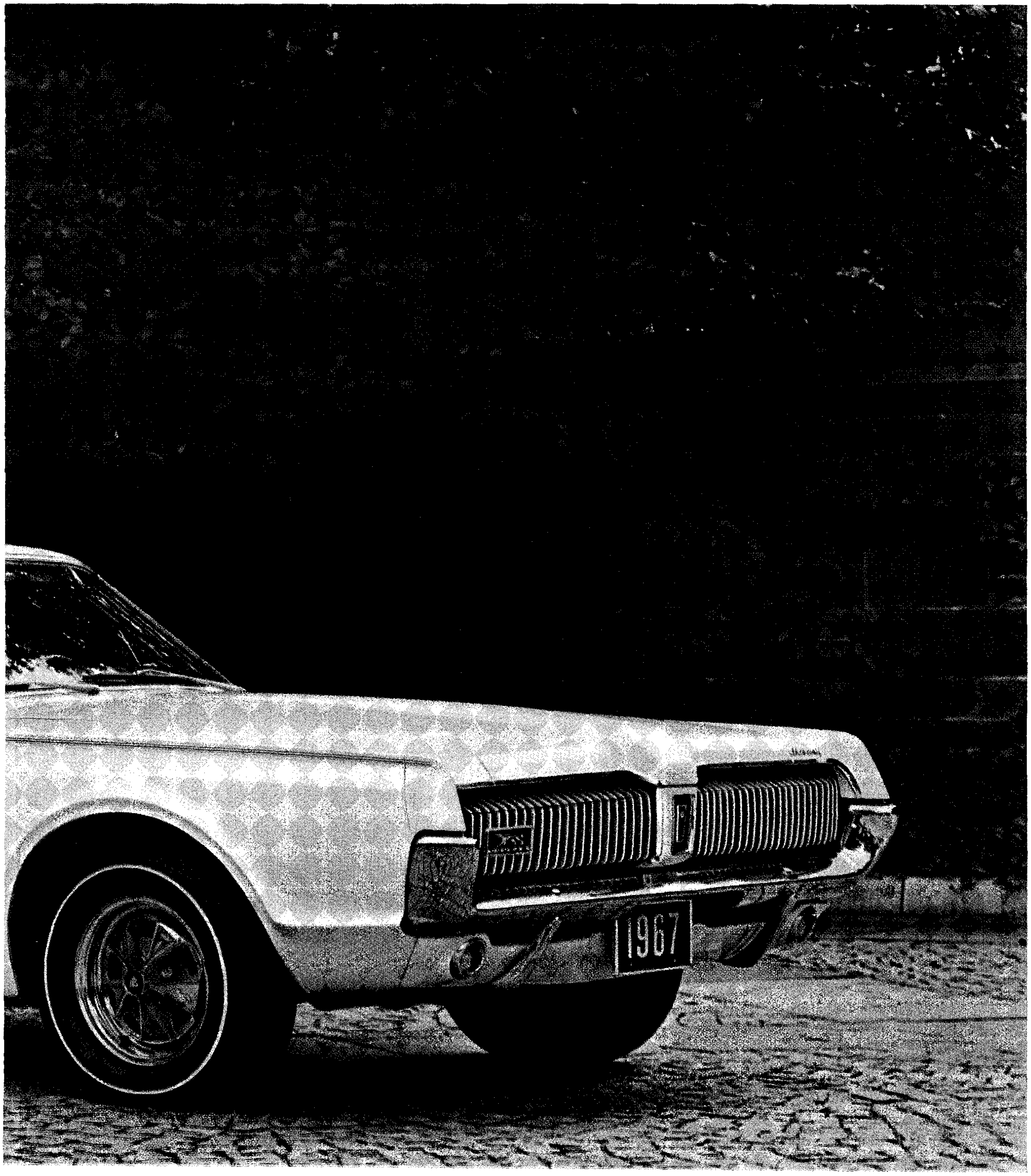

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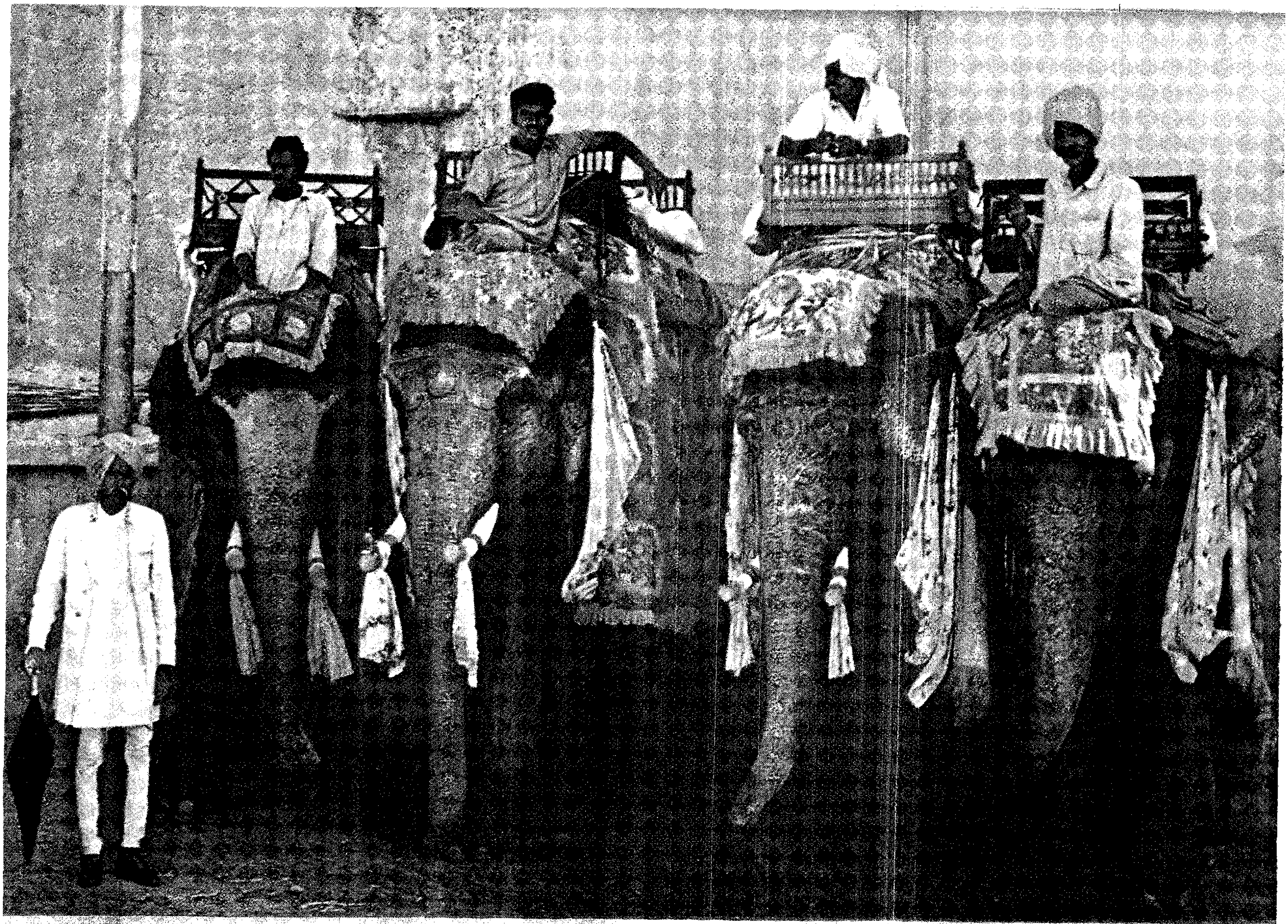

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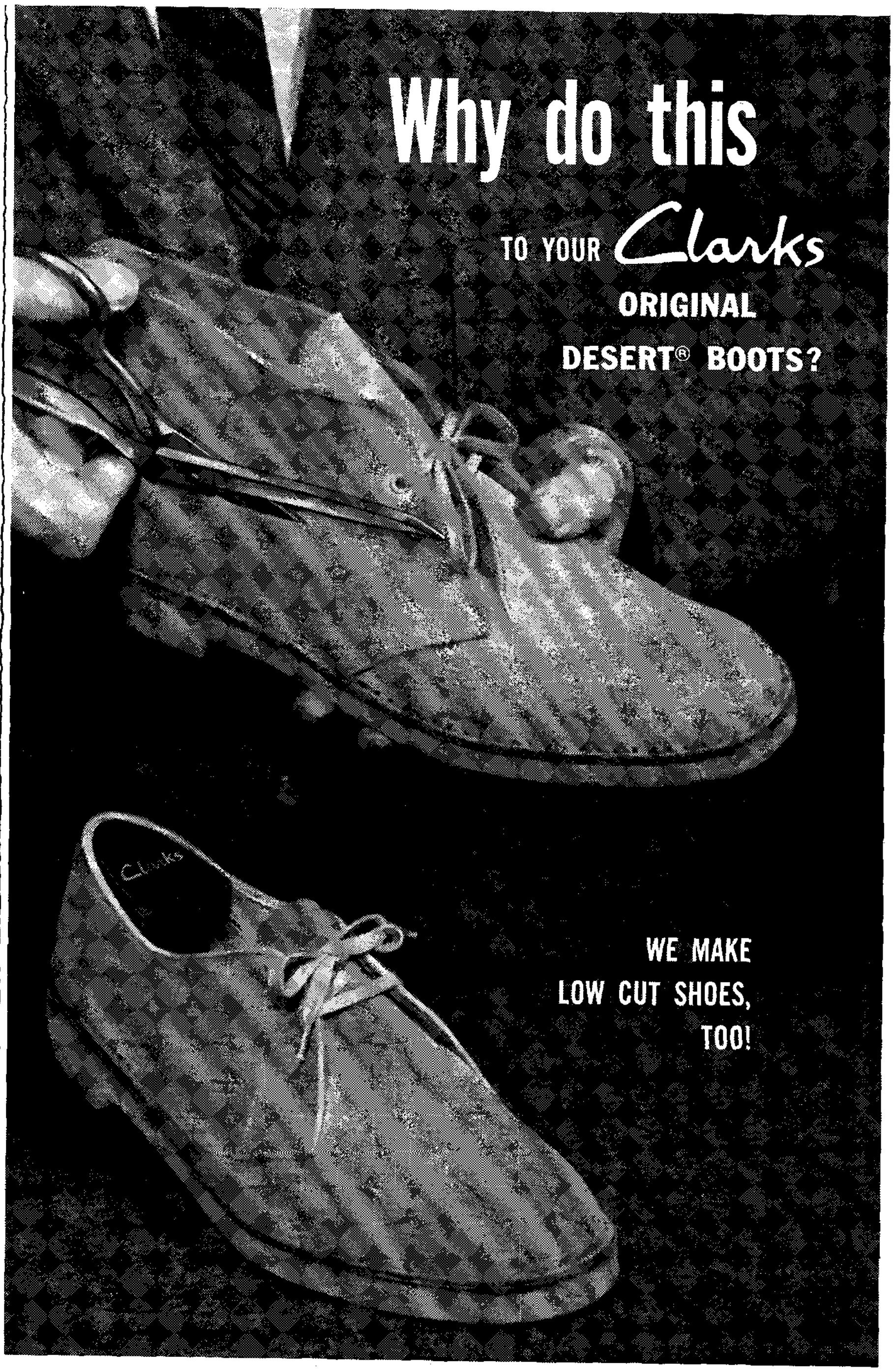
cousins had said she was *viva*, and laughed, and I had taken it for "lively," but the word could mean "lively" and "clever" and "wily." Little Asunción had said that the old woman stopped writing because she was afraid my mother and my sister and I would descend on her and she, an old woman with a sick daughter and two young grandchildren, would have to take care of us, too. And so she had cut us off.

But it had not been so simple, I could see now, and we stayed in that café in Vigo until I thought I had worked it all out. It was not until Remedio died and the old woman was left with Claudio and Gustavo that she made her decision to answer no more of my mother's letters. If everything she owned belonged to me, how were those two boys to live? Without land, no one can eat in Galicia, and those two boys were right there—they were truly her very own. My father was dead; there was no other tie to us. If my mother could have sent her money all those years, it must be that we did not need that land as her two boys needed it. She made her terrible decision, but when she was in her eighties and everything seemed to have worked out all right, she began to worry about my sister and me and to moan about what could have become of us.

"And look what became of us!" I said. "I descend on Miaman like an American millionaire travelling for fun, friendly and interested, delighted to find cousins—and not a word about my property. Poor Claudio. No wonder he cannot look at us without crying." I shook my head, thinking of what he must have gone through. "I'm sorry I didn't let him talk more. I would have had the chance then to tell him that the land belongs to those who work it."

My wife smiled. "That sounds like a revolutionary slogan, and Claudio is so conservative that he would probably not agree with you."

Before I fell asleep that night, I realized that I had the sequence of events wrong, and that my grandmother *had* been sly—she had prepared the inheritance for Claudio and Gustavo long before she stopped writing my mother. First she had got Father to sign over the house to her, and to be doubly sure she had inscribed him in the Asylum of the New Road as a bachelor. But why had she written once again after Father died? Greed, I decided—I was very angry with the old woman by then. Mother had always sent a little money with her replies; I know that when the old woman's last letter



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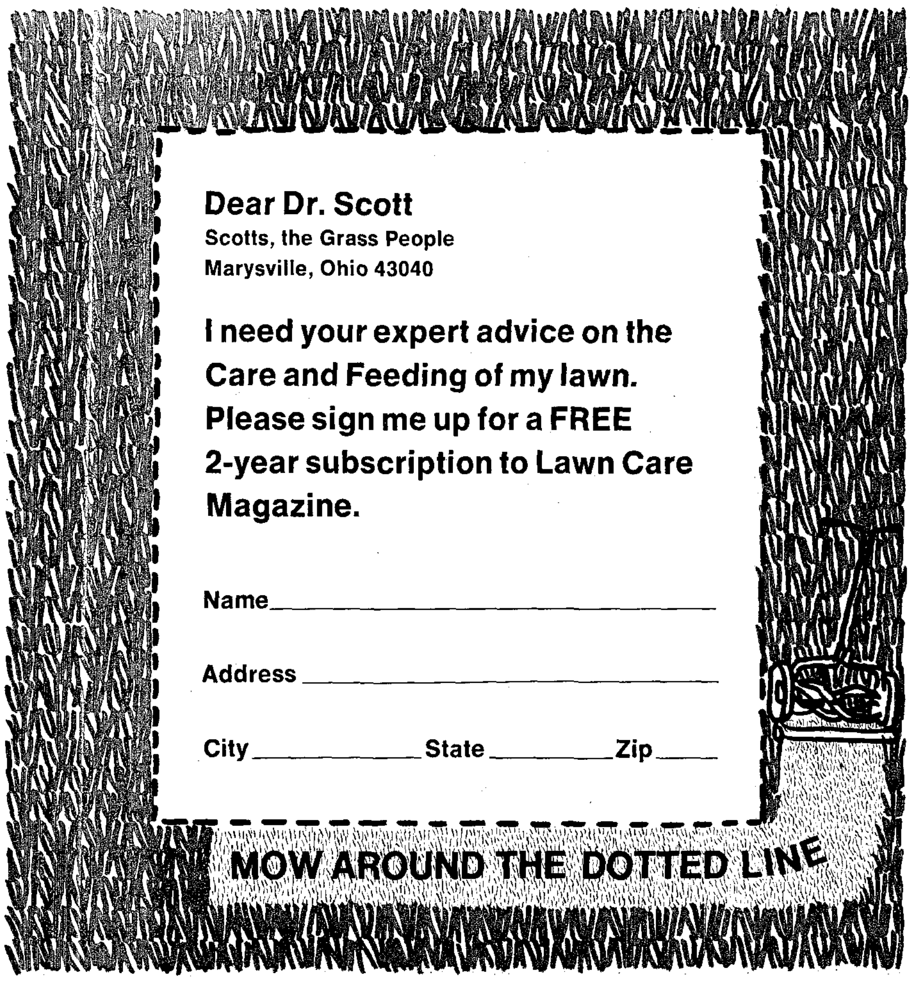
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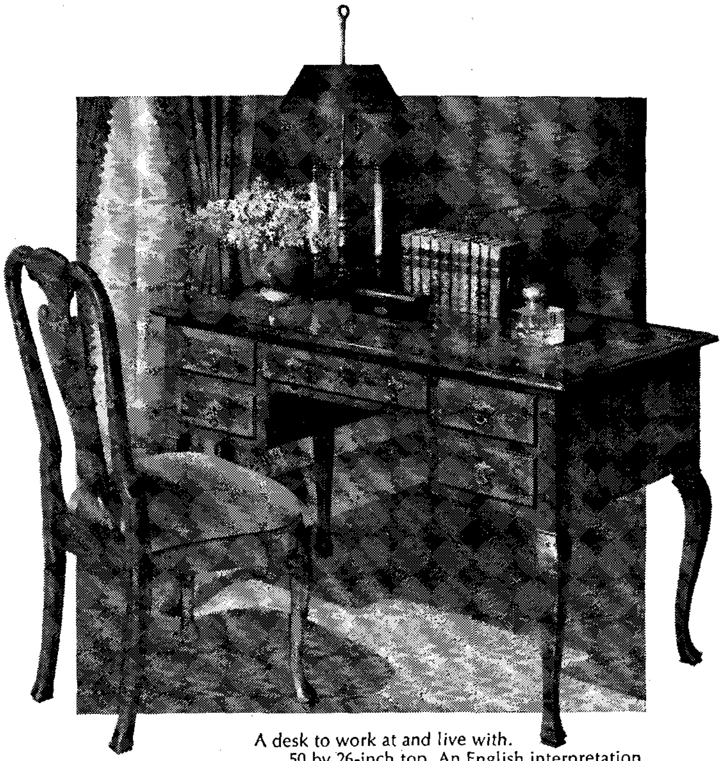
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arrived, announcing Remedio's death, Mother sent her money to help pay for the burial. Did she buy more land with it? Then why did she stop writing? Father was two years dead. No, the old woman stopped writing because when the brother who wrote her letters died there was no one in Miaman to whom she would trust the knowledge that she had a daughter-in-law and grandchildren in America. How often, I wondered, had the photograph of Mother and my sister and me been taken out and shown? I remembered that on that Sunday at Claudio's home everyone seemed to be looking at it for the first time.

It took me two days to make my peace with the old woman, and on the third morning I woke up and said, "She was old Mother Courage, that's who she was, and if I'd been her I would have done the same—more credit to her!"

Vigo seemed all the more inviting for my decision, and we took a trolley ride I had been putting off. For fifteen cents each, we boarded an electric trolley that left every hour from the plaza facing our café and ended up an hour and a half later at the town of Bayona down the coast. Fifteen minutes from the plaza, it leaves the city and winds along the bay, through fishing villages and farm fields, and skirts beaches all the way to Bayona.

The town of Bayona is in a tiny cove of a harbor, and when we got off the trolley we walked on the main street along its edge until it became a highway bordering the coast of the Atlantic. As soon as we turned away from the bay, the winds of the ocean hit us, and we bent forward slightly and squinted to look at the shore; the road was uphill and the ocean side stood high over enormous rocks all the way down to the water. There were fine bourgeois homes along the road facing the sea, and at the highest point there was a pine and eucalyptus forest where stood the Virgin of the Rock, hewn out of the same gray stone that was piled along the shore. It was this strong wind, I liked to imagine, that drove one of Columbus's ships into the bay of Bayona on the return trip from America, and so it was this little fishing town that heard first of the discovery of America.

"Not the discovery of America, Daddy," Rafael corrected me, "but of the new route to India."

The same strong winds pushed us back down the road and into town. We were the only people there with nothing to do, and we sat in a café and had a

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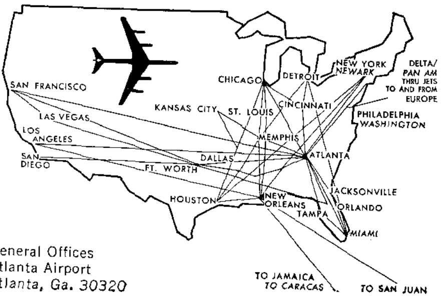
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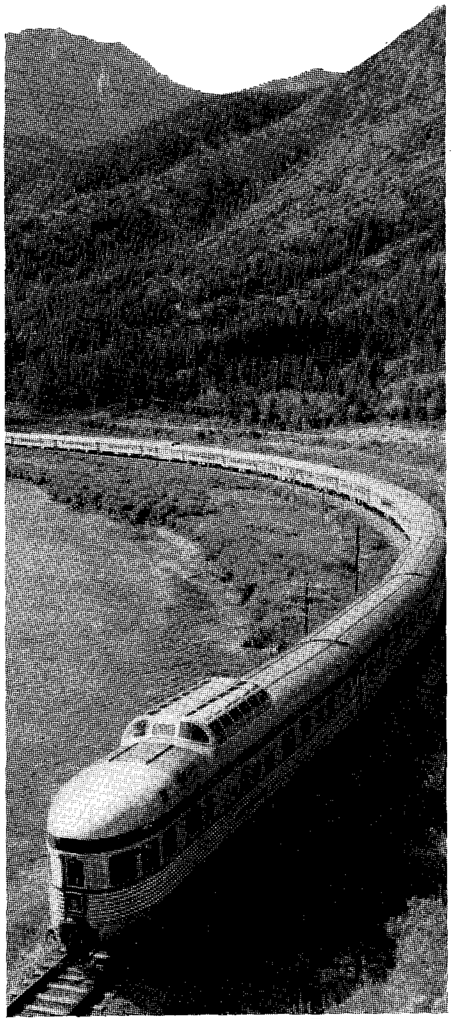

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drink before we took the trolley back. Even the second time around, the ride was extraordinary, and we joked about telling no one about it so that it wouldn't be ruined; it would be our In place. At a cove with fishing boats, two men got on who had been drinking, and they sang and did a few steps in the aisle until a young Civil Guard stopped them with angry words. Everyone got set faces and looked away, and I suddenly became depressed and disgusted with Spain—miserable land, it rejects all gaiety.

And the mood gave me leave to think about my father in a new way—as the man who signed the papers selling his share of his home to his mother. Did he bargain? What was his price? Room and board and care for the two years before he went to the hospital? I laughed; that was not my father. But how did I know? Life is hard and he was at the old woman's mercy.

I tried to think of something other than the obvious explanation—that he no more cared about such legalities than I did. He signed the papers to do simply what was just. To make his mother and sister happy. Of course. Yet he was a Miaman boy. What if he believed in his very bones, as Galicians do, that the only salvation you can leave your sons is land? And, believing that, signed the papers and shared in the decision: for Claudio and Gustavo, against my sister and me. Then signed in at the Asylum as a bachelor.

I took advantage of the noise the trolley made as we entered the paved city streets to talk aloud without being heard. I said, "I think I am going mad."

At the hotel, there was a letter from Claudio, written with a stubby pencil and great care. "I read Isabel your letter," he wrote, "and she complains that she has such a kind cousin and he is going away and all she saw of you was one afternoon so do not be surprised if she shows up at your hotel on Friday."

Good, I thought, I'll talk to her; she won't think I'm so kind and good. I won't be angry; I'll simply let her know that I understood what they meant when they said Petrona Andeiro was lively and clever and wily. But it must be a joke of Claudio's—how could Isabel come all the way to Vigo alone? Nevertheless, after the morning walk next day, we stayed in our rooms at the hotel and waited, and at noon the phone rang and I was told there was someone downstairs who claimed I was his cousin.

I did not take the slow lift; I ran down two flights of stairs. By the desk stood Claudio, so carefully dressed he wore a tie; he smiled and at the same time was guarded, as if in this first-class hotel in the big city of Vigo I might deny I was, as he had told them at the desk, his cousin. He had told them I was his cousin to explain his presence in a hotel where he did not belong, and I saw this the moment he smiled, so I was more exuberant than I would ordinarily be in a hotel lobby.

"And Isabel? You said Isabel was coming."

He talked very quietly. "She is with the others outside," he said.

I said, "Well, let us go get them," but he held my arm and said they would rather wait for us outside. I insisted we get Isabel and bring her upstairs to my wife first. "You have been travelling. You must rest a moment," I said, and went out into the street. They weren't there, or at the tables in the hotel's sidewalk café, which extended to the street corner. Then Claudio walked down to the corner, and I followed him. On the side street down the block stood a group of peasants in a sea of bundles: Carlos and Ana, Luz and her little girl, and Isabel.

It took considerable urging to get them into the hotel. I put the women and the little girl in the lift and pressed the third-floor button for them, and Carlos and Claudio and I walked up the stairs. They had left Miaman before sunrise, met Luz and the little girl in the Santiago station, and taken the first train to Vigo; they had come to spend a couple of hours with us and then go back.

"No, you will stay overnight," I said. "I shall persuade the women." But I could not find them; they were not in the small lounge in front of the lift, nor down the corridors. And then it occurred to me to open the doors of the lift. They were still standing in it, afraid to open the doors.

"What a marvel!" said Isabel, and stepped out.

I told her and the others that they were going to spend the night in the hotel and return to Santiago the next day. Ana said she would never be able to fall asleep there. I assured her that it was comfortable. Isabel, who had been holding my hand and kissing it as we walked down the corridor, stopped and said with her usual openness, "Pepe, we are uneducated people from the *aldea*—we were ashamed to walk

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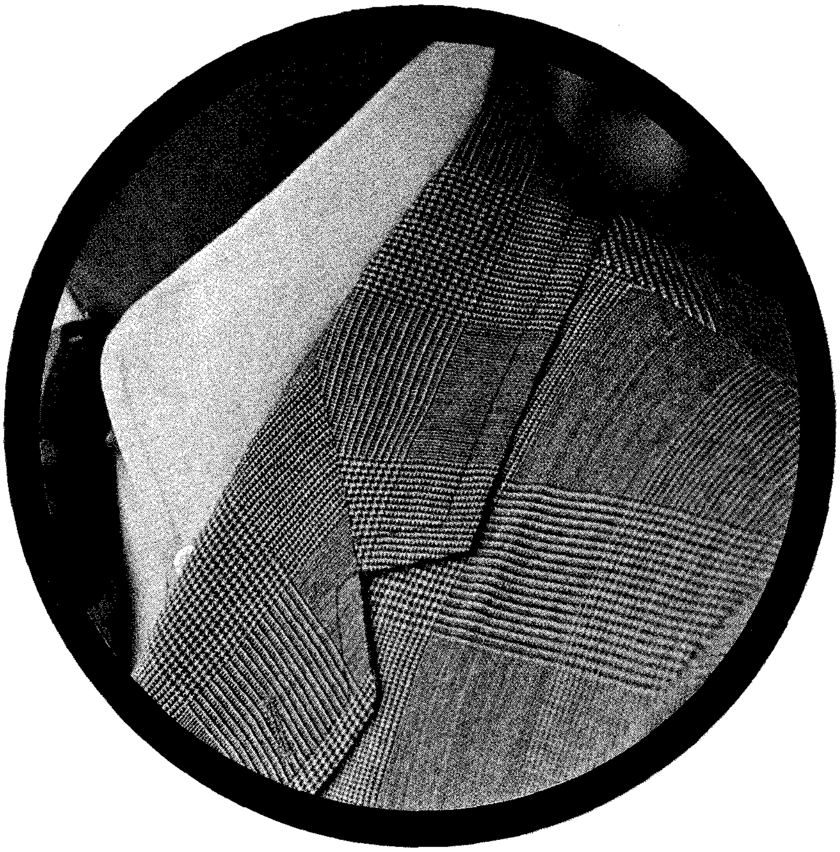

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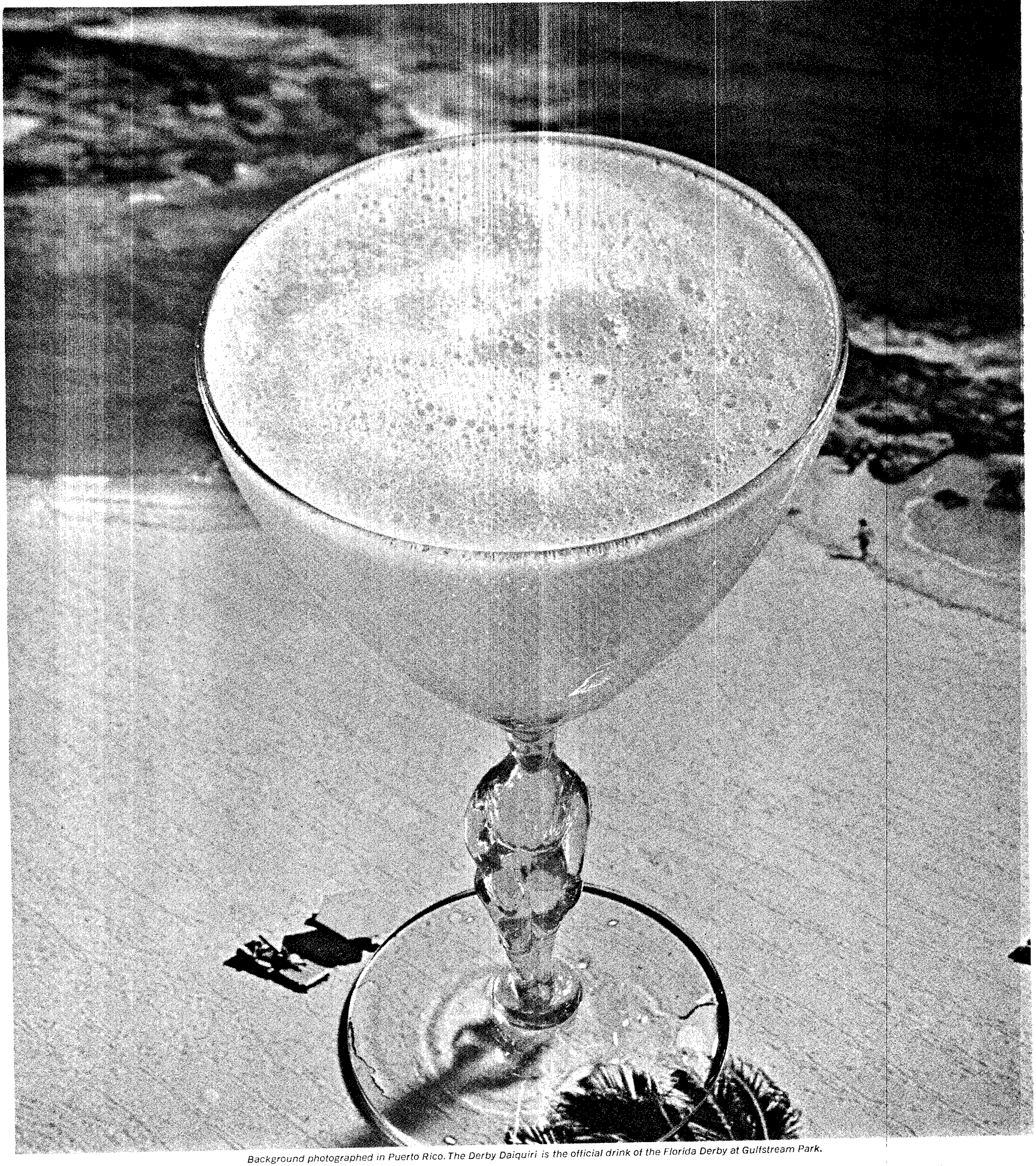

Background photographed in Puerto Rico. The Derby Daiquiri is the official drink of the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park.

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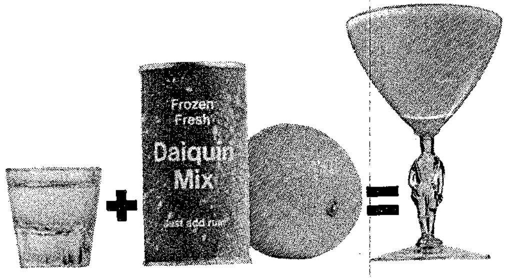


Drink created by Mai-Kai, Ft. Lauderdale. For many recipes, write Booklet, Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

into the hotel, so you can imagine how the idea of staying in it strikes us!"

My wife worked very hard to make them sit on the bed in our room, and showed the women the bathroom, for they had been travelling for hours. They stood in the doorway of the bathroom and looked inside with awe, and never made a move to use it. "That is a shower," said Luz, the city girl, to the others.

"It is too good for us, Pepe," Isabel said. "We would never be able to stay here, even if we had the time." And she sat on the bed and told us what they wanted to do with the day, interrupting herself only to kiss my wife or take my hands and bring them to her cheeks and caress them. "No, no, no," she said to my suggestion that we all have lunch in the hotel dining room.

Ana said, "We brought a few little things—enough to have a bite."

Carlos said, "We thought we could go to a park or a beach nearby and have a bite and talk, and then we would go home."

I suggested we still have lunch in the hotel and then go to a beach across the bay and there have the bite. "I have not given up hope that you will stay overnight."

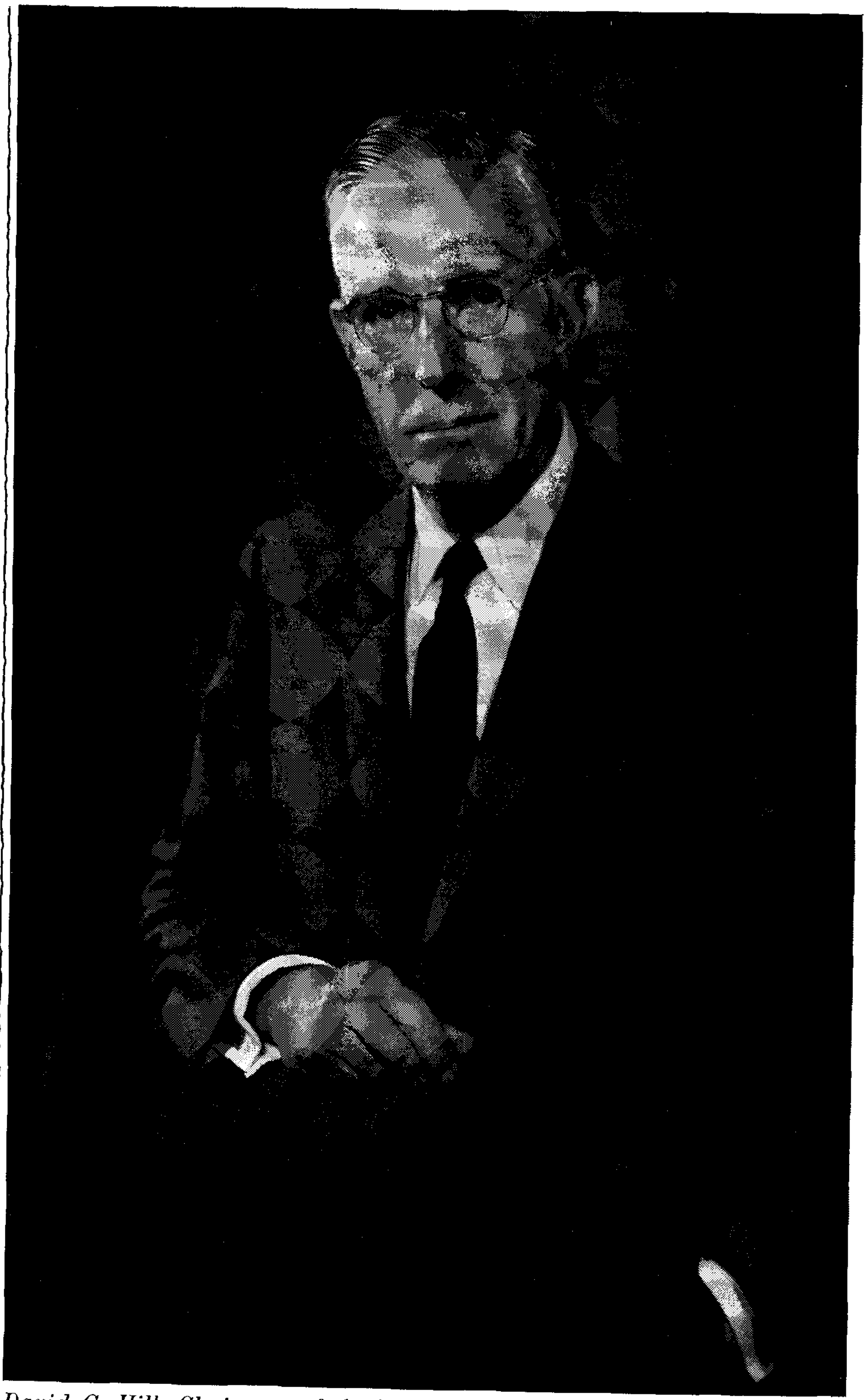
Isabel came right to the point. "To tell you the truth, Pepe, we would not appreciate the food they serve in a place like this."

"All right," I said. "But you will stay tonight. After all, have you been in Vigo before?"

Luz shook her head; so did Isabel and Carlos. Claudio had been in Vigo twice. Ana said nothing, and when I asked her she burst into tears. "Ana was here to see her brother off," Luz explained, and she patted Ana's hand. Ana was wearing the kerchief with a little bit of color in it, and the memory of her brother must have been more painful on the day she had broken her mourning.

But she managed to smile at me and said, "Asunción said to me, 'You go, Ana. You must not miss this opportunity.' And she stayed to do the work. That was so nice of Asunción."

The half hour in the hotel room became a tug-of-war between us over whether they would stay the night, and when I persuaded them to leave some of their bundles in our rooms I thought I had won. Downstairs, the manager recommended that we take the ferry to the other side of the bay, where there were many beaches, and we walked along the waterfront with our bundles, my cousins stopping to buy fruit at the stands, marvelling at the



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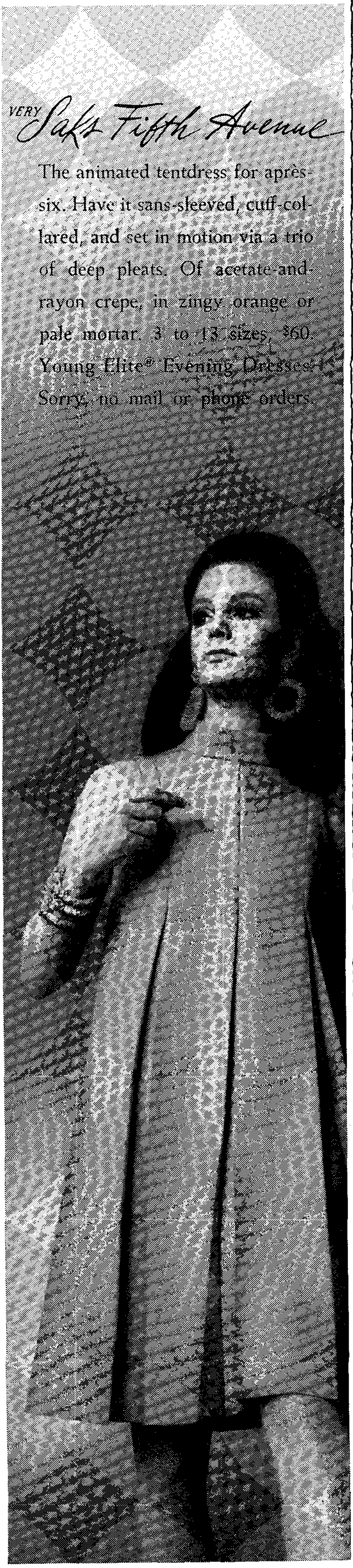

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ships, their eyes alert to everything and to every person who passed. Except for Isabel, they were reserved and watchful in their manner. Isabel had congratulated the chambermaids at the hotel on how well they kept the place; on the ferry's open-top deck she announced to everyone that this was her first time on the water; and when the ferry sounded its loud horn to depart she screamed.

"And you have travelled all day to give us this surprise," my wife said. "To say goodbye."

Isabel sat between us and said, "Yes, yes, for we do not believe your husband's promises. He says he will return next year or the next, but I know him—he is a gypsy." She took one of my hands, and while the other passengers watched and Claudio looked over the side with embarrassment she sang in a small, sweet voice:

"Buenos Aires, Buenos Aires,
For Buenos Aires
I leave tomorrow and if I marry
I'll not return.

Buenos Aires, Buenos Aires,
They say it's good in Buenos Aires,
From the ages of fifteen to twenty
They leave and then forget to return!"

We had very little time, for at the ferry's ticket booth Claudio had asked about the time schedule, and they told us the last ferry we could take back was at five-thirty, since the last train from Vigo to Santiago left at seven. We argued about this and about who would pay for the fruit and the ferry tickets, and when we got off at the little town of Cangas on the other side of the bay I ran ahead down the breakwater, for I knew that they would object to my hiring a taxi. Claudio ran after me when he found out what I planned to do, and Isabel yelled, "We shall be offended if you do that!"

But I convinced them we had no time to waste walking out of the town to find a beach, and a taxi-driver told me he knew a place where we could picnic under the trees right by a beach. He took us there in two groups, the women and Rafael first, and when Claudio, Carlos, and I arrived we walked across a cove sparkling with white sand and rocks to where, under pine trees, the women had spread out the little bite they had brought from Miaman.

The little bite turned out to be huge amounts of ham, sausages, tongue, pigs' feet, fried fish, bread, a gallon of wine, cakes, apricots, pears, and pastry twists sprinkled with sugar. Isabel had taken off her skirt so as not to wear it out,

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(to a sleeper)

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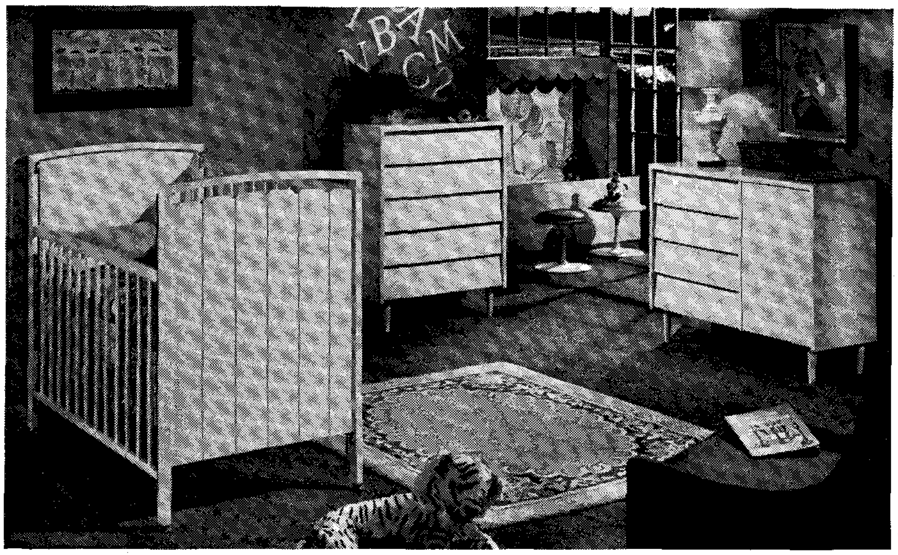

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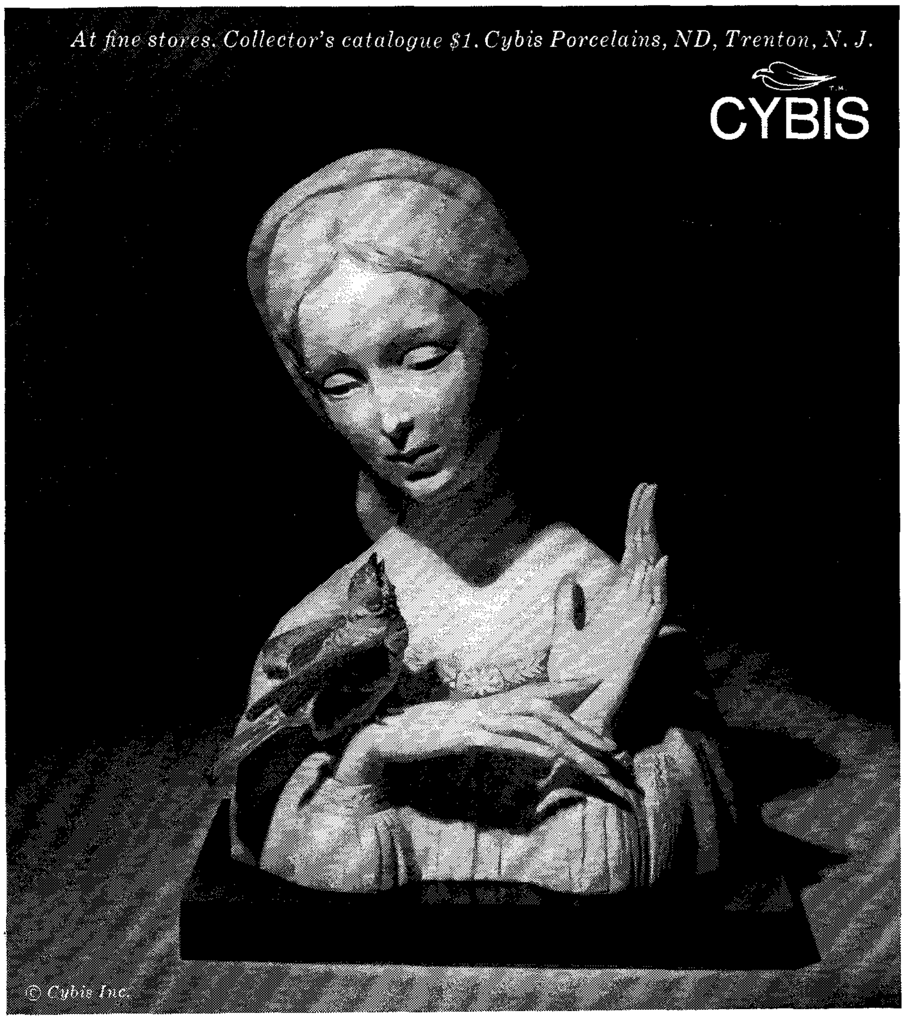

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and danced about in her slip, serving everyone as she had done at home. The pine glade and the beach below were all ours, but even if they had not been it would not have stopped Isabel from singing and dancing. Luz turned out to have a strong, high voice, and she sang for us while Isabel danced.

"Ah, we are nothing, nothing at all," said Isabel, when we complimented them. "You should hear Ana."

But when we asked Ana to sing, her eyes filled with tears. "I accompany you in your sentiments, I am glad that you sing and dance," she said, "but I cannot today."

Claudio took out a package and called Rafael. Isabel signalled to us to watch as Rafael unwrapped it. It was a shiny red bagpipe with yellow tassels, a gift they were very proud of. Claudio played it for Rafael and Isabel called to me, "Take a photograph of him, for the love of God! I will give five thousand pesetas for it to show in the *aldea*. Do you know what a serious man that Claudio is!"

There was no time for conversation, for exchanging facts; everything was presence and feeling, and the glade in the mottled sunlight was like the wine we drank, shimmering with highlights and cool shade. When the taxi appeared beyond the beach, I said, "I shall miss not being at your *romería* in Miaman."

"We wanted to give you a little taste of it," Isabel said, and kissed my hand.

The taxi-driver knew us well by then, and he wanted to take us to the whale yard of the Massó cannery plant. "It is the biggest cannery plant in Spain!" he said. "You cannot leave Cangas without seeing it. First I shall take the women to the plant and to the ferry. Then I shall come back for you."

While Claudio and Carlos and I waited, I made a last attempt to persuade them to stay one night in Vigo. "We are family, so you will forgive me if I say something wrong," I said. "If the problem is money, I want you to know that I have it."

Claudio shook his head. "We have left the old people to do the work. They can do it for one day, but for more than that it would be wrong. But you command, cousin. If you say we must, then we will do what you say. But it would be wrong."

I gave in. "Still, it would give me such pleasure to take you out this evening in Vigo. We can climb up to the top of El Castro and look down on the city."

Their faces were full of doubt about their decision. Then Carlos said, "Pepe, let me tell you, this day has been won-

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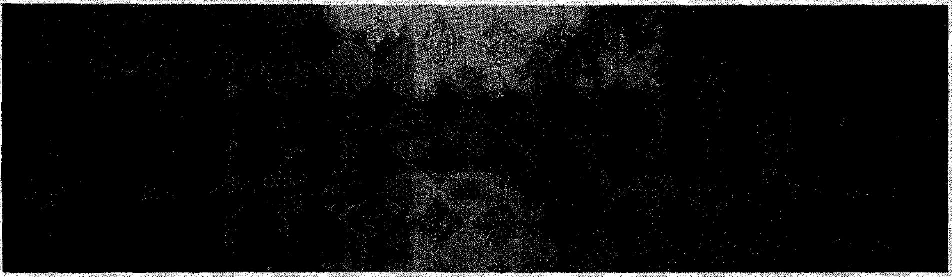
THE STORY OF L'HEURE BLEUE

Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps, the most tenderly beautiful perfume in the world.



Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

The art of the perfumer, like the art of the musician, is elusive and mysterious.

But even the musician has certain laws of harmony and the eight notes of the scale to rely upon, while the perfumer is faced with an infinite range of fragrances, and only his intuition to guide him.

Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

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What happens when you apply L'Heure Bleue to your pulse points, and its delicate scent starts to permeate the air around you? Ah . . .

That's another story.

Twilight on the Seine: 1960.

derful enough. Already the women have seen and done things they never imagined they would come near in their entire lives. Think of it, at this very moment they are seeing the whale yard of the famous Massó plant!"

The whale yard fascinated Carlos and Claudio. We looked at the men in hip boots cutting up the carcasses of a couple of whales and trampling over the chunks of meat in spiked shoes. Blubber was being boiled in great cauldrons and the pieces of whale and the entrails lay around the yard by the water; in the sea, a dead whale, kept afloat by air that had been pumped into it, waited its turn. The driver said, "It does not taste like fish, you know—more like chicken," and Claudio and Carlos nodded and stored away that bit of information.

As we drove up the breakwater in the taxi, Isabel called to us from the open deck of the ferry. "Do not worry, I would not let it go without you!" And she made me sit with her and drew my wife to her other side. "So much happened," she said, "that I did not get to say the thing we planned to say." She took my hand preparatory to saying it. "When you get to your country, you are going to see your sister first?"

I nodded.

"I want you to tell her from me and Claudio— Claudio, come here! I want you to tell her that whenever you or she want it there is land for you and her in Miaman. There is land for you to build a house of your own and for her to build a house of her own."

I explained to my wife that they were giving us land in Miaman to come and build a house and live there. "Isabel," I said, and pulled Claudio's sleeve so he would listen, "I cannot adequately express what this means to me. I really cannot tell you."

She slapped my hand and exclaimed, "Do not make too much of it, man! You cannot sell land in Miaman—nobody wants it—so it is not very much of an offer!" And she got up and began to do a jig.

"We shall come and stay with you," I said.

"Never mind those promises," she said. "Come and dance with me now."

"I shall show you a dance we did when I was a young man," I said, and while she lifted her feet in the jig I did a couple of steps of the Lindy. Everyone on the ferry laughed, even Claudio; he had stopped looking out at the water when his wife embarrassed him.

We took two taxis to the hotel, for there was little time, and the women

Salty

Something agreeably suggestive of blue horizons,
wide wayfaring, white sails and uncharted islands.
The sea-dog stovepipe trousers are low-slung and elaborately
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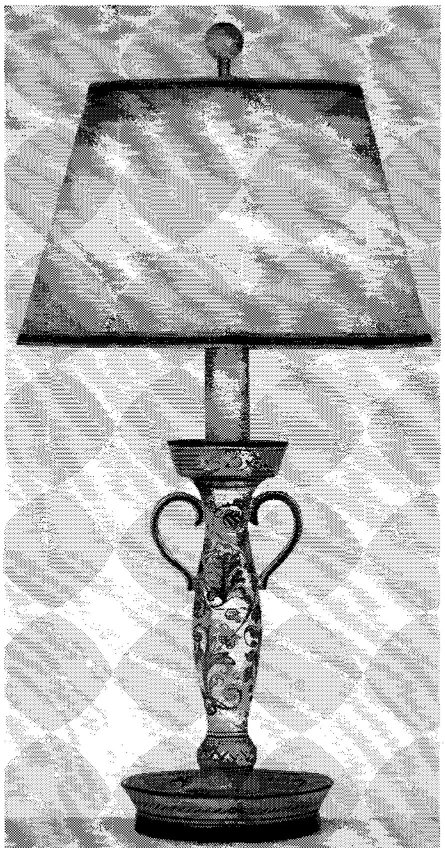

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went up to get the bundles. When the driver wasn't listening, I said to Claudio, "I tried to thank you before, but I did not do a good job. I want you to know that meeting you and spending this time with you has made my father seem somehow less dead."

Claudio twisted his hands together. "And my mother and grandmother, they have all come back, too. For this while."

Carlos looked at us with his enormous black eyes and nodded.

"They did not bring down the bundles," I said when I saw the women coming back.

My wife came over to our taxi. "The bundles upstairs are all gifts and more gifts," she said. "Fabrics, wines, cognacs, souvenir dolls. They have even canned the sausages and pork slabs from their own farm!"

In the railroad station, Isabel, Ana, and Luz held my arms to keep me from paying for their tickets. Claudio bought third-class tickets, of course—the last wooden car on the train, with high, uncomfortable wooden benches, but all, of course, grander than the accommodations at home in Miaman. We went in with them, for there was plenty of time, and Claudio had something more to say.

"About my aunt," he said.

"My mother?"

"Yes, my aunt," he said. "Do you believe she would like to come and visit us in Miaman?"

I nodded. "Oh, yes."

"Then let me tell you what Isabel and I have been discussing. If you would put her on a boat to Vigo, we would come and get her and take her to Miaman. And when it came time for her to return we would pay her passage back. She would not need any money while she is here, for we would get her whatever she needs. You will tell her that?"

I said I would tell her that. "You are a very good man, Claudio," I said.

"She is my aunt, my only aunt," said Claudio, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Come, no more of that," Isabel said. "You are getting sentimental, and it makes me nervous that our cousins are still on the train and it may start."

I laughed. "So we would go to Santiago and say goodbye there, and then you would come again to Vigo and say goodbye!"

Ana began to cry. We kissed them all and went down to the platform. There was no one else in their car, and Isabel and Luz and Ana talked to us from the window. Carlos and Clau-

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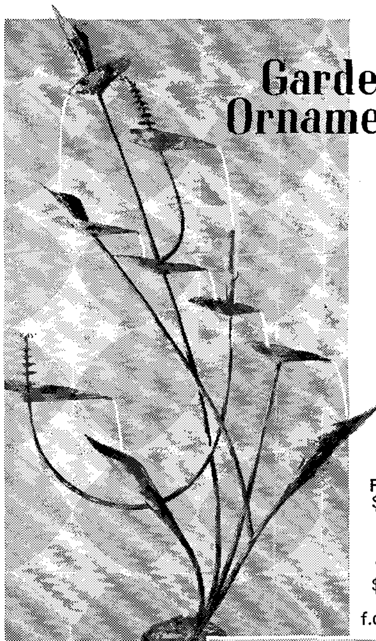

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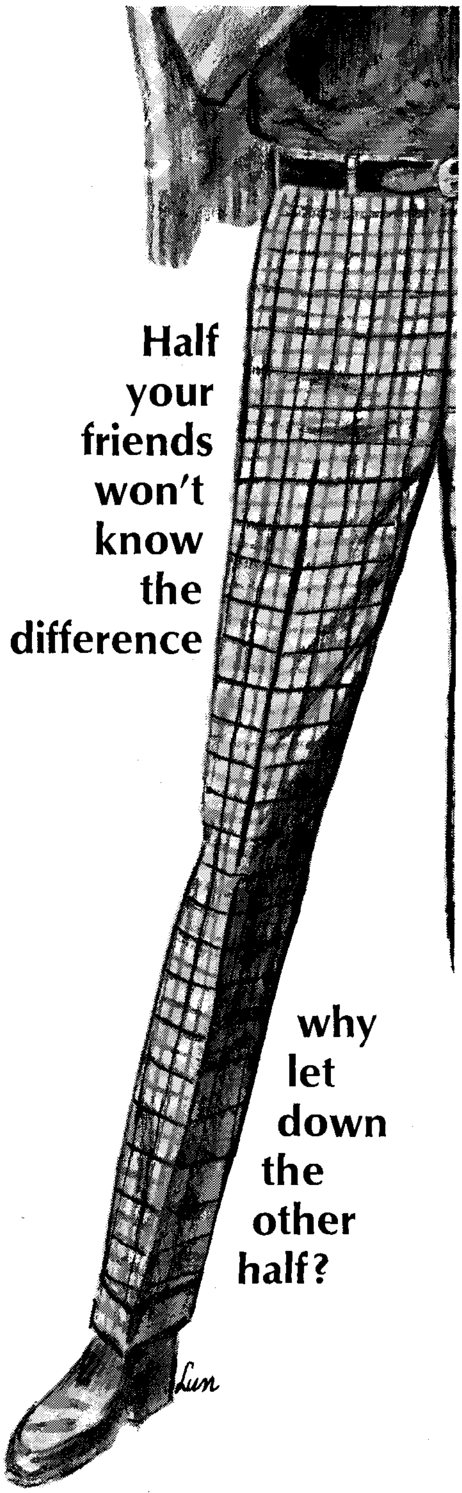

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dio stood on the viewing platform of the train and talked to Rafael. Isabel held out her arms and with her rough hands took one of mine. "As you stand there," she said, "you remind me of your grandmother, Petrona Andeiro. It is not that you look exactly like her, but there is something about your forehead and eyes. Yes, there is something."

Ana nodded and bit her lips.

"Did you know her, Ana?" I asked.

She nodded and covered her face with her hands, because she was ashamed to cry.

"Heavens, you must not cry, woman," Isabel said. "This is a happy day." And then the train moved and a terrible look came over Isabel's face, as if her foolish words had set the train off. "Oh, damned God!" she moaned, and pulled back from the seat and ran out to the platform.

The train stopped again, and I held up both hands to Claudio. "Cousin Claudio!" I said. "Cousin Claudio!" And like a good Galician I began to cry. Behind me, my wife and Rafael called, "*Adiós, adiós, adiós!*"

I ran a few steps with the train, and while Isabel held one arm over her face and waved with the other, Claudio took out a handkerchief and waved it and leaned his tall body against the train and sobbed. "Cousins!" I yelled, and before the train picked up speed I saw them both stare at me, afraid to blink, just as I would not blink, in order to see through our tears. "I promise I shall come back!"

I saw them become small before my eyes, and I took out my handkerchief and waved it each time Claudio waved his. Then I wiped my face with it, happy to have cried. Happy I had not asked them any questions, happy their presence was enough.

SOMETIMES, of course, I wonder, I speculate again about the past Claudio and I inherited, and I feel once more the hurt that makes me think I am going mad. It is then I treasure that last goodbye like a talisman; their tears and mine make everything right. In this terrible world of necessity, I need to believe human goodness supervenes. —JOSE YGLESIAS

•

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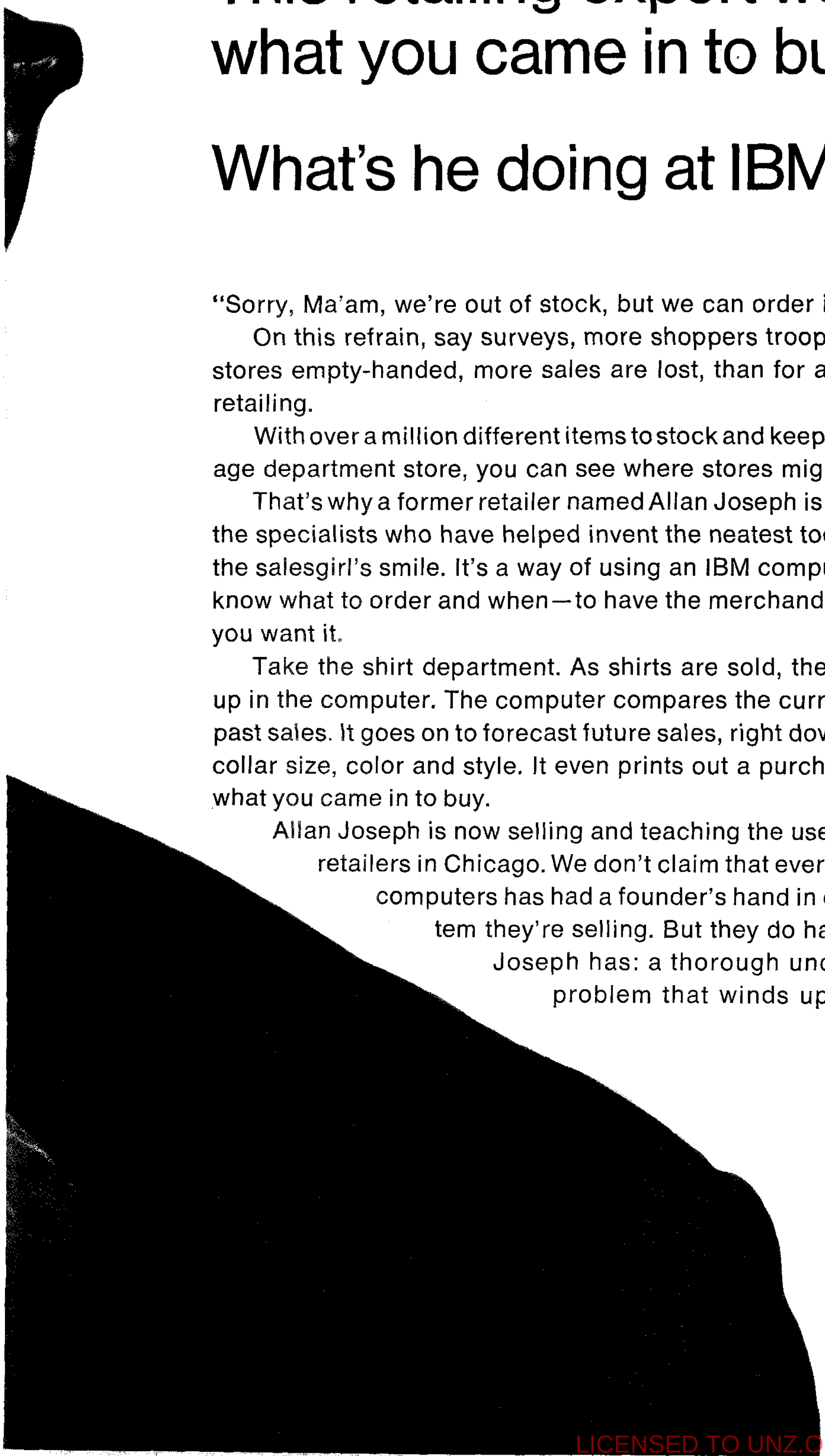

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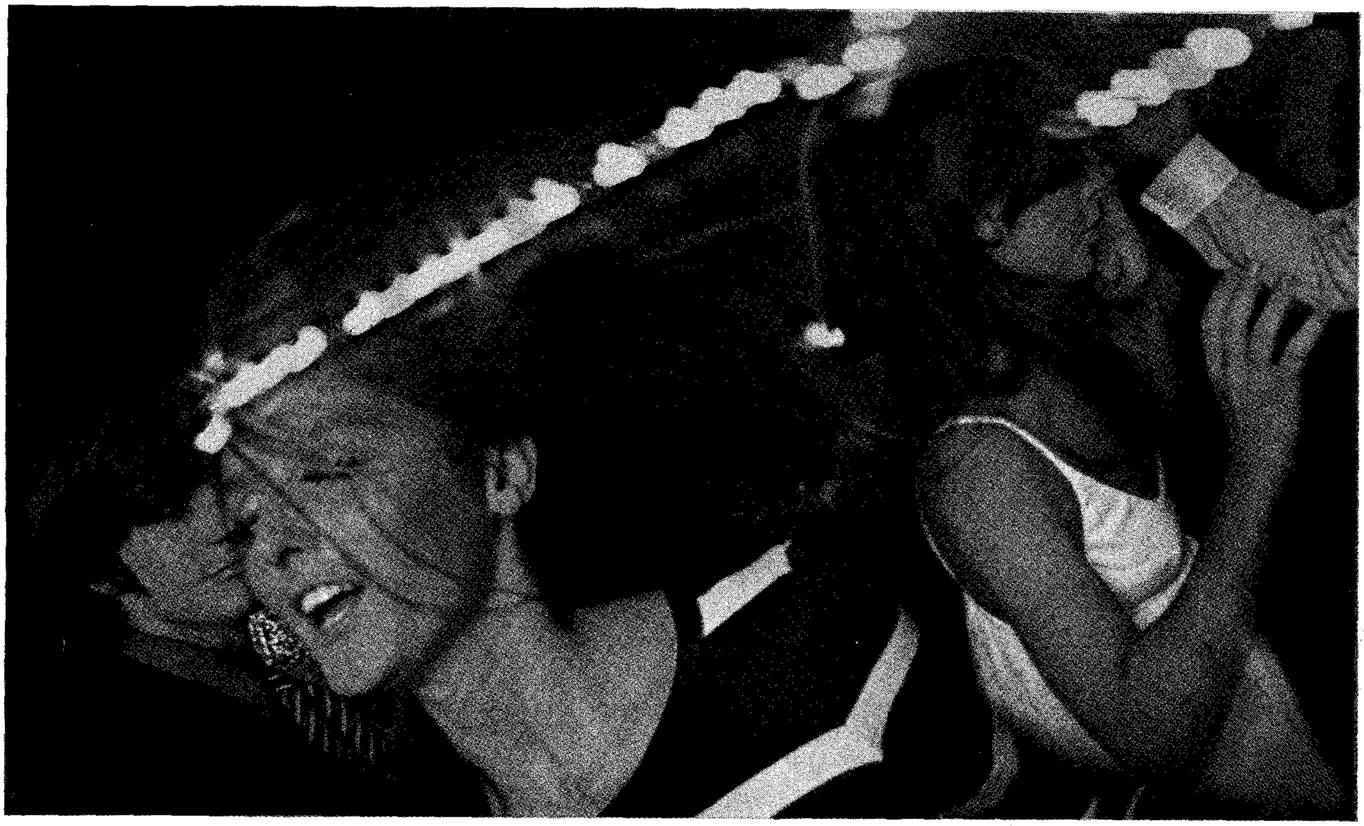

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THE THEATRE

SEX PLOY

UNDER the capacious title "You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running" Robert Anderson offers us, at the Ambassador, four brief theatrical contrivances having to do with the carnality that so often—unless, like a stylite, we climb a pillar to get away from it—shapes our lives. In presenting his views on fleshly matters, Mr. Anderson aims at being both funny and rueful, and occasionally he succeeds. But his invention is a sometime thing, and frequently he is so slick on the subject of sex (he does not spare us innumerable double-entendres) that he almost slips into prurience. Luckily, he has friends in strategic places to steady him when he wobbles, and he owes them a great debt. Among them are Alan Schneider, who directed the work, and Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Melinda Dillon, and Joe Silver, who enact it flawlessly.

In the opening vignette, Mr. Anderson introduces us to a young dramatist of such extreme sensitivity that any expletive stronger than "Shucks" reduces him to boyish blushing, and to a Broadway producer about as gentle as a Bessemer steel converter. It is the young dramatist's notion that the only way he can get his latest masterpiece off to an effective start is to have his hero appear in the nude. Naked and unashamed, this hero is supposed to emerge from a bathroom saying, "You know I can't hear you, etc." The dramatist is sure that every male in the audience will, however sheepishly, identify himself with this unclothed character, and that the females in attendance will, at the sight of him, become as tender emotionally as mothers with their first-born. The logic here I did not follow. Mr. Grizzard, who plays the dramatist, and Mr. Silver, who plays the producer, do well enough with this elementary material, but it is not until Mr. Balsam, who is the main prop of the whole enterprise, appears that we are able to ignore the silly proposition on which the action is based and settle down to watch a comic expert at work. Mr. Balsam, I am happy to report, plays an unemployed actor capable—as he tries to demonstrate—of being tall or short, fat or thin, bald or hirsute, dopey or intellectual, morose or merry, and, if need be, only too willing to come on strong in the nude.

The second episode of this coagulation once again involves Mr. Balsam, this time in a skit in which he and his purported wife (Miss Heckart), after a quarter of a century of marriage, find themselves in the basement showroom of a bedding store trying to settle the problem of whether to sleep in twin beds or a double bed. Mr. Balsam is crazy about double beds, but Miss Heckart, after a couple of decades of insomnia in one of them, wants a pallet of her own. Before the dilemma has been resolved, Miss Heckart steps away for a moment, whereupon a young divorcée (Miss Dillon) comes prettily into view shopping for a bed, and she not only endorses Mr. Balsam's ideas about the practicality of double beds but urges him to lie down on one for testing purposes. And so Miss Heckart gets her twin beds, and Mr. Balsam gets an address that promises all kinds of pneumatic and spacious bliss.

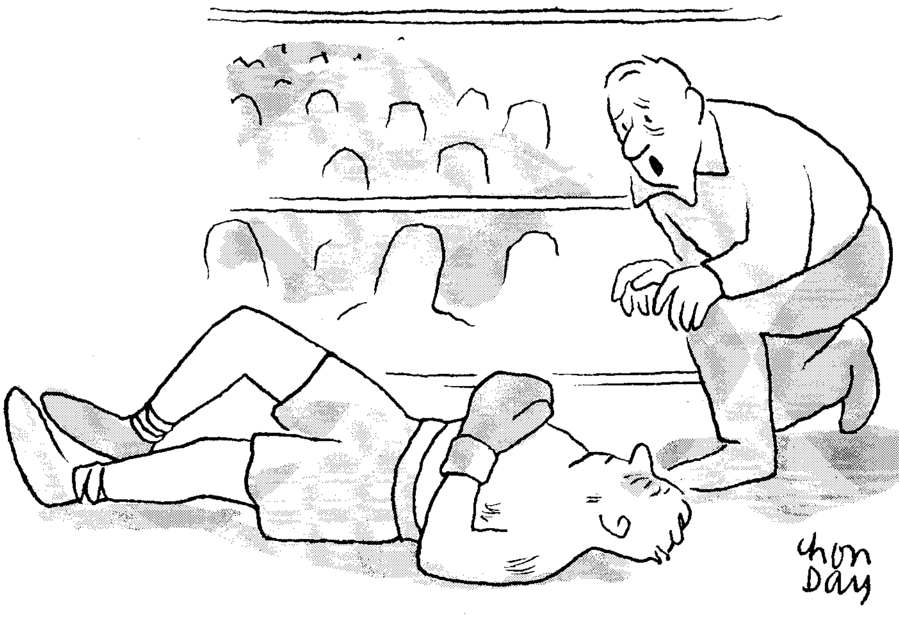
The third go-around is a study of the difficulties of a hard-working father (Mr. Balsam) who cannot agree with his wife (Miss Heckart once more) that the way to bring up children is to leave them in no doubt about the facts of life before they have even faced them. The situation is not unusual, but Mr. Anderson does develop this couple most sympathetically, and Mr. Balsam is mightily persuasive as a father clinging desperately—but, alas, hopelessly—to a small shred of romanticism.

Finally, we have Miss Heckart and Mr. Grizzard (incidentally, in a brief appearance in the second stanza he does a grand job as a fragile bedding salesman) portraying two old, often married parties who can't remember where or when or with whom they kissed and hugged in the dear, dead days.

A good deal of Mr. Anderson's effort is rather shallow, but he has a knowledgeable way with him in the theatre, and the cast on exhibit here certainly charmed this particular bird.

IN "That Summer—That Fall," at the Helen Hayes, Frank D. Gilroy attempts a variation on the Greek tale about Phaedra to no purpose whatever. Mr. Gilroy's dialogue is about as stimulating as a question-and-answer routine in a courthouse on a dull day, and the direction, by Ulu Grosbard, is incredibly stilted. In addition to the staccato dialogue, the play is handicapped by the fact that the scenes whirl by so rapidly that the piece becomes as dizzying as a kaleidoscope. The plot has to do with the unhappiness of a barren wife (Irene Papas) whose husband (Richard Castellano) comes up impotent in middle age. His sad condition causes his wife, a fairly steamy sort, to go wild about his handsome, sunburned bastard son (Jon Voight), late come out of the West to Manhattan, where the drama takes place. There are thirteen scenes, all unlucky.

—JOHN McCARTEN



"Two minutes of the first round! Twenty million people tuned in! What are they supposed to do the rest of the evening?"

MUSICAL EVENTS

O'Neill Operated

MARVIN DAVID LEVY's opera "Mourning Becomes Electra" was given a magnificent production for its première at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday night. The scenery, by Boris Aronson, was effectively moody, if rather Byzantine here and there for a New England locale. The cast consisted of some of the ablest of singing actors, and the conductor, Zubin Mehta, made all that could be made of the complicated score, which contains electronic devices as well as sounds recorded on tape for a harbor scene. O'Neill's drama, reworked by the librettist, Henry Butler, to much smaller dimensions (a necessity for the purposes of the opera, which turned out to be a pretty lengthy opera, even so), exerted a real spell. Its melodramatic character makes it an ideal operatic subject, and the audience seemed moved by it, as was I. Nevertheless, Mr. Levy's music fails to add very much to the drama. It is written in a post-Straussian idiom, without any of the soaring lyric passages that Strauss always produced in climactic moments. (I am thinking of *his* "Elektra.") In general, the score is ambiguous in tonality, though it contains little or no twelve-tone writing. Nearly everywhere it is convulsive, and often it is simply noisy. There is a great deal of beating on the bass drum. I imagine that all this is intended to underline a libretto that is certainly sinister, if not horrifying, in every scene. But there are better ways of enhancing operatic melodrama than attempting to top it with cacophony.

Mr. Levy is a serious composer who deserves to be treated with respect. His music is not avant-garde, and I am sure that his intentions were of the noblest. But he was evidently plagued by a fear of being old-fashioned and corny, of being accused of writing clichés. This fear has caused him to destroy nearly every moment of genuine lyricism that the opera might have contained. There are passages in it that are simply "filler," obviously designed to take up time while scenery is being changed; the interludes in the second and third acts fall into this category. But there are also a few instances of real inspiration—Orin's soliloquy "How death becomes the Mannons," Christine's lines "Time to rest, time to sleep," and some moments in the quartet in Act II, Scene 2, aboard Adam Brant's ship, where Lavinia and Orin are planning Brant's murder. In each case, however, Mr. Levy allows himself only a measure or two of inspired melody and then kills his own inspiration with noises of one sort or another. There are even leitmotivs in this opera—one that I noticed particularly was a short musical idea consisting of a triplet followed by a sustained note, which clearly had reference to the doomed Mannon family. It might have been the opera's signature, as the fearsome Agamemnon motive is in the Strauss opera, but it never assumes real importance, and is soon forgotten. Generally the music is neutral, or neutrally unpleasant. There are no climaxes, no moments in which it contributes anything much to the drama. Mr. Levy's work is, I suppose, a good try, but it doesn't come off. What there is to hold the attention of the listener is O'Neill's, not his.

The production, as I have said, was all that one could ask for. The New York soprano Evelyn Lear, who, like so many American sopranos, has spent her career up to now singing mainly in Europe, made her local début as Lavinia. She proved to be a small, attractive figure on the stage, something of an actress and the possessor of a fine lyric-soprano voice. Marie Collier, well known at Covent Garden, made her Metropolitan début as Lavinia's mother, Christine Mannon, the work's least unsympathetic character. Miss Collier showed herself to be a thorough actress with a slightly heavier voice than Miss Lear's, and one that was very well placed and handled. Otherwise, the cast was made up of familiar singers, several of them outstanding. Sherrill Milnes was the Adam Brant, John Reardon the Orin Mannon, Ron Bottcher the Peter Niles, Lilian Sukis the Helen Niles, John Macurdy the General Ezra Mannon, and Raymond Michalski the servant Jed. The staging was by Michael Cacoyannis, the famous film director. I thought it adequate, if not especially resourceful.

Mr. Levy's unsuccessful try reminded me of several things that are

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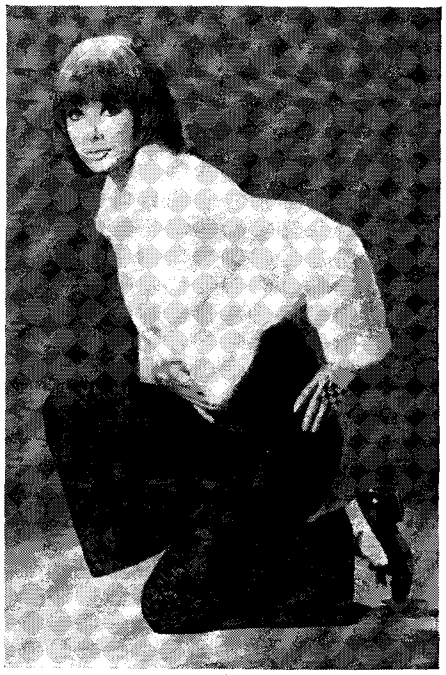
standing in the way of the creation of a genuine American operatic tradition. The vein he has worked was exhausted in Europe long ago. There are a few American operas of a totally different type that have become modest successes. "The Ballad of Baby Doe," "Susannah," "The Crucible," and the works of Gian Carlo Menotti are among them. All these are unabashedly emotional, simple, and diatonic in musical style. The moral would seem to be that whatever becomes Electra, nothing becomes the American operatic composer like a little unaffected melody.

DURING the week, I attended recitals by two pianists. One of them was the Soviet artist Yakov Zak, who appeared in Carnegie Hall on Thursday night. His program was conventionally arranged, though it contained some seldom played items. It led off with Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat Major, Opus 110; continued with Chopin's Fantaisie in F Minor, Opus 49, and five Chopin Mazurkas, along with his Scherzo No. 3 in C Sharp Minor, Opus 39; and ended with a group of works by Shostakovich and Prokofieff. Mr. Zak is not exactly a connoisseur's pianist. His manner is flashy, and is aimed at the unknowing crowd. He has facility (who ever heard of a Russian without facility?), but he is a sort of hard-edge artist who pounds his fortes unmercifully and who often miscalculates his pianissimos. His understanding of traditional musical rhetoric is obviously complete, and he is a very fast man with the fingers, but his playing is lacking in charm, is frequently inaccurate where the right notes are concerned, and, altogether, is that of an artistically second-rate performer.

The other pianist I heard was the American Francis Brancaleone, who gave a Town Hall recital, modestly attended, the preceding evening. Owing to an evening of split commitments, I heard only the tail end of his program—some Debussy "Images," a Passacaglia by Aaron Copland, and a number of encores. But even this much convinced me that Mr. Brancaleone is a pianist of sterling attainments. His sensitivity to tone and musical line is out of the ordinary; he has a fluent technique; he is capable of noble power and of a refined control in softer passages; and he can communicate the poetic content of what he plays. He is still fairly young, and is on the way up. I predict a future for



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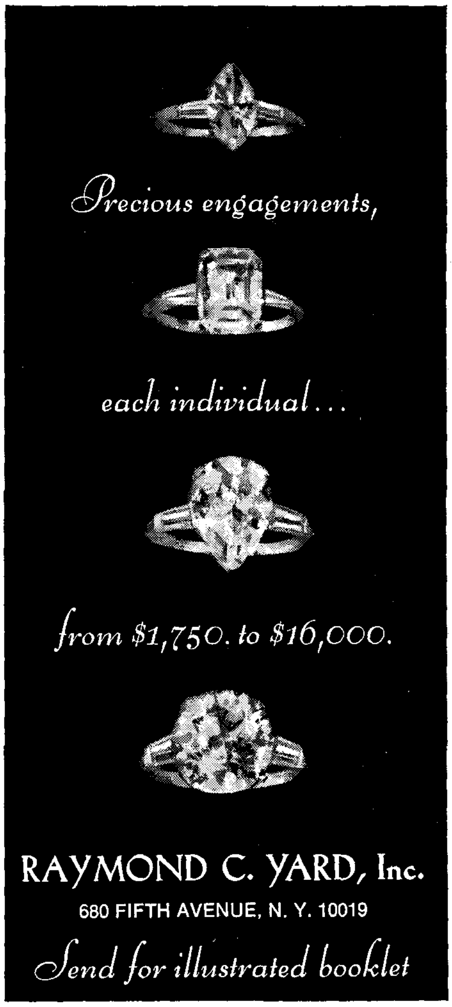

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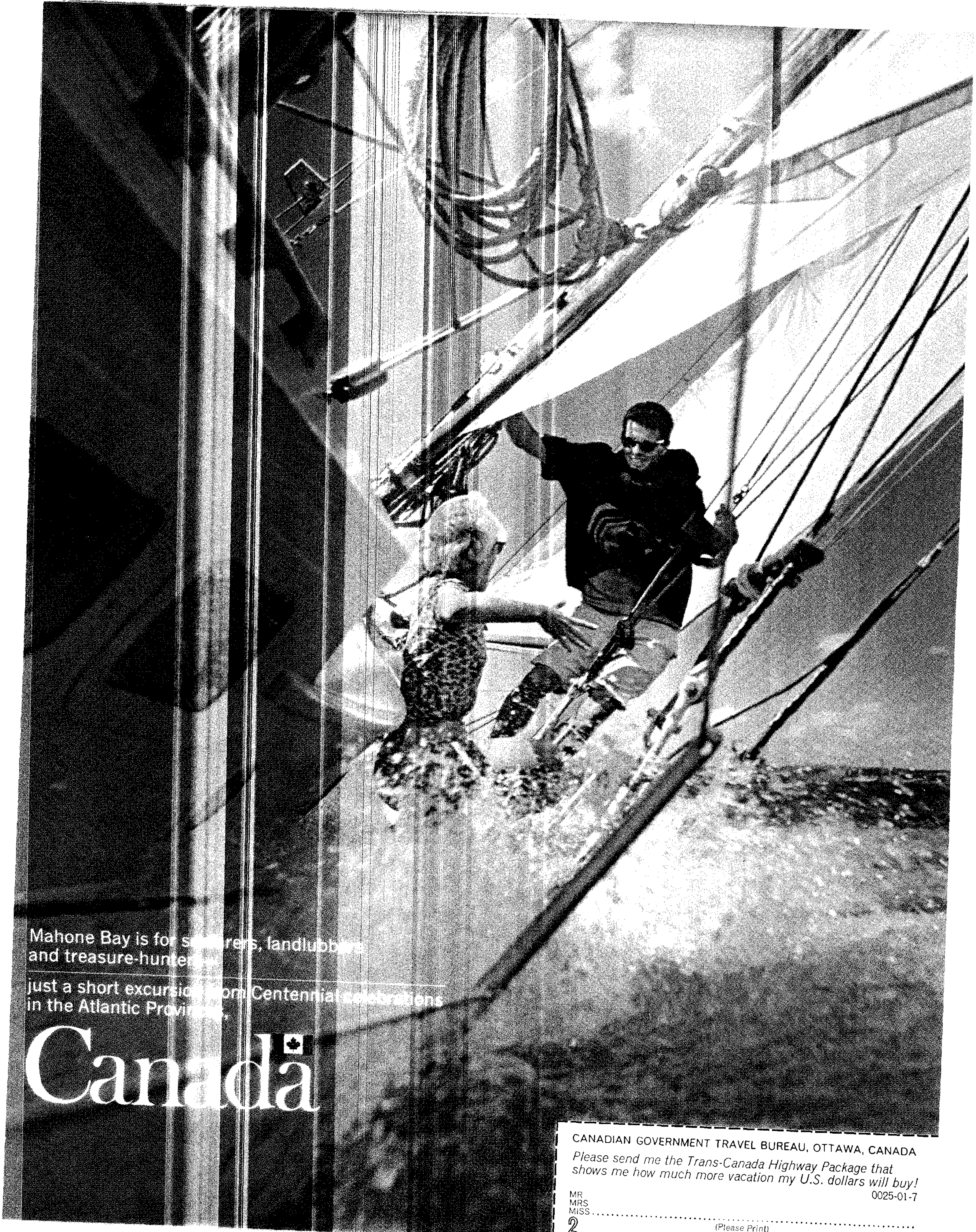

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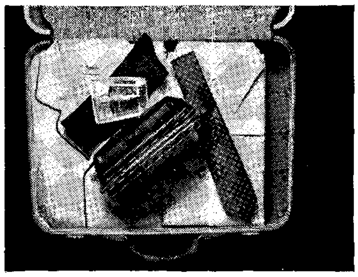

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THERE is something about Kurt Jooss's famous ballet "The Green Table" that can still capture an audience. Its references are to the world some time after the First World War, but the world has not changed enough in the meanwhile to outdate it. Of all ballets with a message, this one seems to be the most durable. Having neglected the dance most of the winter, I went to the performances of the City Center Joffrey Ballet at the New York City Center on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week, and had the good fortune to see its "Green Table" production. This is not, as far as I can remember, inferior to the original one by the Jooss Ballet, which was done here, I believe, in the early thirties. It is not detracting from the excellent abilities of those who staged this revival to note that one of the most insinuating things about "The Green Table" is the music, by Fritz Cohen. It is music that is related to the Brecht-Weill style, and has the same sleazy, slightly cheap, and yet formidably effective quality. And, as I remarked above, there are better ways of achieving a sinister atmosphere than by loud noises; one of them is sleaziness and apparent cynicism. "The Green Table," beautifully done by the Joffrey Ballet, is well worth going to see. On Tuesday night, which was when I saw it, it was accompanied by "Pas des Déesses," in which Ivy Clear, among others, distinguished herself, and by "Sea Shadow," danced by Lisa Bradley and Dermot Burke. I found Mr. Burke slightly less impressive than Richard Gain, who had danced the male role last year, but the ballet is a lovely one, and it was pleasing to see it again. On Wednesday night, a new ballet by Gerald Arpino, called "Arcs and Angels," received its première. Its music, by the seventeenth-century British composer William Lawes, seemed a bit bland and inconsequential, and the ballet itself curiously lacking in profile. The opening scene, "Cloister," disclosed a number of nuns with fluttering hands. The next scene was obviously Adam and Eve in the Garden, being spurred on by a couple of male angels—certainly not angels of the Lord. There were two more scenes, "Paths" and "Heavens," but I couldn't tell where one ended and the other began. A great many people in blue shifts and tights rushed around the stage. I think that this is something for the talented Mr. Arpino to rework.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

All Work and No Play

THE antediluvian practice of calling on entertainers to perform six nights a week has had mixed effects on jazz musicians, who, of all performing artists, most need the time to replenish their souls. It has provided young musicians with essential on-the-job training, and it has, through sheer exposure, put the music in front of what has almost always been a notoriously deaf public. But in the main it has caused untold deviltry. The weak have collapsed by the wayside or have turned to the false release of drugs or alcohol, and the strong, with rare exceptions, have become self-parodists or by-rote performers. A fair-labor-practices reform has clearly been needed, and the reform began to take drastic do-it-yourself shape four or five years ago when Sonny Rollins, dissatisfied with the effect of the treadmill on his playing, went into temporary retirement. Ornette Coleman followed not long after, and others have done it since. (Needless to say, some of these furloughs are brought about by a lack of work, but all of them depend on generous friends and/or breadwinning wives.) Coleman, in particular, appears now only in occasional concerts, and the results have been beneficial. He has had the time to take up new instruments (trumpet, violin, and musette), and he has had the time to compose. More important, his playing, freed of the old tyranny, has grown steadily.

This was apparent last Friday when Coleman, in company with a quartet (David Izenzon and Charlie Haden on bass and Charles Moffett on drums) and the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet, gave a concert at the Village Theatre. The sum of the evening was more impressive than its parts. Coleman demonstrated that he has continued to hone his alto-saxophone style without sacrificing its fire and fluency. (When he first came to New York, seven or so years ago, he offered a classic portrait of the artist as a young blabberer; he had ten million notes in his head, and he must have purged himself of nine million the first year. It was an engulfing experience for his listeners, but along the way he learned the great secret of selectivity.) Time and again the other night he slipped into affecting, al-

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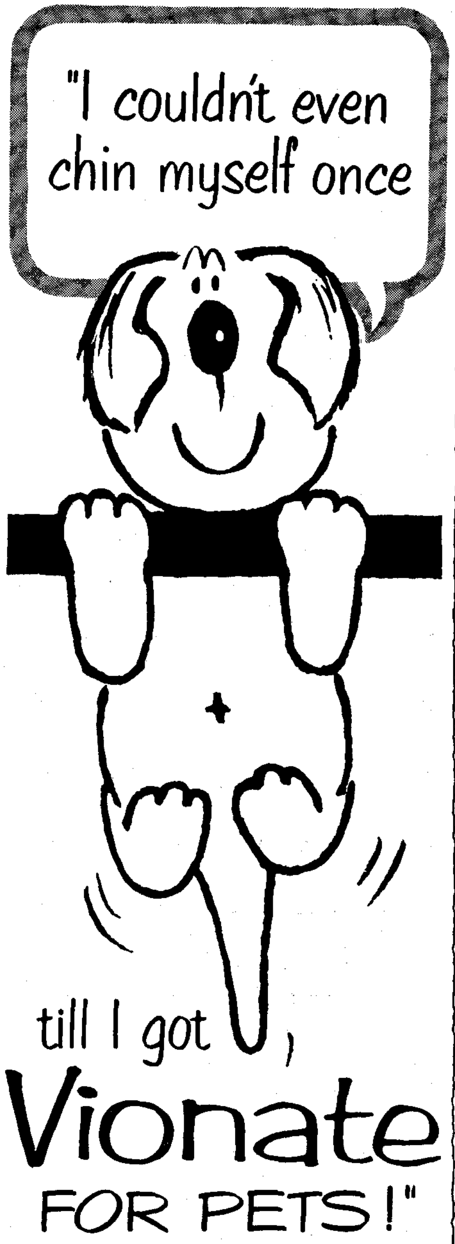
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most inaudible passages ("The Little Symphony," "Love and Sex"), and throughout he revealed complete control. He delved comfortably into the middle and low registers of the trumpet for the first time ("Just for You"), and on the violin ("A Capella for Four Wise Men") he curbed the histrionic tendencies he often shows, and on the musette he got a tone that moved pleasantly back and forth between a conch and a bagpipe ("Buddha Blues"). Coleman's group is a model of collective interplay. Haden, playing pizzicato, and Izenzon, playing arco (they swapped roles in "Atavism"), worked simultaneously, while Moffett issued a steady persiflage of melodic counter-rhythms. New Orleans jazz has withered, but its greatest gift to music—the improvised ensemble—attractively haunts everything from rock 'n' roll to the "new thing."

The Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet worked its way through a Villa-Lobos piece and a short, tentative exercise by S. A. Chambers. Then, at the end of the concert, Coleman joined it in a new composition of his own, "Forms and Sounds." The form, straight from the church, was call and response; Coleman played a dozen or so brief cadenzas on the trumpet, each of which was answered by the quintet. And the sounds consisted of Coleman's squirting, high-note phrases and the wood-and-leaf textures of the quintet. The piece, though, suggested a series of parentheses strung out side by side, and it was disappointing that Coleman played *with* the quintet only in its final passage.

Perhaps Coleman will find his way toward appearing more often. His feet remain firmly in the old blues and his head is full of celestial things—a balanced presence that could offset a great deal of the dark jabber-jabber that afflicts the rest of the "new thing."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The SP [Southern Pacific] shouldn't expect to have its cake buttered on both sides and it ought to take the bull by the tail and look the situation squarely in the face.—*Palo Alto Times.*

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•

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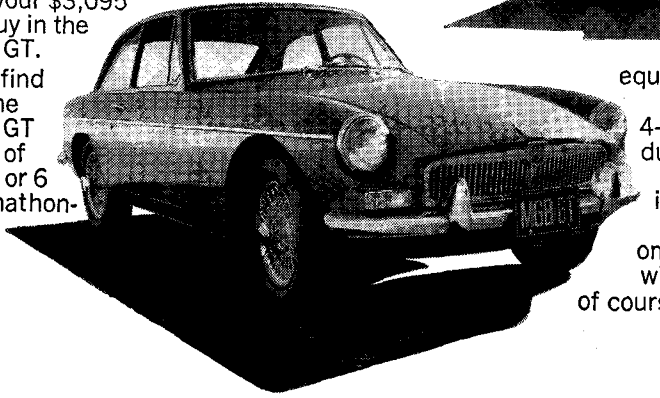

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE LAST FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN

THE Landmarks Preservation Commission hasn't said a word so far about trying to save Madison Square Garden, due to be vacated later this year, when the new arena on top of Pennsylvania Station is ready, so I have been busy this winter refreshing and storing up memories. I think I have the old barracks by heart now—those steep, mysteriously intertwined de Chirico stairs and landings, the cigarette smoke thickening under the spotlights up near the yellow Quonset-siding ceiling, the super-fans in the last row of the balcony standing up in their seats and propping themselves against the rafters with their hands, and the big suspended megaphone drum mumbling above the center arena like the topside works of an ancient Kelvinator. The Garden was never noted for the brilliance of its paint or its lighting (I have never been sure of the original color of those glum, plaster-walled tenement corridors), but the place has always seemed sufficiently illuminated for me by my expectancy on arrival. For me—as, I suppose, for every other New York-bred sports fan—every night at the Garden now is warmed and brightened by the remembered sights and smells and sounds of a thousand and one younger nights: the hum and wirelike smoothness of six-day bike riders, the splat and batter of basketballs, the Indian fragrance of circus elephants, the insane yelp of benched terriers, the squeak of a middleweight's shoes inside the tatty red plush ropes of the fight ring. The family portraits on the Garden's walls are changed from time to time, but those that have vanished—Frank Boucher, Torchy Peden, Ching Johnson, Gene Venzke, Babe Pratt, George Mikan, Chuck Rayner, Phil Watson, Marcel Cerdan, Camille Henry, and the rest—are almost more visible than the ones up this year. Most of these names, it may be noticed, belong to hockey players, for the Garden—to me, at least—means ice hockey first. Hockey and the Rangers.

It should be explained that hockey locals find it easier to recall Ranger faces than Ranger triumphs. Two moments I do remember may make this clear. Listening to a radio broadcast late on the night of April 23, 1950, I heard Don Raleigh, a frail Ranger center, score two overtime goals in the seventh, and deciding, game of the Stanley Cup playoffs in Detroit's Olympia Stadium. Unfortunately for Raleigh, the Detroit Red Wings also scored twice in that period, and then, deep in the night, a Wings forward named Pete Babando scored the sudden-death, double-overtime goal that won the championship for Detroit. Then, on March 25, 1962, the last day of the season, I saw Andy Bathgate, the Rangers' brilliant right-winger, set up a goal against the Chicago Black Hawks at the Garden and thereby win the league's scoring title for that year with a total of eighty-four points (twenty-eight goals, fifty-six assists). Unfortunately for Bathgate, Chicago's Bobby Hull scored in the same game, thus tying Bathgate for the title (fifty goals, thirty-four assists) and entirely surpassing him in esteem, for only two other players in league history had previously achieved the fifty-goal plateau. As sporting echoes, these have a cracked, imperfect timbre, and every Ranger fan recognizes that word "unfortunately" as the leper's bell that precedes his team through the passages of hockey history. The Rangers have an all-time losing record against all five other members of the National Hockey League. They have won the Stanley Cup three times in forty years, most recently in 1940. They have not made the Cup finals since 1950. They have not qualified for the Cup playoffs—a baby eminence achieved by finishing the regular season among the first four of six teams—since 1961. Last year, the Rangers finished dead last, winning eighteen games out of seventy. As a result of all this, Ranger fans, who are as numerous and passionate as any in hockey, have earned a permanent aura of hushed respect in public places, like Sicilian widows. The barside bleats of those attached to such famous recent corpses as the Mets, the Yankees, and the football Giants die on the air when a Ranger fan enters, for his weeds have gone green with age.

Ranger-watching this season at first produced few surprises. There were the same large, excited crowds (whatever the team's record, Garden hockey attendance runs close to ninety-five per cent of capacity), many of the same earnest, troubled faces on the ice, the same delicate checking

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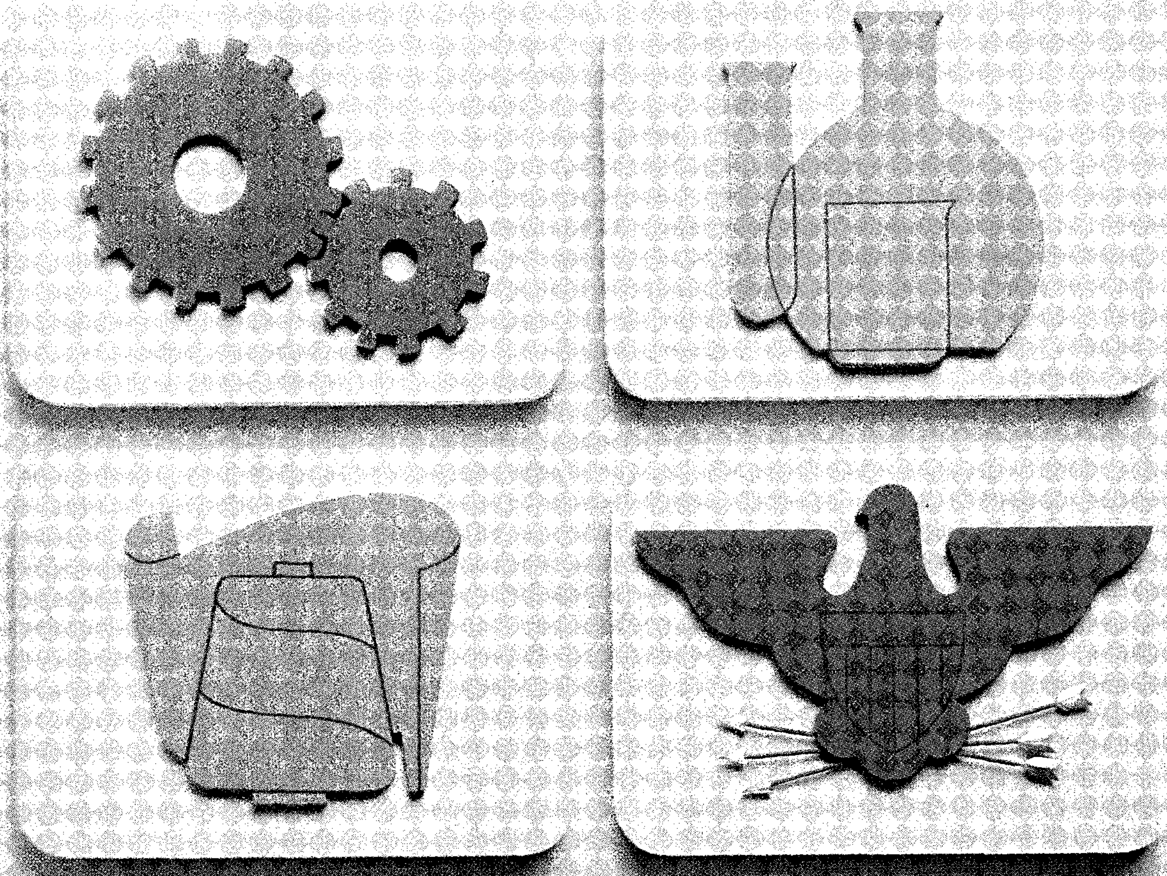

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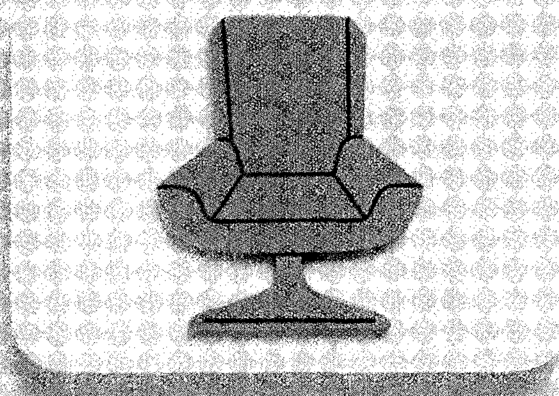

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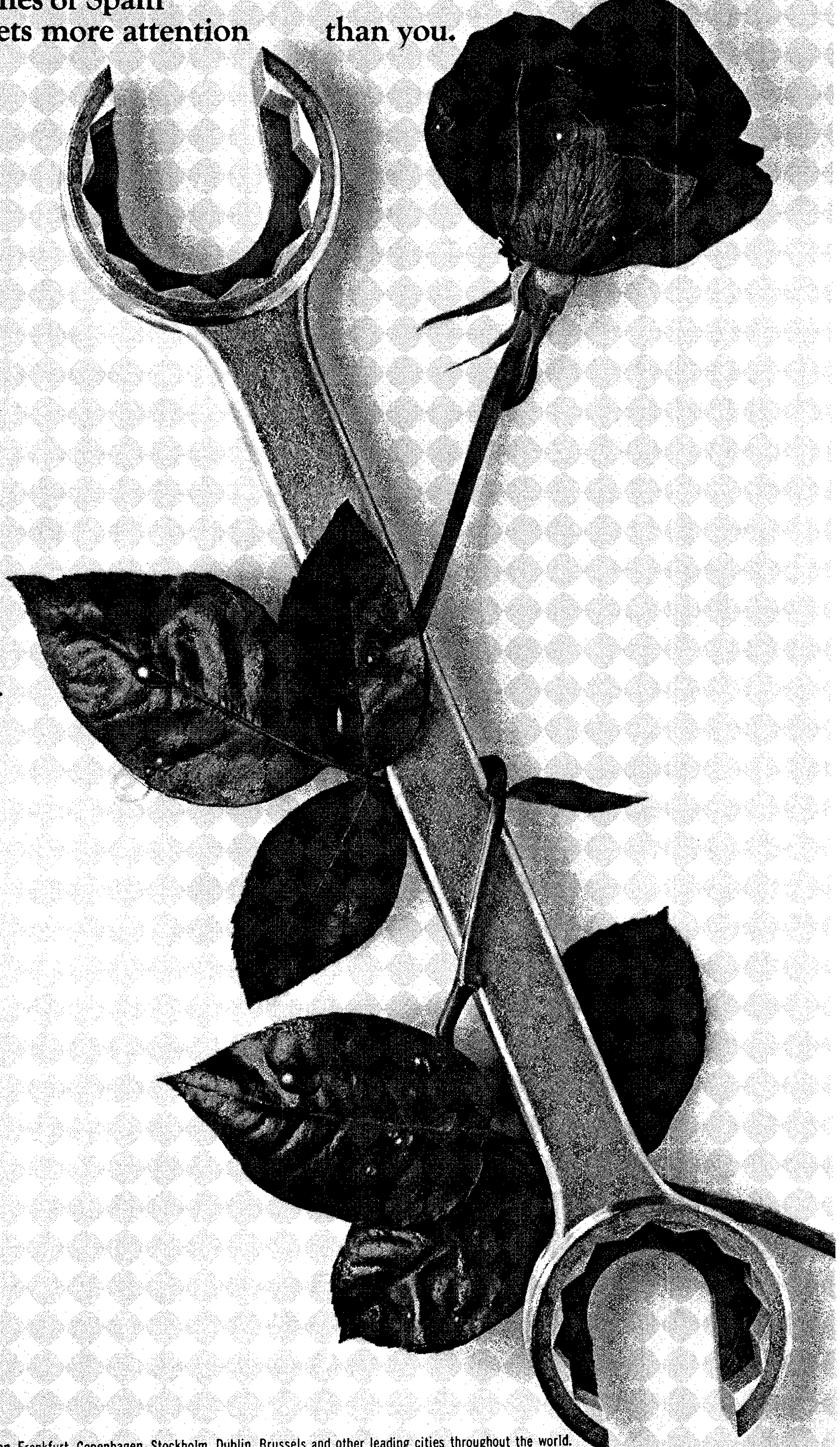

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and hopeless shots from center ice, and the gallery's same late-evening reliance on sideshows such as trash-throwing and contumely. One of the favorite Ranger sideshows is a fan named John Gerecitano, who turns up at almost every home game carrying a trombone and wearing a beret and a leopardskin or gold lamé dinner jacket; appropriately to his cause, he has never learned to play the trombone. To the familiar doomed honking of this instrument, the Rangers got off to their customary stumbling start, winning only two of their first ten games. On November 9th, in the Garden, the team fumbled away a late two-goal lead to the Boston Bruins for a 3–3 tie, and Ranger goalie Ed Giacomin skated off the ice through a descending blizzard of catcalls, toilet paper, old programs, and beer containers. Something happened to Giacomin after that night, however. Perhaps it was only a hardening of the ears; perhaps it was his surprised discovery that he was still the Ranger goalie, and not headed back for the minors, where he had spent most of his seven seasons in professional hockey; perhaps it was a sudden maturing of the electric reflexes and invincible self-esteem that are essential to his dangerous calling. He was a different goalie after that, and the Rangers were suddenly a different team. The next game, at Montreal's Forum, where the Rangers had won one of their twenty-two previous encounters, produced a 6–3 victory over the defending champions, the Canadiens, and the next night the Rangers came home and humiliated Detroit, 5–2, repeatedly dumping Red Wing skaters on their pants, and delighting themselves with their own ferocity.

It is still difficult for confirmed Job's comforters to believe the happenings of the ensuing six weeks. There were solid victories over every other team in the league, a pair of back-to-back shutouts against Toronto and Chicago, no two defeats in succession, and a memorable Christmas Day 1–0 shutout of the powerful Black Hawks in a game in which the Rangers were outshot 27–17. Two weeks before that, the gallery dog pack had taken up a new, entirely unfamiliar baying: "We're Number One!" The Rangers were leading the league.

Prolonged examination of this wonder makes it clear that the Rangers, although not spectacularly reinforced by the addition of any young superstars, have at least rebuilt their quaint, four-cylinder interior engine that used to poop out on every winter hillock. Two years ago, the Rangers were

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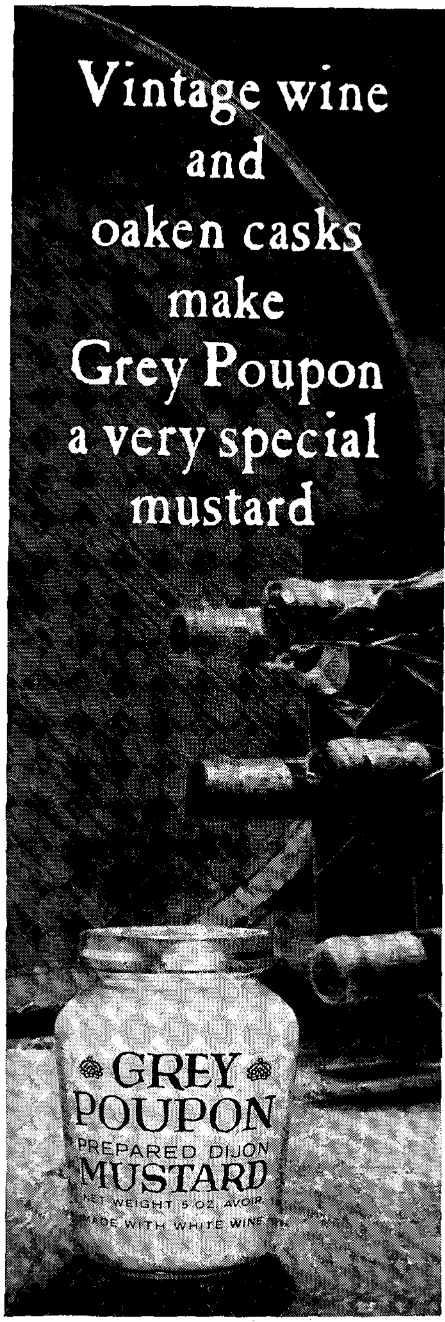

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the smallest team in the league—an insufficiency that had bred in them a chronic apologetic politeness on the ice. When Emile Francis took over as the club's manager, in 1964, he set about rebalancing matters, and traded almost purely for muscle, with such success that the team is now the biggest in the N.H.L. From Boston came Reg Fleming, a thick-necked, ill-tempered, hard-checking forward who has frequently led the league in penalties, once drawing the incredible total of thirty-seven minutes of penalty time in one game. From Montreal came the less inflammable but equally bulky Red Berenson and a hard-rock defenseman named Al MacNeil, and from Toronto a tall center named Orland Kurtenbach, who is outstanding on defense and has the reputation of having the fastest fists in hockey. Kurtenbach defended this title successfully in Detroit one night this winter when he flattened Bert Marshall, an immense Red Wings defenseman, with one punch, opening a twenty-stitch wound in Marshall's mouth. Finally, last summer, Emile Francis made a handsome twenty-five-thousand-dollar offer to Bernie (Boom-Boom) Geoffrion, the Canadiens' heavy-shouldered, scowling perpetual-all-star forward, and Geoffrion, who is now thirty-six, ended a two-year retirement and joined the team. The Boomer (a de Gaulle-like third person that he sometimes employs in conversation) came to training camp retinued with pride, reputation, aggressiveness, and the heavy-missile slap-shot that he invented and popularized in hockey. He lost no time in berating languid, down-on-their-luck rookies, and told a group of Ranger veterans, "You people always skate out on the ice with long faces, ready to lose. The Canadiens come out thinking no one can beat them. Look at the difference." Geoffrion skated with such dogged energy that he surprised even himself by his early return to condition and effectiveness; at this writing he has earned sixteen goals—many of them in key games—and the vociferous gratitude of the Garden fans. He displays the permanent inner combustibility that distinguishes notable stayers in quick sports, and is a pleasure to watch even in practice, where I have seen him shove an unexpected shoulder into a teammate's stomach, knock the stick from an idle defenseman's grasp, and throw up his hands in delight when he scores in scrimmage.

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Mr. Fuess and Miss Knibbs have to listen pretty carefully to guide their recommendations on what additions to the 5,000 ought to be announced as available. Availability governs feasibility for many a research idea in its early fetal stages. It is an awesome responsibility for mere mortals, but that's all corporations are made of.

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We hire mechanical engineers who have worked effectively in the aerospace industry as well as young mechanical engineers out of college who are willing to start out on sewing machines. We have no present intentions of manufacturing sewing machines. What interests us about sewing machines is their use. Equally strong is our interest in knitting machinery, spinning equipment, dyeing equipment, and looms. All kinds of devices that participate in making clothes for the person and fabrics for the home interest us. We want these devices to work as perfectly as human ingenuity can make them work. Our reason for this may strike you as devious.

Let us spill some beans.

You are aware that many garments and home furnishings carry a tag which says that they contain KODEL, our polyester fiber. It is very much to our financial interest that when you purchase such an item you be pleased with it. The properties of our KODEL Fiber have much to do with your pleasure, but there are other factors.

Some of these other factors have their origin in the workrooms of the long chains of business enterprises through which our fiber reaches you. They can't all afford bright young engineers the way we can. They can't wait for them to learn enough details to be useful. In Kingsport, Tenn., we have practical facilities to give them all the experience they need without doing any harm. Then they fan out into the mills and shops, working for other companies but drawing their paychecks from us.

And what do we accomplish with this altruism? A beautiful growth curve for KODEL Fiber – that's what.

Photography to serve inner needs

Splashes of abstract art will do a fine job of decorating an apartment or private office or a fine new home. The only trouble with this suggestion is that now, by 1967, its freshness has worn off quite a bit. One can tell the century without a calendar by noting that chromos of the Grand Canal no longer prevail; such a place can be checked off as up to date. One can't tell much about the people who inhabit it. (Aside from the softness of the chairs, are the inhabitants comfortable with themselves?)

Why shouldn't a physican inspire himself and compliment his favorite teachers at med school by asking them for portraits for the walls of his office?

How about tastefully counterpointing the abstract beauty with a few up-to-date portrait photographs of the inhabitants and those dear to them?

And thus we try to turn thoughts toward making constructive use of the talents of the modern professional photographer. It is easy to forget that photography was invented by artists as a tool, artists without compunctions against serving other than their own inner needs. (Scientists got into it later.)

It was a fairly messy operation for a generation. Then a young man named George Eastman and various competitors introduced photographic plates that didn't have to be exposed while still wet. Eastman did well enough to quit his regular job at a bank, but he wanted far more than just a little business of his own. In going on to fulfill his ambition, he convinced much of the civilized world that you don't need a professional photographic artist to derive happiness from photographs. Yet today there are many more people making far better livings as professional photographers than before George Eastman made his score. And they love us for supplying the products they need for prosperity.

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trimmed fifteen pounds off his playing weight of last year, and his added mobility has helped him fulfill the mere promise of his first two years in the big league. Rod Gilbert, the Rangers' D'Artagnan, who seems to have entirely recovered from the spine injury that finished him after half the season last year (he has had two spinal-fusion operations), leaped off to an early hot streak that made him the league's leading goal-getter by midseason, and good health also came back to the team's first line of Donnie Marshall, Phil Goyette, and Bob Nevin, who have produced scores with a satisfying, almost machinelike regularity through the long winter. Nevin, the team captain, has been perhaps less brilliant on offense than in previous years, but Marshall, a frail, half-bald left-winger who resembles a promising insurance executive, has achieved his third successive twenty-goal year, which is the equivalent of three over-.300 years in baseball. His business partner—on the ice and in the ownership of a Montreal bowling alley—is Goyette, a center who is the team's smoothest stick-handler, playmaker, and face-off man. Goyette lacks the size and imperiousness of great forwards like Gordie Howe, Bobby Hull, and Jean Beliveau, but there are few better at the hard, unlovely work of hockey, which is digging the puck out of the corners, or out of a welter of enemy skates and struggling defensemen behind the net, and whisking it onto the stick of a teammate. The happiest result of all this good luck and good hockey has been the sudden and absolute apotheosis of Harry Howell, the handsome gray-haired defenseman who has been with the team since 1952 and has played in more Ranger games than anyone else in club history. Over the years, Harry's sincere, fatherly competence had won him more admiration from the ladies at the Garden than from the sportswriters, but early this season it became apparent to everybody that at last, at the age of thirty-four, he had developed into the best defenseman in the league. Enemy bombers arriving in Howell's territory are rarely shot down; they seem, rather, to fly into a wall of wet Kleenex and stick there, kicking. When carrying the puck through a cloud of opposing forecheckers and up to the safety of center ice, Howell has the reassuring, mistakeproof elegance of a veteran waiter managing a loaded tray in heavy dinner traffic. This year, relieved by better defense and goaltending, he is no longer burdened with the notion that

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Man to man:

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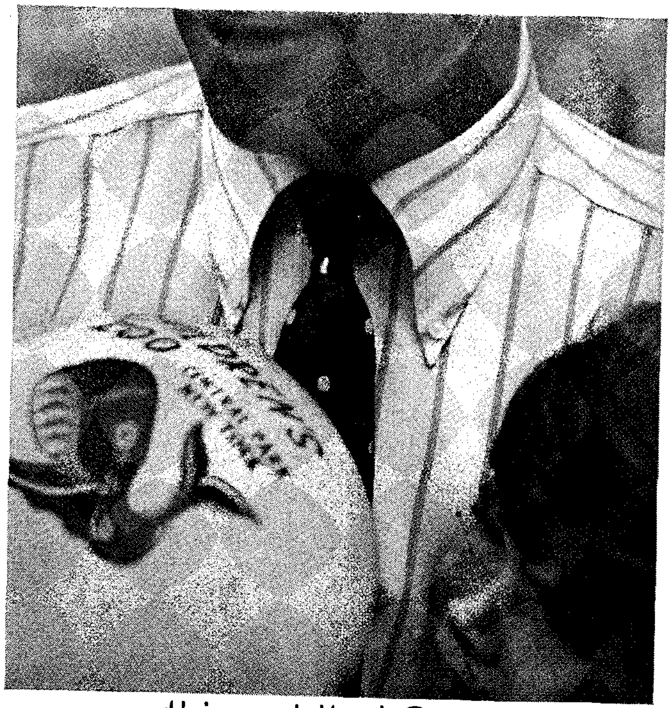

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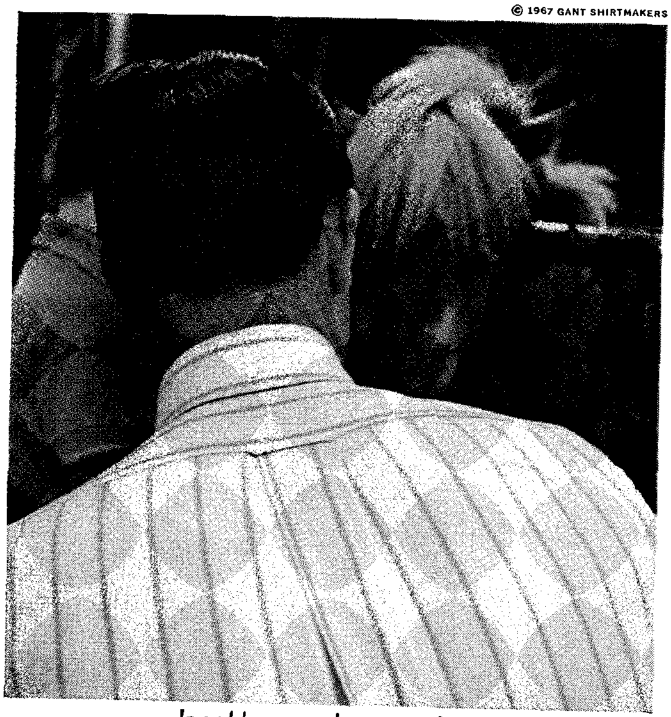

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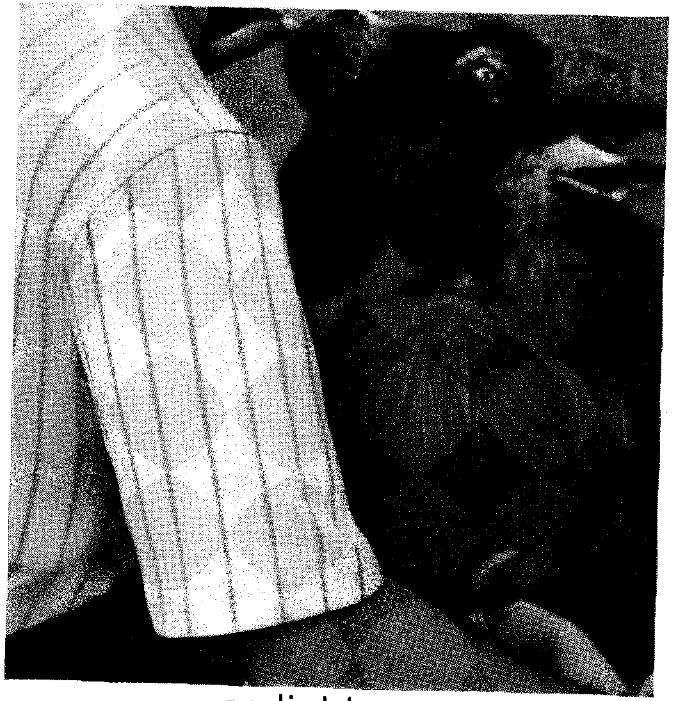

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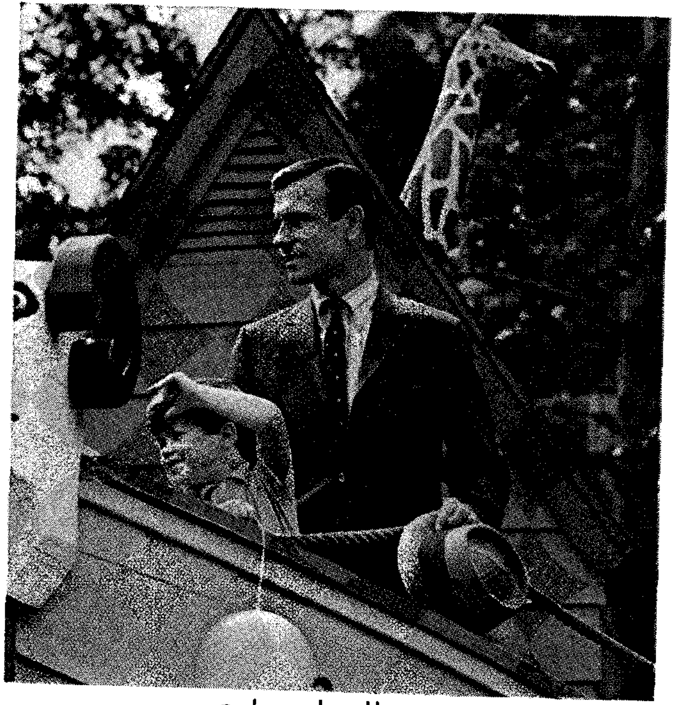

a toy balloon

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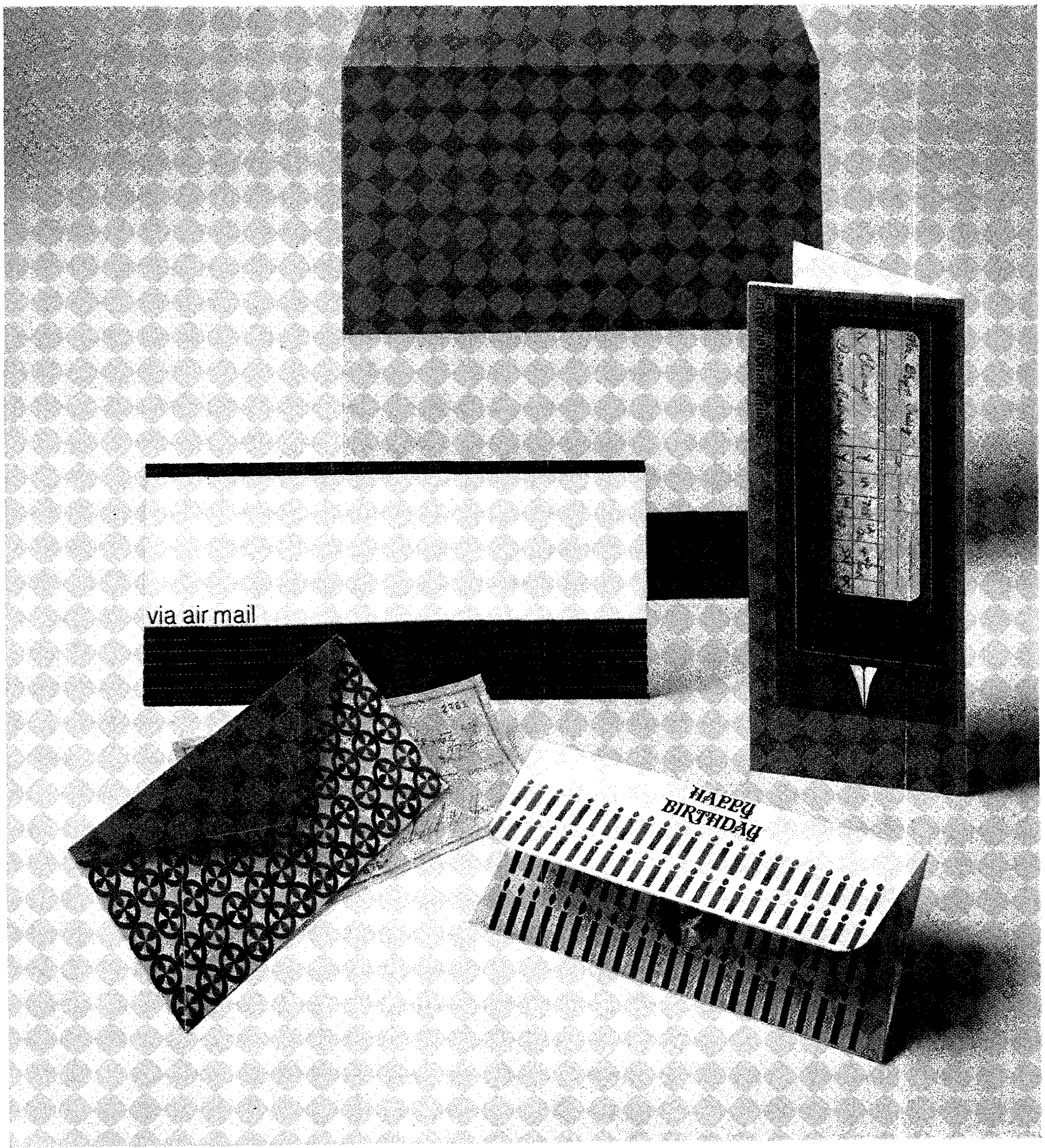

The graphic designs reproduced in this advertisement were created especially for Champion Papers by Kamifuji.

he must hurry back instantly and help out at the steam tables, and his low, accurate shots from the blue line have brought him more goals and assists than most of the team's forwards. In the midseason balloting, Howell was a unanimous choice for the league's all-star team.

Emile Francis was a goalie (known as the Cat) for fourteen years, mostly in the high minors, and his special reclamation project this year has been Giacomin, who has made the leap in one season from part-timer to a midyear berth on the all-star first team. Last year, he was most notable for his compulsive puck-chasing to the side- and backboards, where he could often be found playing shinny with enemy skaters yards away from his gaping nets. Now, after some lengthy philosophical discourse with his coach, he stays closer to home and displays the experienced goalie's fondness for property and order—the indignant attitude of a candy-store owner defending his shop window during a Saturday-night rumble. "I hate to see strangers *standing around*," he sometimes mutters. Giacomin, who is taller and narrower than most net-minders, has always had extremely fast hands and legs, and now he has learned to smother rebounds and to make the difficult, infielder-like move toward the danger on hard chances. On occasion, he has gone entirely stale, for goaltenders' nerves, like those of great putters or pool players, sometimes desert them unexpectedly, but he revives quickly, and again and again this year he has come up with the incredible, game-saving stop that is the mark of the born big-league goalie. He looks almost ready to join such past stalwarts as Davey Kerr and Chuck Rayner as a life member in the Ranger nets.

Francis, the builder of this team, is a small, wiry, intense man, whose pale face bears only a few reminders of the two hundred and forty stitches, the five-times-broken nose, and the eighteen lost teeth of his playing days. (The expanses of empty gums visible at any N.H.L. practice session would electrify a denture manufacturer.) Held in no particular regard in 1964, when he became general manager, he made his first contribution to the Rangers' present sense of combative self-respect early last season, when he precipitated a riot in an end-promenade section of the Garden while protesting a score that a goal judge had awarded to the Red Wings. Eight or ten Rangers actually scaled the Herculite glass that night to swing fists beside their

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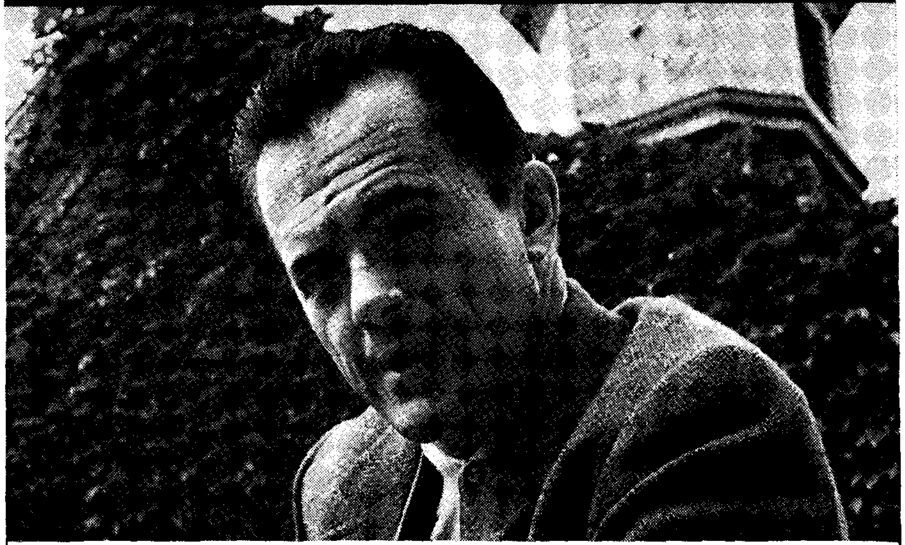

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chief, displaying considerably more energy and hostility than their supporters had believed them capable of. Since taking over the second job of team coach in the middle of last year's long downward slide, Francis has given increasing evidence of his perceptiveness as a leader. Unlike some of his recent predecessors, he has refused to throw any of his players to the press as a burnt offering after a bad game, and after a good one he has the habit of publicly praising his less talented personnel for their work. Best of all, from the players' point of view, is his recognition of the fact that it is money, rather than praise or glory, that keeps the professional skating and checking during the dreary midwinter stretches of a seventy-game schedule. This year, Francis has instituted a system of progressive bonuses—high goal levels for top shooters like Gilbert, low goals-against levels for the defense—that will fatten some famously unstretched wallets. (A good guess at the average N.H.L. player's salary, including playoff money, is fifteen thousand dollars.)

Francis, who recognizes that his team is unlikely to dazzle the opposition with its footwork, has a bitter abhorrence of genteel checking. "We won't have to send any uniforms out for repairs *tonight*," he said disgustedly after a poor game this year. "Hell, after that one we won't even have to send 'em to the goddam cleaners." Through every game, through every practice, his thin, hard-edged voice grinds out the same points of dogma—stiff checking, position hockey, the keeping of the defensive box up-ice and down-ice. As coaches go, he is not a histrionic sufferer during games, but he is capable of awesome levels of sustained abuse. Francis was a sergeant in the Canadian Army at the age of sixteen, and during one bumbling practice session in January I heard him deliver a ten-minute oration to the ranks that matched, in vocabulary and high-register breath control, anything I encountered during a lengthy stretch under several famous parade-ground Ciceros.

Now that he has beef at his command, Francis frets when his team fails to incur at least two or three penalties per game, for he knows that penalties are the stamp of high-ferocity contact hockey. The Rangers, who used to skate onto the ice with the gloomy conviction that they needed to score at least four goals to stay in contention in any game, are now so confident of their defensive abilities that they accept their deserved penalties with lofty cool. Thanks to Giacomin and the defensemen and to such talented penalty-killers as Marshall, Nevin, and Kurtenbach, they have the best record in the league for shorthanded play, and in one long stretch this winter they compiled a total of two hundred and seventy-two minutes of one-man-short action in which they gave up a total of sixteen goals. That comes out to something like 3.5 goals per game scored against five-man Ranger teams, which is a better defensive record than some six-man Ranger teams have achieved in the past.

PROFESSIONAL hockey is the most emotional of all team sports, for players and spectators alike. It is the fastest, of course, and also the most demanding, since it requires a positive eagerness for painful physical contact over a season five times as long as that played by football professionals, and the sustaining of poise and energy in the face of almost total frustration. Forward lines must skate at such unceasing high levels of energy that they come off the ice rubber-legged after hardly more than a minute in action—usually with nothing to show for it but a continuation of the same slovenly, exhausted standoff. Modern hockey, because of the one-line passing restriction, and because of coaches like Emile Francis, is no longer a game of elegant, multiple-pass, sweeping dashes up and down the ice. It has become a tense, low-scoring struggle for physical supremacy, in which the typical goal is scored on the tip-in of a long shot that has caromed off three or four legs and skates, or on a sudden swipe at a bouncing puck in the midst of a scuffle of tangled, half-falling defensemen and attackers. No wonder, then, that almost every game erupts at least once into a brisk fistfight, when the ice suddenly resembles the environs of a bombed glove factory, and the combatants, their jerseys pulled halfway over their heads, exchange the wild swings and death-ray glares of fifth graders in a playground disagreement. Most N.H.L. teams now include at least one professional hothead like New York's Reg Fleming, Montreal's John Ferguson, Boston's Teddy Green, or Detroit's Howie Young, for this is a violent game, and a good blood-clearing one-rounder, followed by a pause for debris disposal, can sometimes lift a floundering club and turn a game around.

The high-voltage action and low-

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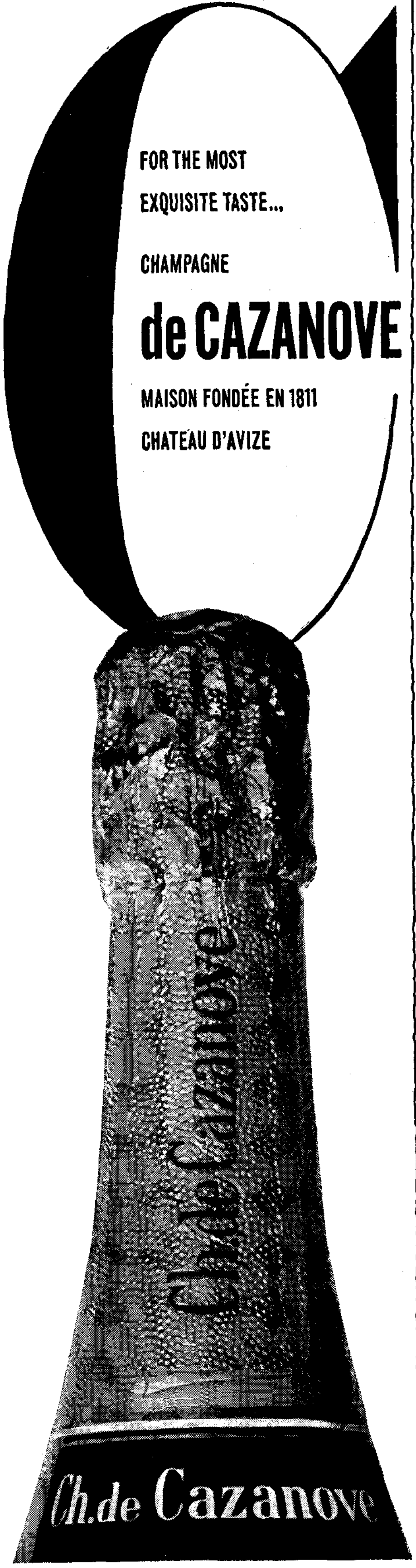

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amperage scoring of hockey result in the same overheating among the fans, especially those in the smoky, overhanging dollar-fifty seats in the Garden's balcony. Up there, the game produces instant partisanship, hyperesthesia, and sometimes the salvoing of all attic movables. (The last phenomenon is also observable in Boston Garden, which has the same steep critics' balcony; in Maple Leaf Gardens, in Toronto, everything is flatter, including the spectators, who sometimes can barely rouse themselves to pat their palms together after a home-team score.) Heavily tweeded Ranger fans in the lower side loges glare disapprovingly up at the windbreaker set during a trash storm, but it is plain to me that the deepest Ranger loyalties and most interesting critical passions are to be found upstairs. It must not be assumed, for instance, that gallery obloquy is directed entirely toward officials and enemy teams. The balcony booed Harry Howell out of his team captaincy during one of his poorer years, and mounted a non-stop "Muzz Must Go!" chant in the winter of 1962 that finished Muzz Patrick as coach. These are the all-season loyalists who have been most sorely wounded by their team's long record of ineptitude, and in recent years they have also seen some of their little band of deities—Andy Bathgate, Dean Prentice, Camille Henry, and Gump Worsley—sold to other teams as the Ranger management tried to trade itself into contention. The Gumper, a basketball-shaped goalie, was a special favorite and a special target for abuse. I remember a game four or five years ago in which the Rangers were leading the Bruins, 4–0, late in the last period, and everyone knew that Worsley was thinking shutout. The yelps from the sky split the air: "Here they *come*, Gumper! Here goes the old shutout!" . . . "This is your last year, ya crum! Your string's run out!" . . . "Fall down, Gump—they're shooting at your fat head!" A minute later, the buzzer rang, Worsley had his shutout, and the same morale builders jumped up and down, slapped each other on the back, and roared their tribute: "Great game, Gumper!" . . . "How *about* that Worsley?" . . . "Way to go, Gumper *baby!*" They are a big-city crowd—no bush about them.

These same patrons make up a large percentage of the Rangers Fan Club, a self-invented and self-perpetuating claque of about twelve hundred members, which publishes a newsletter, holds evening sociables for favorite

Chipp
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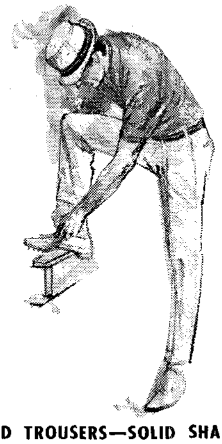

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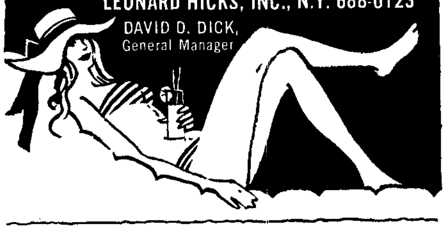

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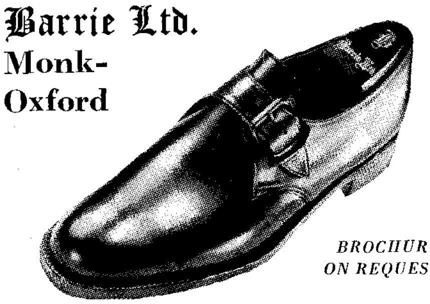

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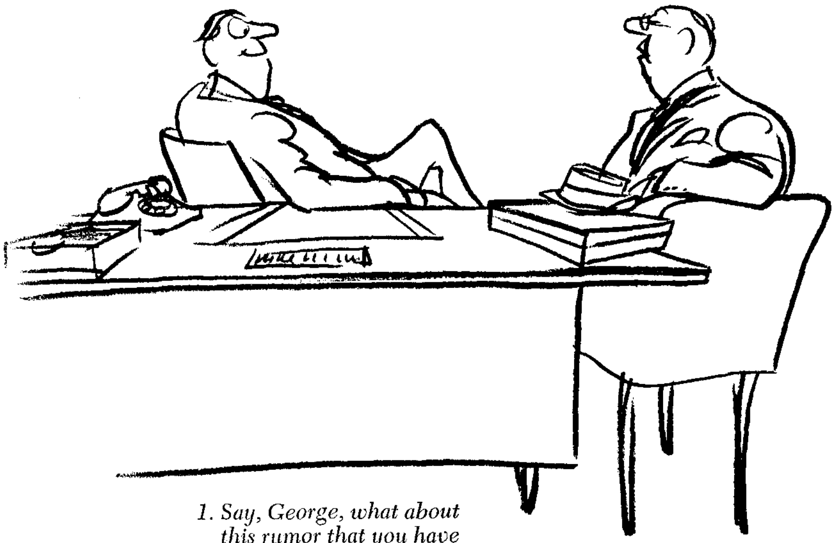
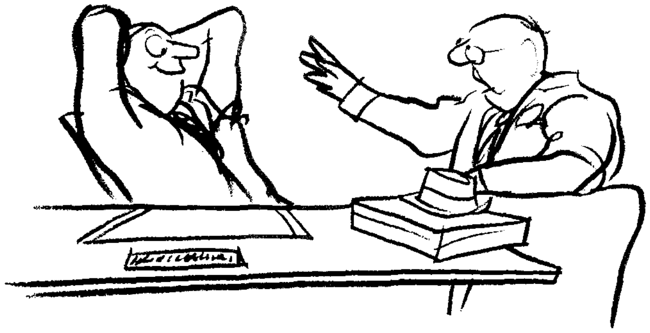


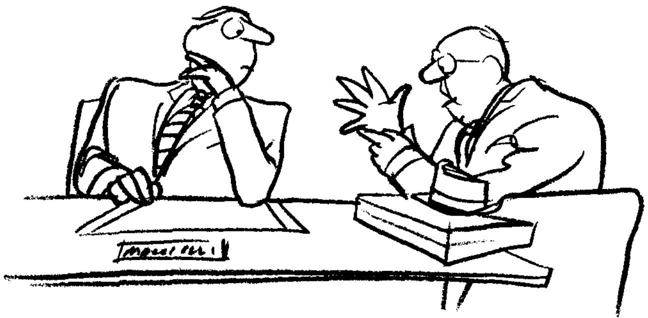
1. Say, George, what about this rumor that you have a cow in your garage?

That's no rumor. That's Bossie, my Guernsey.



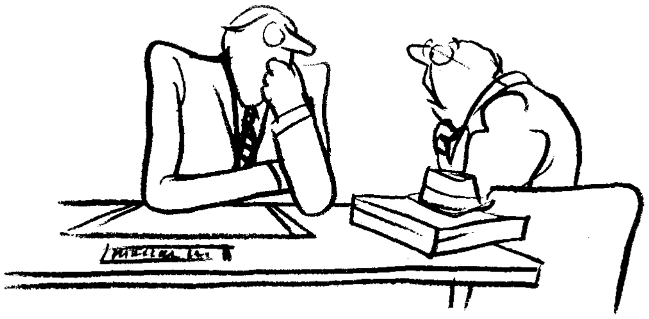
2. Oh, a gag?

No, sir. She's insurance. I also have some Rhode Island Reds in the tool shed.



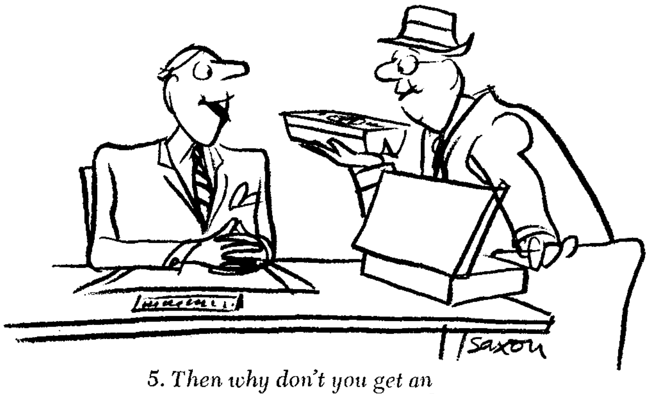
3. You do?

Beans where the rosebush used to be. Peas instead of pachysandras. Potatoes instead of petunias.



4. I don't get it.

You would if you were near retirement age. Jane and I sat down and counted up our assets. We figured it's possible for our money to run out before our appetites do. So we're not taking any chances.



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team players, and arranges trips to out-of-town Ranger games. The pilgrimage to Montreal last month brought out five busloads of Fan Clubbers, who rode for ten hours through the night, slept in hotels all day, and then took up their standing-room posts at the Forum and shouted hoarsely throughout the game before starting the ten-hour trip home. The Rangers won, 5–0, making the expedition a ravishing social success.

The upstairs zealots are uneasy about next year, for they face the prospect not only of a new arena, where their seats, however shiny and comfortable, will probably be out of effective insult range, but also of an entirely different kind of hockey season. This summer, the National Hockey League will double in size, for six brand-new teams—in Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia—will be formed after a player draft and pronounced to be of major-league calibre. Unsurprisingly, the executives of the six existing teams did not agree to this plan without first assuring themselves that their valuable, carefully engineered clubs would not be decimated. The draft provides that each team may protect one goalie and eleven other players before losing a man to the newcomers, and other clauses are similarly beneficial to the status quo. There is no pretense of immediate equality; each of the six old teams will play fifty games among themselves next year, interspersed with twenty-four semi-exhibitions against the newcomers. The league president, Clarence Campbell, has said that future drafts will insure league equality and a superior level of hockey by 1969 or 1970, but I cannot believe it, if only because the difference between great and mediocre hockey players—between star first-liners and alternate third-liners—is already apparent, and because the example of other expanded sports offers no evidence that more teams and more money automatically produce more quality players. Fans next year not only will have to accustom themselves to the new uniforms and the too young and too old personae of such teams as the Pittsburgh Penguins and the Minneapolis North Stars but will also experience the deadening convenience of increased television coverage of hockey. Television money, as much as our national bemusement with all sports, is what breeds expansion, and I can only dread its further intrusion into this particular sport. Television's prissy eye has always looked quickly away from rowdiness, fistfights, and the spilling of

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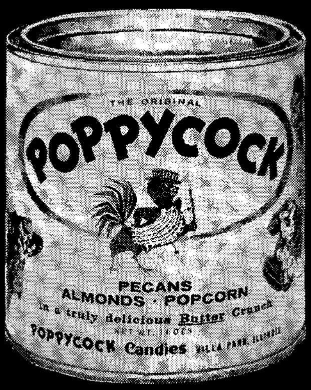
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angry blood by athletes, and its pauses for commercials will at last lower the pulse rate of this winged game. Hockey will be bigger, cleaner, and duller next year.

IT may be apparent to some that I have been delaying my account of the second half of the Rangers' season. Unfortunately—*clong!*—first place proved too fragile a treasure to be confidently handled by the team, and the Black Hawk incomparables, led by Bobby Hull and a swift line made up of Stan Mikita, Doug Mohns, and Ken Wharram, which may set an all-time league record for points, took over the lead in mid-January and launched the long string of victories that has brought the team its first championship ever. The other contenders—Toronto, Montreal, and Detroit—recovered the various team identities that had eluded them earlier, and suddenly it became plain that this was the best-balanced league in many years. The Rangers, while resolutely avoiding the long losing fevers that had prostrated them in previous winters (at this writing they have yet to lose three games in a row), found consistency to be beyond their powers; they would follow a well-earned, hard-checking victory with an evening or two of languid, introspective figure skating. There was some bad luck, too—an uninterrupted series of minor injuries that required Emile Francis to reshuffle his lines and make do with semi-invalids and farmhands. For a time in January, a month when the team won four games, tied one, and lost six, it looked as if the Rangers, relieved of the surface tension of first place, might sink through the league like a needle in a glass of water, but a surprising, almost mystifying buoyancy has so far sustained them uneasily in second place.

It is easiest to remember the happy moments in this recent record of mere competence. On January 8th, after falling behind the Canadiens at the Garden during an appalling first period in which they got off only four shots, the Blue Shirts recovered their pride, tied the game in the second period, and won it, 2–1, late in the third, when Goyette beat Henri Richard in a face-off to the right of the Montreal nets; the puck flew onto Nevin's stick and vanished into the goal in the same instant, like a scratched pool shot. On January 25th, after absorbing fearful pastings in Boston and Detroit, the team came home for the festivities of Harry Howell Night. Harry, who that week had played his thousandth game as

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a Ranger, was showered with speeches, plaques, kitchen accessories, paid-up vacations, golf slacks, cigars, luggage, freebies, hand-painted paintings, and affectionate, raucous advice from the balcony. When Captain John Bucyk, of the visiting Bruins, approached with a gift, the wolves yelled "Deck him, Harry!" and when the ultimate present, a red Cougar sedan, wheeled onto the ice, to ecstasies of tears and applause, someone bellowed "Tough, Harry—Lindsay's gonna tow it away!" Then the carpeting was rolled up, and Howell, after two scoreless periods, set up the first goal, which sent the team off to a much-needed 2–1 victory.

Holidays have agreed with the Rangers this year. On Lincoln's Birthday, again in deep trouble after two defeats and an injury to Giacomin, the team fell behind Montreal, 3–1, before beginning to skate with any assurance. They were still trailing, 4–3, with a minute remaining in the last period, when Francis yanked his goalie for an extra forward—a nervous-making, all-or-nothing tactic now universally practiced in the league. The visitors' J. C. Tremblay broke away cleanly toward the empty net, but Howell just managed to jostle him as he got off his shot, and the puck missed the post by an inch or two. With thirty-two seconds remaining, Geoffrion unleashed a screamer onto Charlie Hodge's pads, Fleming flipped in the rebound, and the Ranger bench leaped into the air in unison, like a co-ed pep squad. It was the fourth or fifth time this season that the players in the dressing room called a game "the big one for us this year."

Bad games are big ones, too, though they tend to be forgotten. Late in January, against the Red Wings at the Garden, the Rangers played what may have been their best opening period of the year, when they banged the visitors about unmercifully and jumped off to a 2–0 lead on two extraordinary goals by Phil Goyette, scored within a span of nine seconds—the fastest pair by a single player in Ranger history. The first came after some halfbackish faking that left the Red Wing goalie, Roger Crozier, paralyzed with anxiety, and the second on a dash up the right side and a backhander over Crozier's shoulder into the top of the net. The Rangers were still exchanging smug grins over this wonder when the Wings tied it up in the second, and by the time the home side had resumed hard work in the third the game had swung the other way, and Detroit won, 4–2. The February 8th debacle against the cellar

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team, Boston, left an even worse taste in the mouth. It was a sleepy, irritating game, played mostly at center ice—bad hockey is the worst of all spectator sports—and as it became clear, late in the last period, that the Rangers had lost it, 2–1, the team and the fans became simultaneously unhinged. When, with a minute or two to go, the referee John Ashley failed to see that the Bruins had an illegal extra skater on the ice, the upstairs bombardiers released such a thick cloud of newspapers, picnic remnants, and empty beer cans that the Boston goalie prudently took shelter inside his net. Perhaps infuriated by the long wait for necessary sanitation measures, the Boomer then lost his temper with a linesman, Walt Atanas, and backhanded an overlooked beer can past the official's ear and then vigorously cross-checked him, thus earning a three-game suspension and the further admiration of the resident fuzz-baiters.

A week later, Giacomin went so sour in Toronto that Francis benched him after two periods, by which time he was on the wrong end of a 6–0 score. There was a day off scheduled after that, but Francis hustled his squad out to the practice rink for the next two mornings and put them through the stiffest workouts of the year. In scrimmage, he divided his squad into two teams, took the sticks away from half of the skaters, and said, "O.K.—keep 'em from scoring." Armed with nothing but gloves and shoulders, his unhappy skaters relearned the old hard lesson: they checked. It was clear now that the big ones were, in fact, right ahead—two games with the Hawks, who had just run off their fifteenth game without a loss, followed by games against the newly resolute Wings and the always resolute Canadiens. A losing, Cupless season was suddenly a distinct possibility, and the Rangers were without Geoffrion, Gilbert (whose back miseries had returned), and defenseman Jim Neilson.

The first game with Chicago, on February 18th, fell on a Saturday afternoon, and the Garden was full of fathers and sons and swarms of sneakered boys'-club members, who kept up a wild two-hour whooping only slightly muffled by hot dogs. The Hawks started off flying, with Bobby Hull forcing hooking penalties with his muscular rushes past the defense, and the Mikita line flailing away with their menacingly curved, scimitar-like stick blades; Wharram scored for the visitors after only six minutes. There had been a good many memorable, board-rattling checks up and down the ice, however,

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and it shortly became evident that this particular game would be a dangerous adventure for both sides. All afternoon, the sellout crowd could hear the quick, satisfying *whop-whop-whop* of fast, hard passes, and it responded with a marvellous non-stop din. The Rangers tied it in the first, when Fleming tipped in a ricocheting slapper by Howell, and then, in the second, Goyette scored on a breakaway and a lovely pass from Nevin. A few minutes later, Goyette managed one of his sleight-of-hand clearings from a scramble behind the nets, and Marshall put it away. Veteran Ranger line troops like Wayne Hillman, Vic Hadfield, Earl Ingarfield, and Ken Schinkel (just back from the minors) were checking and rushing with such eagerness that the visitors began to hurry their shots. One wild bullet by Bobby Hull struck a stick and sailed into the top balcony, for a new Garden altitude record. Then, in the final period, Ingarfield was rewarded with a perfect rebound of a shot by Fleming, and he netted it. The Rangers won, 4–1, the Hawks' streak was severed, and in the dressing room various Ranger sons, permitted to visit Daddy's office that afternoon, looked at their sweaty fathers with something like decent respect.

As I think back on the season, it is clear to me that this game was in fact the Big One. Briefly reëxalted into its old December form, the team beat the Hawks again the next night in Chicago, and then, on Washington's Birthday, held on grimly to a Nevin goal scored in the first minute against the Red Wings and won, 1–0. The bright week concluded against Montreal with the almost effortless 5–0 shutout that so delighted the Fan Club standees. Emile Francis is fond of saying that "hockey is ninety per cent mental," which I interpret as meaning ninety per cent emotional. This may be why most winning and losing streaks in hockey are almost instantly followed by their antimatter. Since that four straight, the Rangers have managed only three ties and five losses, and are currently holding second place by a bare two points over the Maple Leafs—a team that has had a formidable record since losing ten straight games some weeks ago. The Canadiens, in the final playoff spot, are only three points behind, and the dogfight for playoff places and finish money probably won't be resolved until the final weekend of the series, a week from now.

Prediction under these circumstances would be foolhardy, and I will fall back on preference. I would *prefer* to see the Rangers hold second place—partly for

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the finish money involved, which comes to fifteen hundred dollars per man, as against seven hundred and fifty for third and five hundred for fourth, and partly because I would much rather see the Black Hawks and the Maple Leafs exhaust each other in the first-round matchings of the Stanley Cup (first plays third, second plays fourth) while the Rangers take on the Canadiens. To some extent, I am making a prediction here—and defying that bell—for I do not think the Rangers will suddenly fold and allow the valiant but aging Red Wings to squeeze into the playoffs, and I say this in spite of an all too vivid memory of the 1959 windup, when the Rangers needed only a tie in their last five games to clinch fourth place, and failed, failed, failed, failed, failed to get it. The Ranger forwards, at this writing, are in an unprecedented state of good health, but goals and victories are hard to come by in the frozen, dangerous tundra around second place. Though the team has played at something close to its peak in its last three games, it has nothing to show for it but two hard-earned 2–2 ties, against the Leafs and the Canadiens, and a 1–3 loss to Chicago.

It is hard to believe that the Black Hawks will not add this year's Stanley Cup to their immense bag of personal and team titles, but Cup form is notoriously damaging to odds-makers. Last year, for instance, the Red Wings, who had beaten the Hawks only once in fourteen regular-season encounters, polished them off in the first round. It is pure luxury, of course, for long-term Ranger fans to indulge in these speculations with any participatory eagerness, and this year the Garden management has rewarded its old hockey family by decreeing that the circus will not be permitted to exile the Rangers to foreign ice during the late stages of the Stanley Cup. The rings and nets will be taken out for each Ranger home game, the white ice laid and painted, and the balcony boys admitted for a championship round of memorable roaring. All of us there, between our own roars, will be adding almost the last and surely the best flowers to our Garden bouquet: the bright balloons batting from hand to hand in the end promenades between periods; the organ wheezing out the "Mexican Hat Dance;" the wintry, electric slither of skate blades; and the sudden deep cry of "Ooo!" as a puck flies past the home goal and strikes—*ponk!*—against the glass and bounds away, and the Rangers, fortunately, gather it in and fly up the ice.

—ROGER ANGELL

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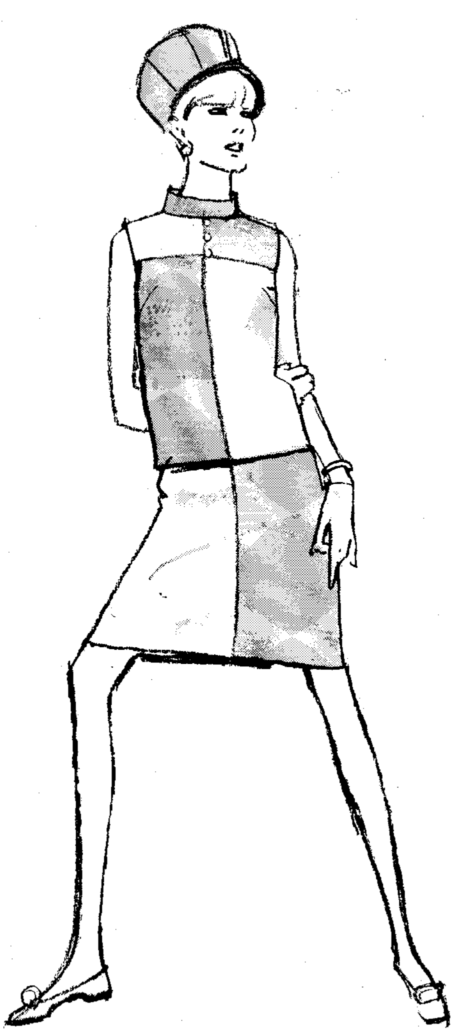

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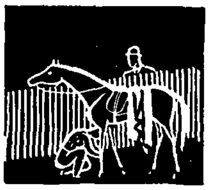
THE RACE TRACK

Frozen Out

WHAT a week at Aqueduct! It started off with the defeat of the Wheatley Stable's Successor in the six-furlong Swift Stakes, the first test here for three-year-olds, and then a small blizzard swept down on New York in the early hours of St. Patrick's Day and blotted out racing that afternoon and the next.



Race horses, as you're no doubt tired of hearing, are not machines; nevertheless, the performance of Successor, whom wiseacres voted the best two-year-old of 1966, was a stunner, for he finished fourth. Baeza, who rode him, said afterward, "He couldn't outrun a goat." I suppose nobody could blame the boy for saying that. Successor spoiled his afternoon. In colors for the first time since he fractured a collarbone in a spill at Hialeah last month, Baeza rode the winners of the first, second, and fifth races; the Swift was seventh on the card. Only five runners came out for it, and few of us in the paddock had eyes for anyone except Successor, who looked the picture of strength and quality. At the start, Flying Tackle was quickest out of the gate, but Solo Landing passed him on the far turn and went on to win by more than five lengths. Sun Gala took second place from a tiring Flying Tackle in the last furlong. At no stage was Successor better than fourth. There seems to be an excuse, though, and without much doubt a valid one; next morning the colt's temperature was a couple of degrees above normal, and Eddie Neloy, his trainer, believes that what caused the slight fever also caused his disappointing performance in the race. His next start depends on how well he trains. Successor himself is an imposing and handsome individual—tall and powerful in build, with a fine, intelligent head, a smooth neck, good shoulders, and well-muscled quarters. On looks, he gets the blue ribbon from me.

THOUGH the work of clearing away the heavy fall of snow and harrowing the soggy track to keep it from freezing had gone on round the clock, the St. Patrick's Day program was cancelled because the footing on the racecourse had become hazardous. That night, the temperature dropped to the low teens, and on Saturday morning the stewards decided the Big A was not fit for man or beast. The loss of two days was a sharp blow both to holiday racegoers and to the New York Racing Association. (The racecourse management estimated its loss at about $450,000.) It also cost the Department of Taxation and Finance in Albany a lovely dollar, but I'm not going to cry over that. The State of New York gets plenty from racing as it is.

THE most important race last weekend was the Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans, and it was won by Ask the Fare in a photo finish with Diplomat Way and the favored Grand Premiere, who had been unbeaten in four starts at the meeting. Diplomat Way, winner of the Arlington-Washington Futurity last season, led until Ask the Fare, the lightweight in the race, wore him down in the final furlong. At Pimlico, Gala Performance beat Misty Cloud and four others in the Challedon Stakes, for three-year-olds. At Gulfstream Park, Chinatowner won the Canadian Turf Handicap. And on the West Coast, Native Diver finally won his thirty-first stakes race, the San Francisco Mile, at Golden Gate Fields.

IT'S expected that Dr. Fager, who is rated only a pound below Successor in the Experimental Free Handicap, will make his first appearance of the season in the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend. Among the three-year-olds he'll meet in this gallop at seven furlongs will be Solo Landing, who will have a sizable following on the strength of the way he ran in the Swift. There's a chance that Damascus, a recent winner at Pimlico, will also run. I hope he does. Snow, snow, go away!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*Reuters dispatch received by N.B.C.*]

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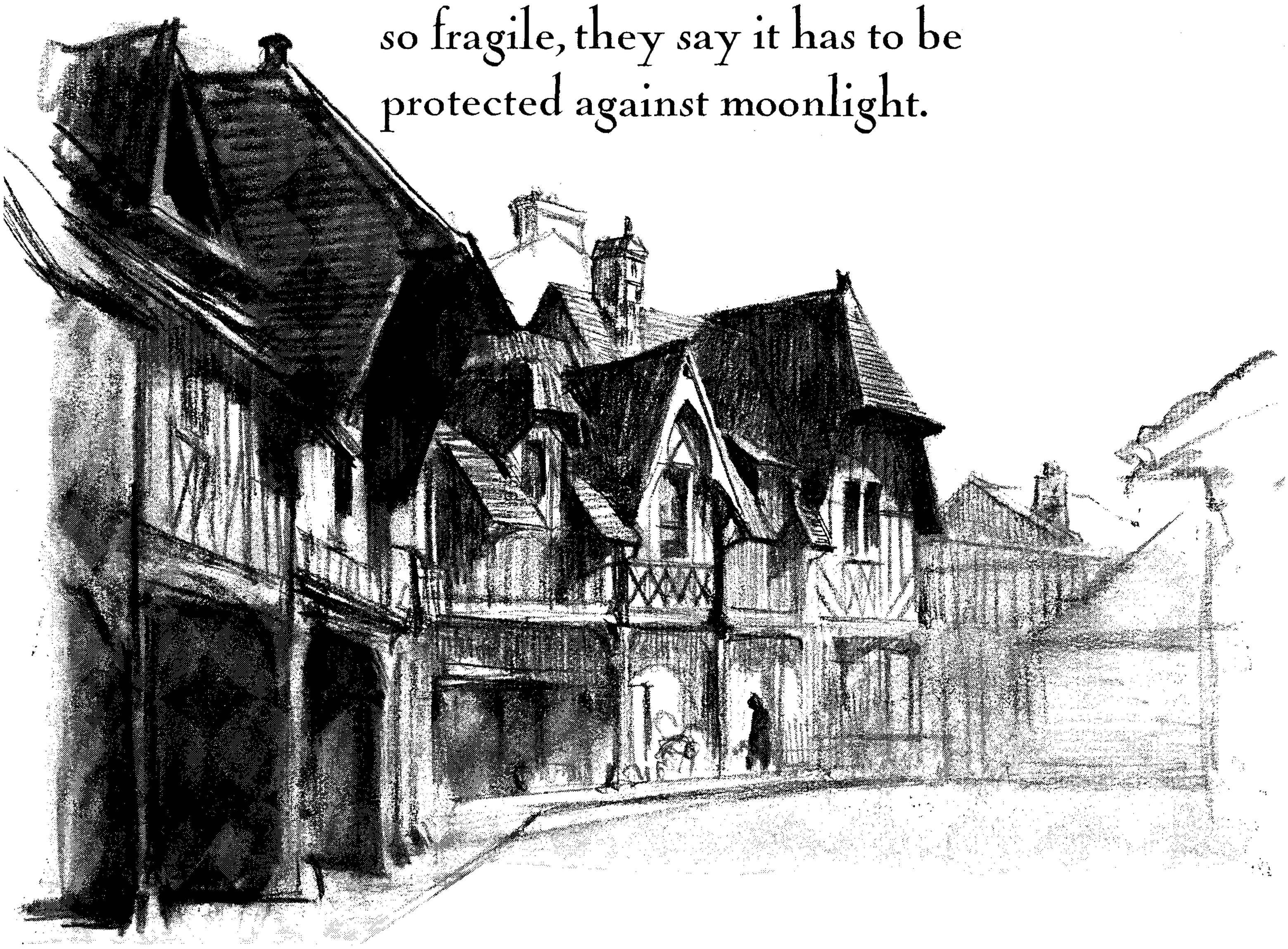

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About the time work began on the Abbey, William (not yet the Conqueror) took his cross-Channel leap into history. In 1944, the invasion came the *other* way, bringing fame to such fine old Norman names as Utah Beach and Omaha Beach.

A few miles east and you're in Deauville, where the invasion is strictly social and undeniably chic.

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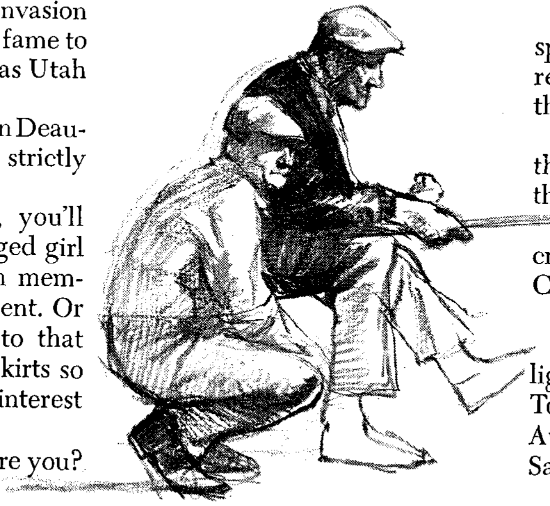
Do the beautiful people bore you?



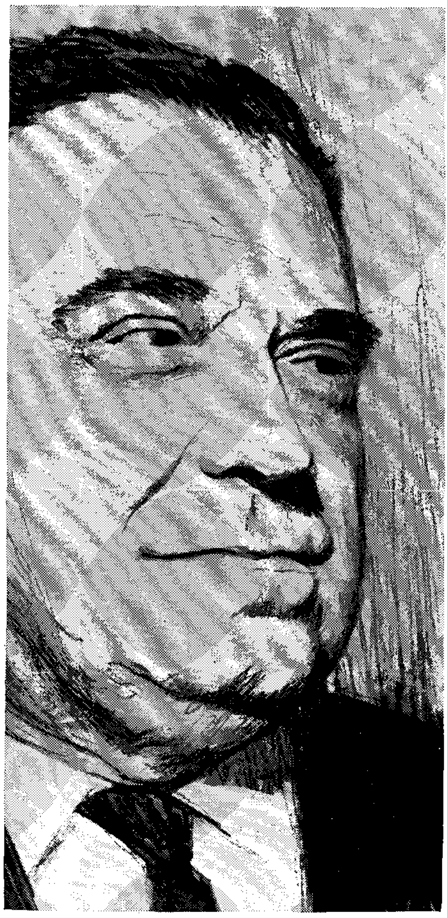
Barely 30 minutes from Deauville is the old fishing village of Honfleur. Boudin painted here. Corot, Millet and Monet also. You'll know why when you see the harbor ringed by slate-covered houses. And the 15th century wooden church built by ships' carpenters. (The dome, of course, looks like an inverted boat.)

Now that we're running out of space, it occurs to us we haven't even reported such Norman virtues as thrift, both native and tourist.

Such Norman sights as timbered thatch-roofed cottages sleeping in the shade of flowering apple trees. Such Norman delights as *thick* cream. And *fragrant* cheese. And Calvados. And we're out of space.

(For more on the sights and delights of Normandy, write French Tourist Office, Dept. Y4, 610 5th Ave., N.Y. 10020. Also: Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)

FRANCE



Knud Nielsen, *Executive Chef of the Hotel Fairmont in San Francisco.*

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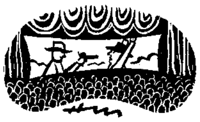
Triumphs and Defeats

THAT bantering, blustering, multifarious, sorely beset, but unconquerable man of genius Orson Welles (my perennial image of him is straight out of Landseer: a stag at bay inside a circle of yapping hounds) has performed two or three astonishing feats at once in his "Falstaff." For one thing, he has succeeded in the bold literary enterprise of taking the bits and pieces of Falstaff that are to be found in four plays and stitching them into a coherent whole, imposing on the scrappy and sometimes contradictory actions of Sir John's life an unlooked-for dramatic integrity. This feat must have been all the harder to perform because Shakespeare himself appears to have been surprised by the way his braggartly, craven knight caught on; as was later to be the case with certain other fantastically doted-on imaginary figures (Sherlock Holmes, for example, and Chaplin's Little Tramp), Sir John's immediate popularity became a factor in the creation of the character he was finally to embody. It was up to Welles to make several Falstaffs into one without doing outrage to the Bard, to say nothing of outraging the Bardolaters, and his editorial sleight of hand is such that this "Falstaff" amounts to a new work in the Shakespeare canon—in effect, Shakespeare's first screenplay, written three hundred and fifty years after his death.



Mr. Welles has also performed the feat of inducing us to disbelieve our own eyes when it comes to the technical shortcomings of the picture. To judge from internal evidence, it may have been shot by fits and starts over a considerable period of time and under no telling what financial and professional difficulties; the quality of the film used seems to vary from reel to reel, as does the quality of the sound recording, but if the picture is held together perhaps literally with Scotch Tape, Mr. Welles' passionate purposefulness defies it to fly apart. The vestiges of accommodation that remain in the movie become, like the notorious "mistakes" in "Moby Dick," part of its greatness, certifying to the good faith of its director and star. Which brings us to the third of Mr. Welles' feats: his performance in the title role. He plays Sir John with a relish and force and tenderness that make his Falstaff ours. It is as if Sir John were a role that Mr. Welles had spent many years eating and drinking and growing old and fat and wise enough to play; back of his triumph as an actor one glimpses—and salutes—a personal outwitting of death and time.

The cast of "Falstaff" includes John Gielgud as Henry IV, Alan Webb as Justice Shallow (his repeated, senile quavering of "Jesus, Jesus, the days that I have seen!" serves as a sort of leitmotiv for the picture), Keith Baxter as Prince Hal, Jeanne Moreau, inexplicably, as Doll Tearsheet, and Margaret Rutherford as Mistress Quickly. Miss Rutherford's reading of the celebrated passage describing Falstaff's death is uncannily delicate and affecting. "Falstaff" was shot in the wild, un-English light of Spain, and the very oddity of the settings is, like all the other oddities in the picture, mysteriously advantageous.

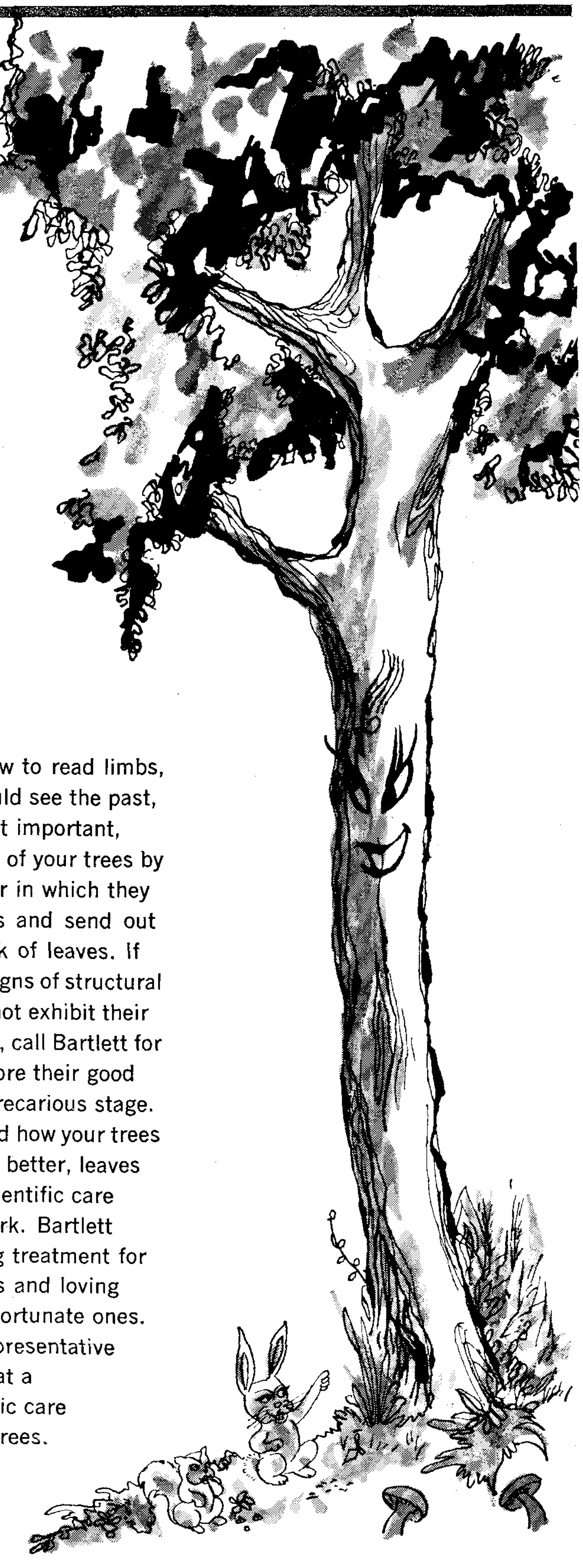
"LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU" is a delightful comedy, arriving here unheralded from France. It is set in the dozy Norman countryside, and most of the gloriously befuddled plot takes place in and about the crumbling walls of an ancient château, presided over by a dragonish *grande dame* (Mary Marquet). The time is the Second World War, and the bullying Germans are everywhere, but to the *grande dame* they are among the least of her problems, which include an ineffectual middle-aged son (Philippe Noiret), the son's beautiful young wife (Catherine Deneuve), and a greedy tenant farmer (Pierre Brasseur). A gallant member of the French Resistance (Henri Garcin) is supposed to arrange for some Allied soldiers to parachute into Normandy just before the invasion and knock out a pillbox guarding Omaha Beach. He complicates his assignment by falling in love with the young wife, who wants only one thing more than to be fallen in love with, and that is to have a charming flat in Paris; this model of amorous self-interest is also desired by a German officer (played with wonderful suave gusto by Carlos Thompson). Can such a tangle be made to end happily? Never fear.

Jean-Paul Rappeneau, who directed "La Vie de Château" and is a co-author of the screenplay, is evidently a very clever man, and you may as well memorize his name at once. He began his career as a writer, and the action and dialogue of the movie reveal his literary competence; what is surprising is his easygoing, self-confident way with a camera. The picture hasn't the slightest hint of stiff correctness, of taking care not to fall on its face; Mr. Rappeneau insouciantly invites us to share with him a point of view that is sometimes nearly as reckless in its humor as that of the Marx Brothers. (There is something of Groucho in the *grande dame*.) The photography is by Pierre l'Homme, and the music is by Michel Legrand.

"YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW" is a black comedy with passages of healthy pink, written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who, like Mr. Rappeneau, is someone to keep an eye on. The picture is taken, probably at some remove, from a novel by David Benedictus, and much of its distinction lies in the degree to which Mr. Coppola has made it an occasion for a mash note to New York. This incomparable city doesn't get as many mash notes as it deserves, and most of them come, alas, from old roués instead of from ardent, eligible young men. Mr. Coppola's New York is a dream, but a recognizable one, worth inhabiting. The plot of "You're a Big Boy Now" is strenuously far out, and it is everyone's good fortune that it eludes recapitulation. The hero works on roller skates in the stacks of the New York Public Library, where his father is a curator of rare books; beyond that point lies the by now conventional chaos of the absurd, in which whatever exists is freakish or it is nothing. Enjoying themselves under Mr. Coppola's high-spirited direction are Peter Kastner, Rip Torn, Geraldine Page, Elizabeth Hartman, Julie Harris, and Michael Dunn. The photography is by Andy Lazlo, and the music is by John Sebastian.

ABOUT "A Countess from Hong Kong," the less said the better. Indeed, since it marks the nadir of one of the greatest figures in movie history, it would be a natural act of piety on my part to ignore it altogether, but Charlie Chaplin himself insists upon its being taken seriously, and the machinery of Hollywood publicity has made it sufficiently conspicuous among us. At seventy-seven, Mr. Chaplin shows us not a trace of his former genius, and his two stars, Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren, are made to suffer innumerable professional indignities under his direction. These days, Mr. Brando often gives the impression of being revolted by having to work in movies at all; in this picture his revulsion nearly succeeds in bringing a silly character to life by killing it.

—BRENDAN GILL



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

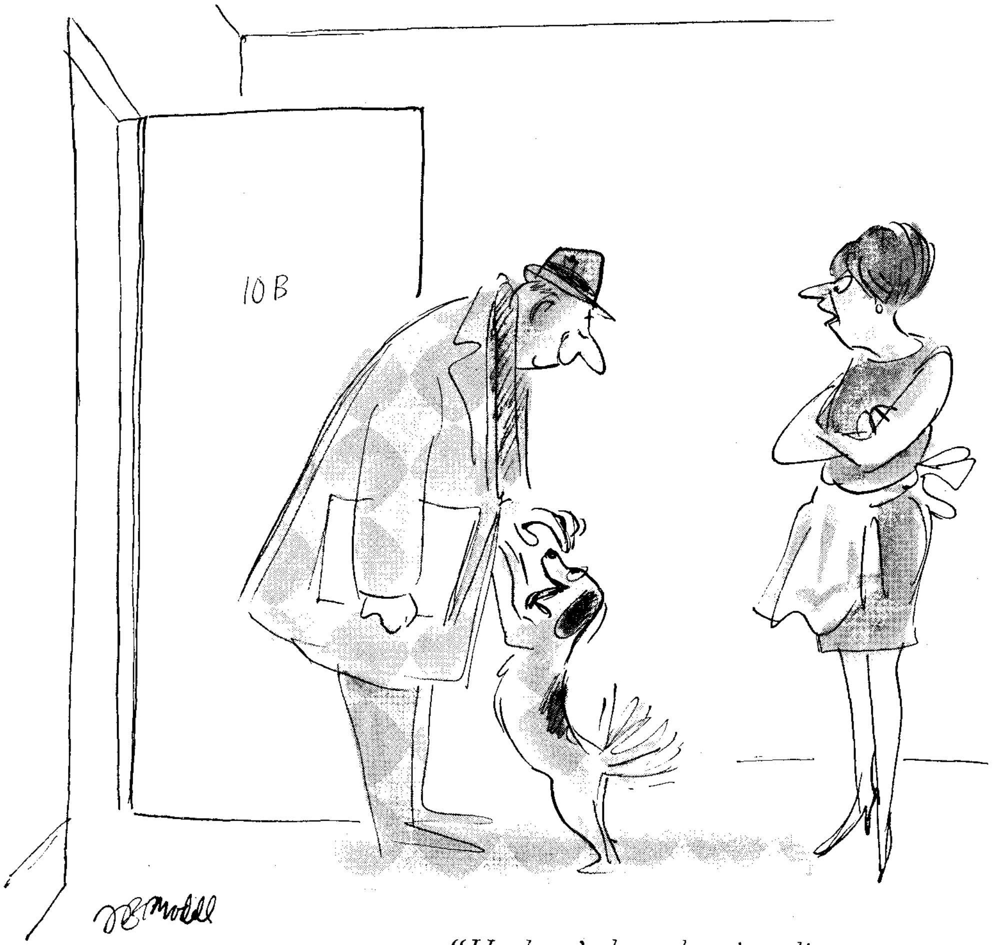
SOME of the news is good tonight, constituents: You don't necessarily have to throw out any clothes that were all right last year. (You may shorten them for the fifth time, if you like.) For the great old lines persist throughout the ready-to-wear domain, and Ben Zuckerman, a hero of mine, is still doing all those meticulous tricks with welt seaming in his single- or double-breasted coats. The coats have narrow grosgrain edges this time, though, and—what the trade would consider a really revolutionary twist—mother-of-pearl buttons on pockets and closings. (Well, well! The world *has* turned upside down!) You'd better have at least one white jersey shift in your closet. (Two would be better, because they smirch.) One reason is that there is a great rage for coat-dresses around town, and sometimes they can be overheating. With a shift beneath, you can strip down indoors with decorum. Another absolutely cataclysmic new thing—if one is still looking hard for a change in the fashion scene—is belts. These are for us women who have let shifts lull us into carelessness about our amidships, but the fact is that most of the belts don't cinch you in at all. Norell has three-and-a-half-inch matching belts on some of his jersey dresses, placed a bit high and with two vertically arranged buttons over each hip, but these belts are *loose*. He also has a liking for narrow belts. One is of black alligator, well up on a slender coat of heavy white jersey, which has four black lozenge buttons down each side. I saw it at Lord & Taylor. It's $850 for the coat and belt and $50 more for a fringed scarf of black silk that goes along.

But this sort of thing is not designing, to my mind. Curiously, only two dresses I have looked at reveal the spark that denotes Genius at Work. One is Norell's short-sleeved job of bright-dark-blue jersey (Lord & Taylor, Evelyn Byrnes—in fact, all around) with a three-and-a-half-inch-wide *cinched* belt of white leather just above the normal waistline. This one is a great dress *without* the belt, for its emphatic waistline and the gores in the back give it a distinctive flare. The second entry with the new-shape-of-things-to-come feeling is Geoffrey Beene's glorious wool crêpe dress, which has a standup split collar and two buttons, one above the other, just under the armhole on each side, whence droppeth a long, soft fold to the hem. This is on hand, particularly in geranium red, at Bergdorf, Rosette Pennington, Lord & Taylor—the lot, really. It's sort of Oriental in its simplicity, and it's around $190.

There has been a lot of high-fashion talk about brown-and-white combinations for spring, and Lord & Taylor, though it says that navy-and-white is better than it has ever been, harbors one of the best-looking coats in town—by Dior-New York—of heavy double-faced brown-and-white jersey, with the brown showing and with six white buttons up each side. Dior's idea is to leave the top button unfastened so that a triangular slash of white occurs beside the neck. Casual, see? Then, L. & T. has Raelson's terrific all-purpose single-breasted tent coat of natural brown vicuña, with raglan sleeves, at $695. For vicuña, that isn't bad; the way prices are going, many tweed coat costumes cost that much. Or darn near. And I greatly admired Originala's culotte suit in brown-and-white wool (I caught it at Bergdorf), whose long white tailored jacket has five brown buttons descending each side. The brown overall dress beneath winds up in culotte bottoms and has what is *literally* an overall top.

Oops! I've got away from the revival of the coat-dress. Chester Weinberg has done a beauty (at Bergdorf and Lord & Taylor, for two) of navy wool with a white linen turnover collar and with four brass buttons, arrayed in a wide square, toward the top. This is $160—mild stuff in the empyrean in which I find myself; $160 is, in fact, practically the basement. Lord & Taylor is particularly bullish on the coat-dress idea, and so the trend goes. I've never seen much sense to it myself; you are forever too hot or too cold. Donald Brooks is approved by everybody, especially for his beige coat-dress of heavy jersey with half-inch white tiles all over it; this has his new oblong placket in front with six double-breasted beige buttons thereon. De Pinna is among his multitudinous adorers.

For any time late in the day I can't imagine a single thing more convenient than one of the many sheer dresses (at your own shop, at whatever price



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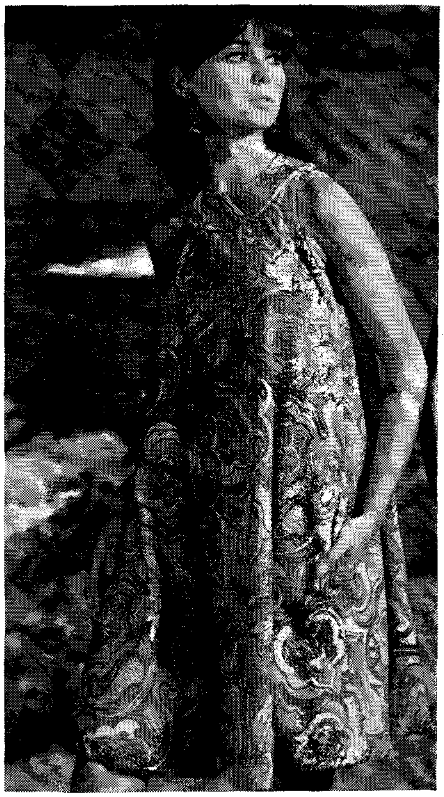
you want to pay), usually of print, that float over fairly well-fitting slips. You're not overdressed at a cocktail party even if some guests come in yachting pants; you're not underdressed at a ball at 4 A.M. Floating, it seems, is forever. Every shop shows such romantic things, and Rosette Pennington has a great supply, including Mignon's twin print. (The sturdy part is crêpe.) Its chiffon overdress bears (like the slim sheath beneath it) a big, swirled pattern in vivid colors, and there is a vast attached scarf to drape; $160 for quite a bit of doing. Another Pennington catch is Rosalie Macrini, one of the most feminine of designers, who puts floating chiffon over chiffon as well as over crêpe. Pennington has many chiffons of this type, in every color. A sheath of chiffon has a high, high yoke of the stuff, a flowing cape of it, and a double layer across the bosom and down the back; this is $185. Another, in a cornflower-and-green print, looks like a nightie. For the same day-and-on-into-the-night purpose, Mollie Parnis has acquired some of the most marvellous fabrics you'll see in many a day (or night). A fragile puckered silk in a print of pseudo-Paisley leaf shapes—deep pinks and purply blues and yellowy greens—is one. She does plenty with this. One formal dress of it (I found it at De Pinna) has gathered drapery going up the front and down into the neckline; $265. At Saks I saw it in a shift with a shirred shoulder yoke and in an accompanying coat with a tiny standup collar; it's $455 this way.

I've never been to North Africa, and I doubt if it would be my first choice for a trip, but I must tell you about the Influence it is having. We've got Kiki Hart's wild thing (at Saks Fifth Avenue) with giant fake precious stones massed from the wrists practically to the elbows. The outfit is kite-shaped, and it goes to the ankles; surah in a vivid print is the goods. Bill Blass has contributed to Saks a short shift in lace painted in gold and silver and mauve; $435. Me Nordic. Me don't get.

There are all sorts of evening pajamas for adventurous girls, but a couple from Cardinali (California, not Italy) rate special citation. The chiffon tops are big poncho circles through which you put your head; they can fasten at the wrists if you want to leap around. The matching chiffon pajama bottoms are soft, bias, multi-layered, and graceful. Bergdorf and Evelyn Byrnes are two of the admirers of these.

And all this is all to the good. But, as I have already hinted, lines in every-



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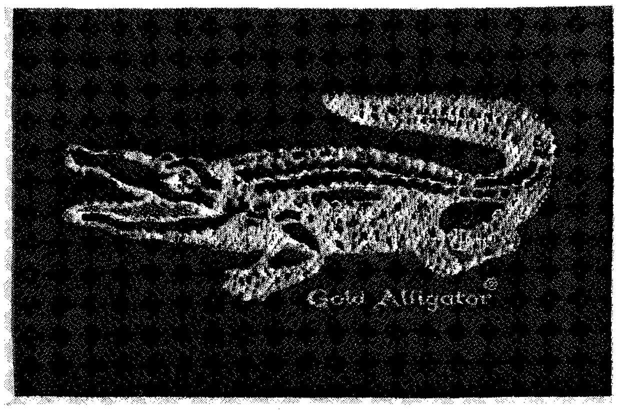

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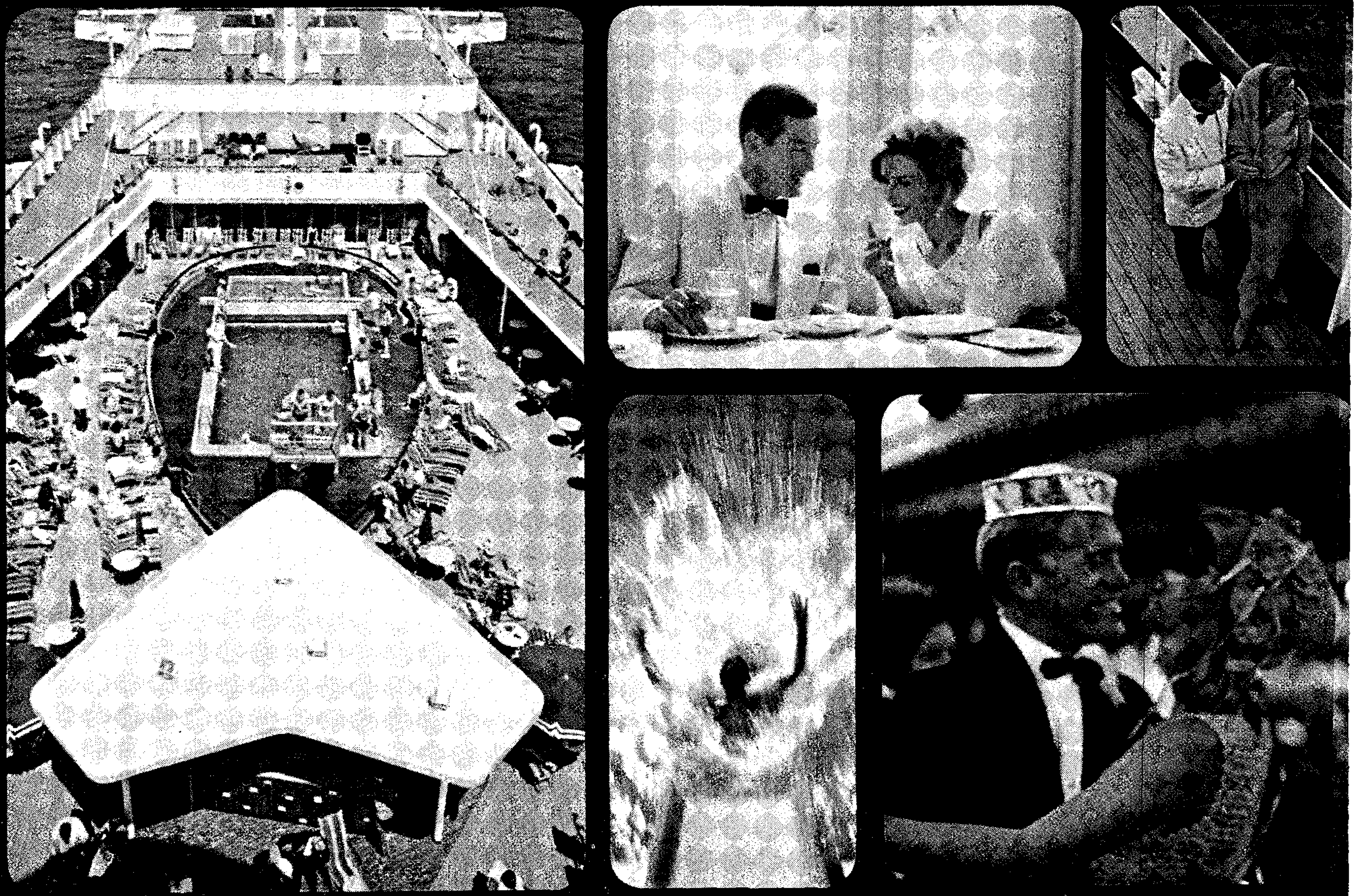

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thing (I'll make an exception of those clothes for At Homes where Anything Goes) have changed almost not at all, particularly for daytime. This season, it is the fabrics and colors that make the difference. Bloomingdale's Green Room, which is on the third floor, was once fairly sedate, but it has had multiple transfusions of youthful, fresh ideas, and it shares with me a great regard for the firm of B. B. T. & O. Brooks, Beene, Tiffeau, and Originala, that is—designers of the first rank, every one. Well, I see that there is another B. to be reckoned with, Bill Blass, and another O., which represents Oscar de la Renta. Now, passports and visas in order, let us push on, shop by shop (and alphabetically, at that), through the refreshments for the spring wardrobe.

AS we arrive at Bendel, those of you who may have been mourning the loss of the dirndl can take comfort from Eric Lund, two of whose suits here wear very short, very full dirndl skirts. One of the suits is of gray flannel, and white stripes of several widths run across the tailored short jacket and the skirt, and also across the overblouse, which is of chiffon in a lighter gray. The other is of burnt-toast-brown silk crêpe, except for the tailored jacket, which is of crêpe in a pale turquoise. Up aloft on the fourth floor, where Young Bendel is (moderate prices here), John Kloss is exhibiting a smasher of a full-length formal dress in bright-dark-blue jersey with short sleeves, a bias skirt, and a wide inset band of orange at the high waist. This is $110, and there are versions in Shocking with an orange inset and in navy with a Kelly inset. He also delights in doing nightshirt shapes, in solid-hued jersey or crêpe, that go right to the floor. But hold! The slits at the sides reach well up onto the thighs; $95.

COTTON gets more energetic all the time. At Bergdorf, there is Dior-New York's white cloqué cotton with a design of scallops, the wherewithal of a simple dress—broad shoulder straps—and a tailored, four-button jacket. This is $425—hardly cotton-bandanna money. Trigère is always represented at Bergdorf. She is now working with a wide-wale wool that looks for all the world like corduroy. This accomplishes a coat whose back belt is anchored forward of the hipbones. Then, there is her short-sleeved white wool coat with two pearly buttons on the high yoke, plus lots of vertical tucked detail. A dress of navy surah

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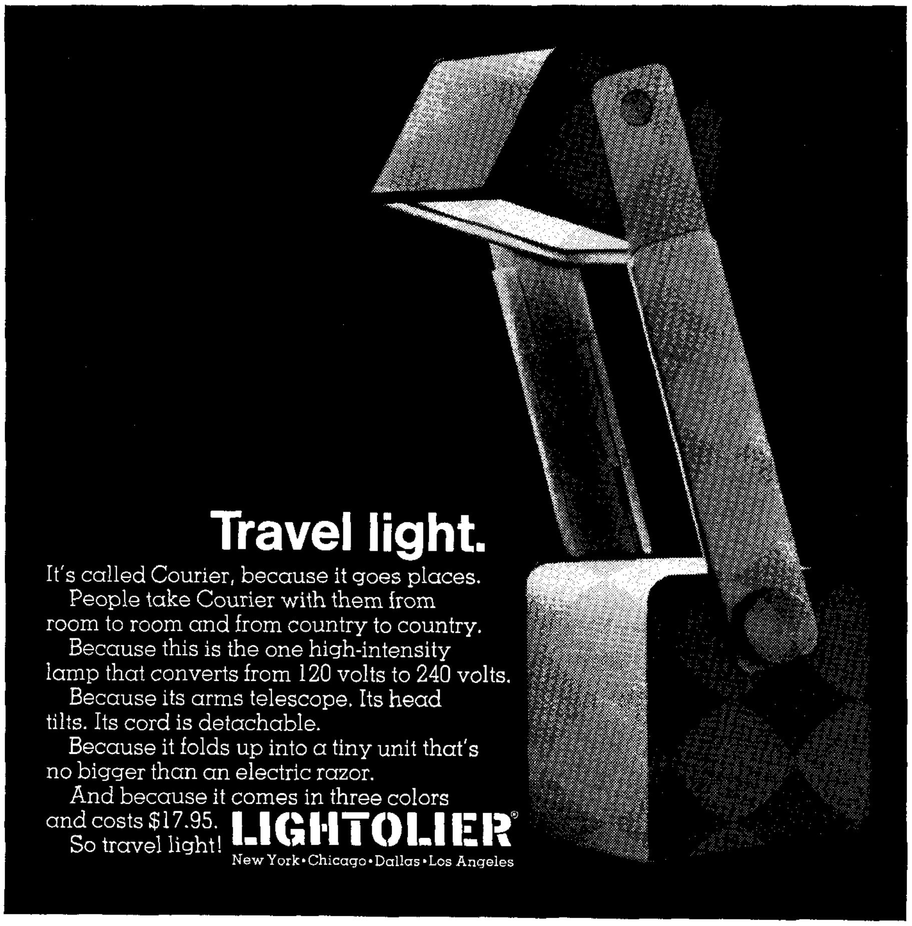

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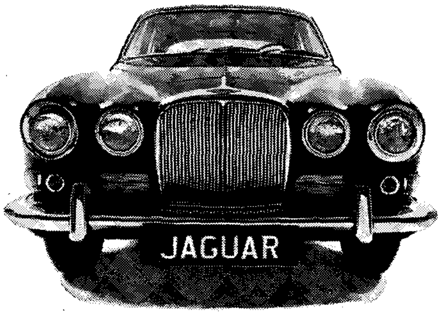

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A different breed of cat.

whose décor is big white diagonal crossbars—a patent-leather belt and a gathered skirt are its landmarks—goes with the coat, and the surah lines the coat, for companionship. All nice and polite, these deals. But Bergdorf has also managed to accumulate plenty of dress-and-jacket combinations that don't look especially "safe." A beautiful tailored one comes from Talmack, in navy wool with a white dot-dash crossbar pattern. The dress is slender, and the short jacket is gathered below the low yoke in back like a shepherd's smock. Oscar de la Renta chips in with an outfit (coat costume this time) of white wool with staggered, squared-off black chevrons all over it. Three buttons go down each side of the coat, and the dress is trimmed with bands of navy and white wool. Bergdorf (and, for that matter, Lord & Taylor) likes many of his evening ideas, too, and they can be as fragile as his day things are domineering. There are, to begin somewhere, his evening slips with beaded edging. One is of black crêpe with a self band, half an inch wide and sprinkled with tiny rhinestones and turquoise-colored stones, along the hem, across the tops of the low pockets, and outlining the armholes and the high neck.

THE sprightly new Green Room at Bloomingdale's is making a special effort, in distributing its coat-and-jersey-dress ensembles among womankind, to dispose of the dresses in lots of two or three, enabling one coat to serve as a cover for more than one dress, and so producing more than one costume at great speed. Tiffeau shows a sleeveless coat of white wool with crossbars of purple and dull chartreuse. It's a lovely check, and it is to be seen all around town. The overblouse of this number is of purple silk and has long, cuffed sleeves, and the skirt, which falls straight, is of the same wool. *But* you can also buy, to wear with the coat, jersey dresses in purple and in a dirty yellow-green. The crossbars (almost a Tattersall pattern) on another wool coat are olive and fuchsia, and the dress shown with it is in fuchsia jersey. The tap: $375. In case you haven't a vinyl raincoat (a *likely* story), there is a Tiffeau in a tan-and-black squared-off houndstooth check, and flaring but simple, that has a wide shirt panel down the front; $200. Bill Blass has contributed a reversible coat of wool that is fuchsia on one side and a checkerboard of small orange and yellow and rust dabs on the other. A fly closing and welt seaming are the standard equipment for this. The dress he shows with it is a doll—of brass jersey on which a welt seam curves from one shoulder down across the body to a pocket on the opposite side; $495 for the set. An engaging combo by Donald Brooks consists of a white-on-navy checked wool coat with horizontal folds that make a high yoke and two bands at the low waistline, teamed with a dress of the same wool reversed—navy checks on white. Oblong white plastrons, front and back, plus double-breasted buttons, appear on a white or beige gabardine Donald Brooks dress that is ubiquitous. A fine plunge into night life can be made with his dinner dress of black silk crêpe with a V décolletage that descends forever and ever. At the base of this leap, a rope belt will produce an Empire waistline when it is wrapped around the wearer. Next in line is Geoffrey Beene, with one of the damnedest color combinations yet—coat of bright petunia pink, lining of bright green-apple green. (Anyone who, like me, stole apples from the tree at age eight may be reminded of a childhood stomach-ache when the coat is opened.) The sleeves are short, and there are slanting-outward pocket bands. The dress designed for this is blueberry; the neck is V, the shoulders are cutout, and the line is slightly A. The coat, of silk-lined wool gabardine, is $350; the dress, of jersey, is $125. Next is a Beene costume of black silk with a frosted white check all over it that looks raised and isn't. The coat sports a big inverted pleat in back and white buttons with black rims in front; the inevitable sleeveless dress, in matching goods, tags along. Beene, too, likes crossbars; a coat of his, flaring and high-waisted, is of wool that is all a crisscross of curry and white. It's $395, and there are any number of dresses dying to be taken along with it.

GUSTAVE TASSELL, from California, does his clothes in Abraham rayon crêpe, some of it in beautiful prints that are his, and his alone, and Bonwit Teller cottons to all his things. He is in favor of sleeveless coats over dresses whose sleeves match the coat (the sleeves are usually long and bell-shaped) and whose body is in a contrasting hue. He is also in favor of allowing peekaboo glimpses of contrasting slips. A dress in petunia pink and possessed of those long sleeves is slashed upward nearly to the hips to show its apple-green slip. One formal dress I loved (it's a nightie, but a dignified one) is all vertical panels of

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red, yellow, and green that widen a trifle toward the hem. Its bateau neck and its long bell sleeves make it somehow regal. Among Tassell's Abraham prints are Persian patterns that mingle purple on white, dull golds, pinks and sky blues, darker blues, and such. One outfit consists of a sleeveless coat that fastens on one shoulder over a bell-sleeved matching dress. Norell is here (no surprise, surely) with a trench-coat of hand-finished orange wool that is equipped with a wide, horizontally stitched belt, with lapels that are wide and rounded, and with four mother-of-pearl buttons down each side; $995. Oh, well—some other time. This deal is in several places around town, as a matter of fact, and so is the Norell suit—inexplicable, I call it—of a white textured silk stitched in squares half an inch across and looking very much like a mattress cover. Its tuck-in blouse is of royal-blue textured silk, its cardigan jacket has inch-wide bandings of the royal blue, and its skirt has a band down each side. I say inexplicable because I didn't think that there were any more flappers, let alone wealthy ones; the price is $1,100.

EVELYN BYRNES' shop (she's at 480 Park Avenue, at the corner of 58th Street) teems with the cream (I've almost got half a couplet there) of Zuckerman, Norell, and other members of the nobility. One Zuckerman coat is of a wool with the bark left on (a fine, scratchy horizontal ridge, repeated ad infinitum). The wool in this case is white, and it's bound with his favorite grosgrain binding—navy in this case—on the lapels and on the flaps of the two lowdown pockets (or semi-pockets; the real ones are in the side seams). Pearl buttons descend it to the hem, which means that it can be worn as a dress. Another Zuckerman coat, in the same wool, is navy, this time with gold buttons. There is a back belt at the normal waistline, for a radical change. Mila Schön is a designer owned body and soul by the Byrnes bower; that is, no one else gets any of her clothes. And the fabrics she uses are all hers. Comes a suit of a wool like petit point, in a pattern of purple diamonds inside milky-white oblongs on a purple ground. Or in shadings of pink and raspberry. The skirt has an elasticized waistband and a culotte fold in front, and the very short jacket gets a golf-dress inverted pleat below the back yoke; $595. Two shades of green make wide ripples across a Schön double-breasted wool coat that has a split collar and two tilting patch pockets well

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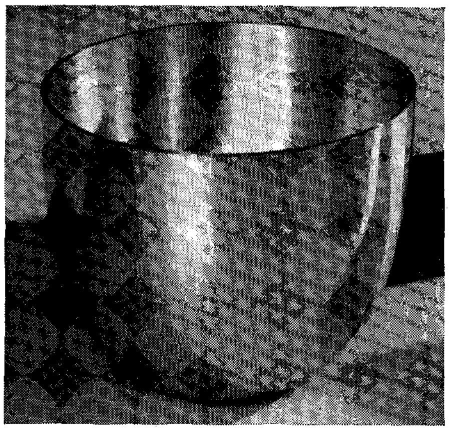

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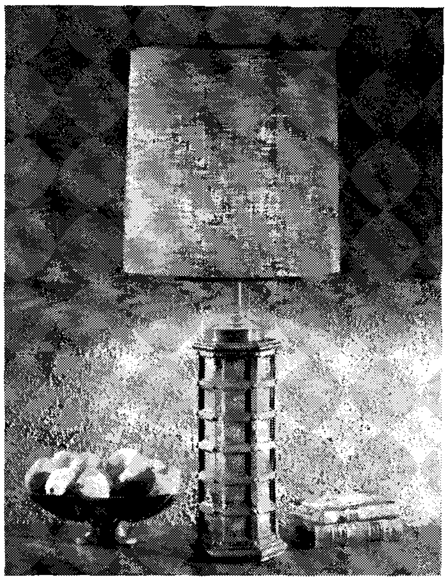

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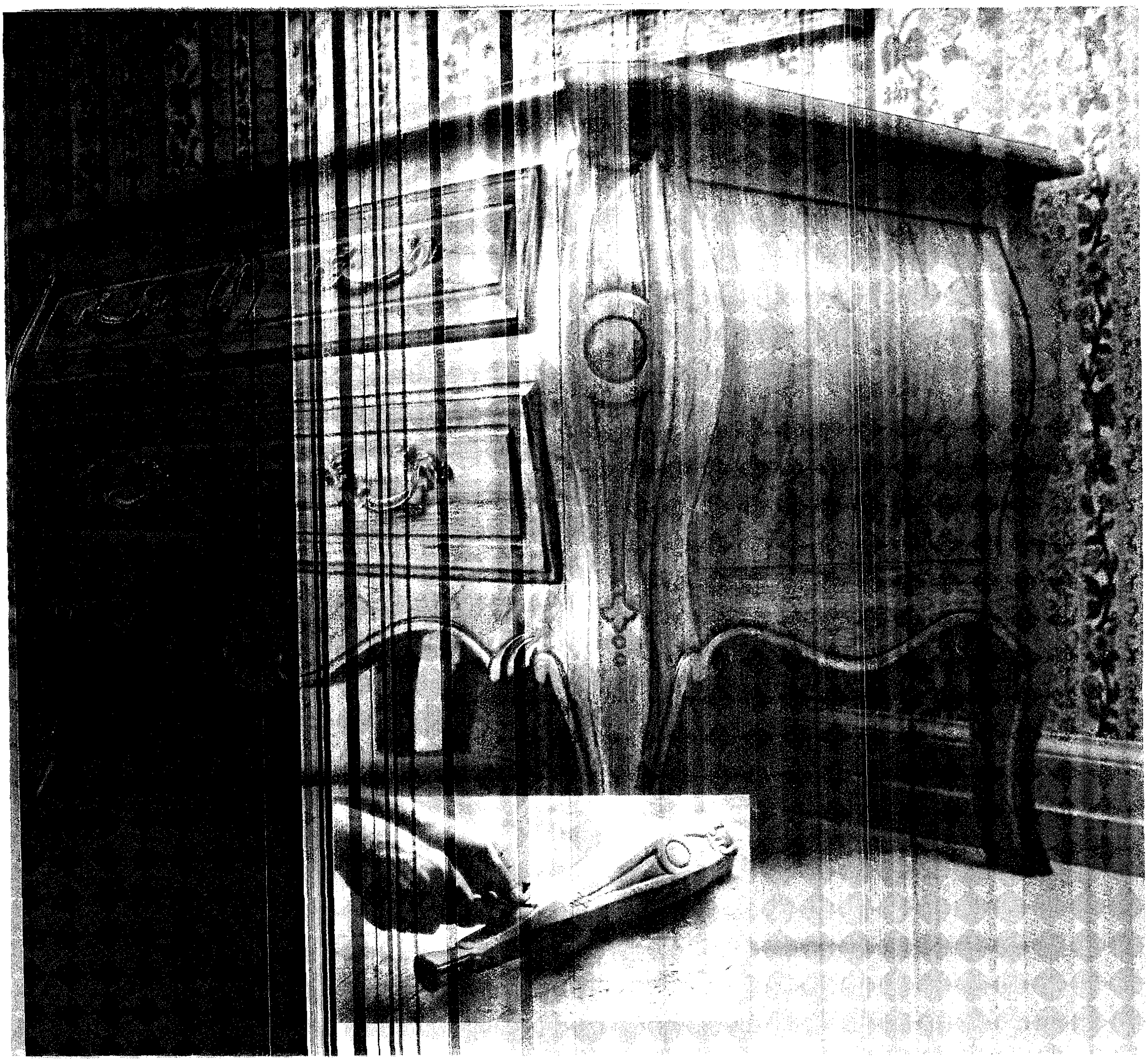

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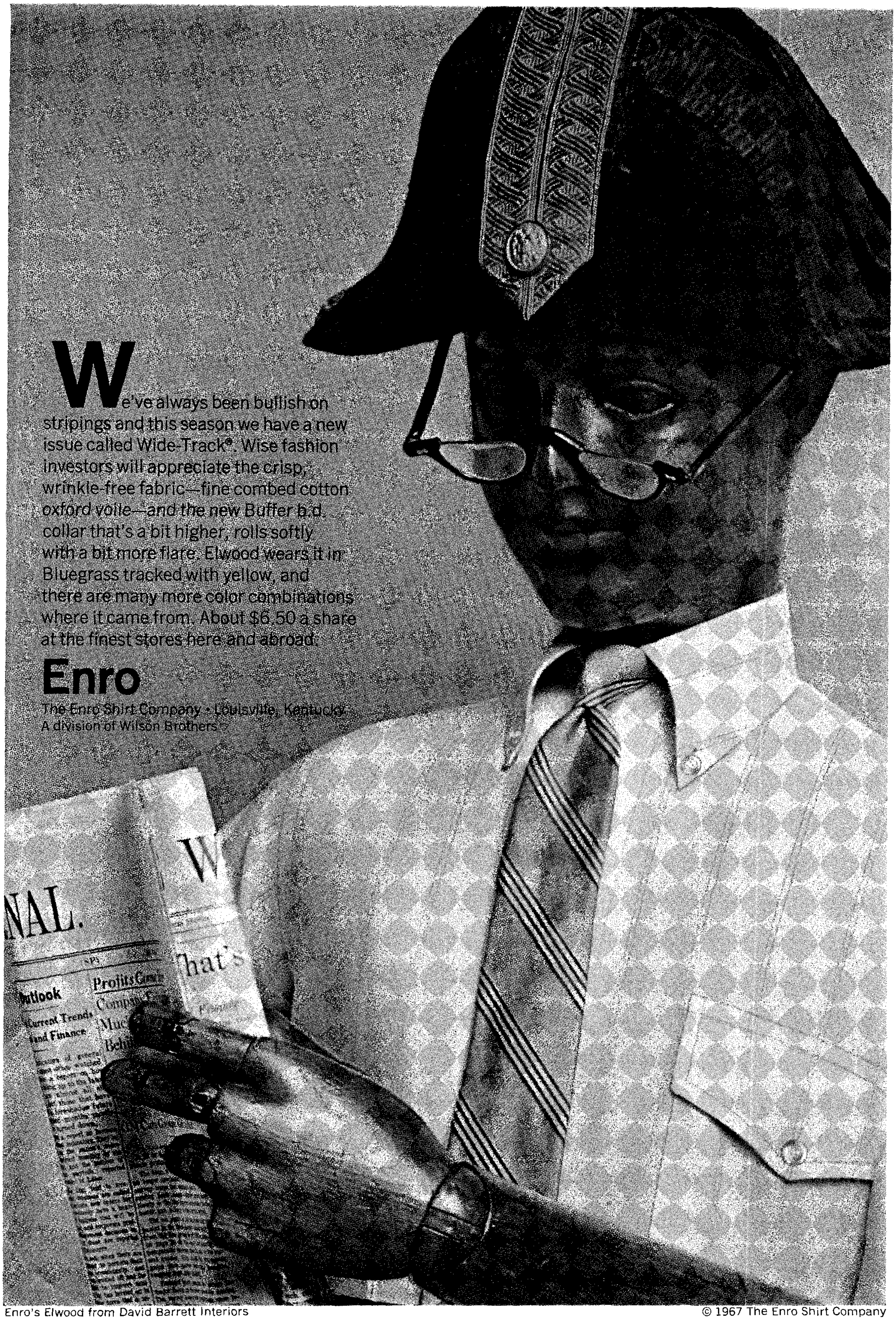

We've always been bullish on stripings and this season we have a new issue called Wide-Track®. Wise fashion investors will appreciate the crisp, wrinkle-free fabric—fine combed cotton *oxford voile*—and the new Buffer b.d. collar that's a bit higher, rolls softly with a bit more flare. Elwood wears it in Bluegrass tracked with yellow, and there are many more color combinations where it came from. About $6.50 a share at the finest stores here and abroad.

Enro

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below the waist. Purple and ice-blue felt, double-faced, is the substance of a reversible coat with a deep pleat in back, whose skirt goes into a low A beneath the pleat. Red-pink and dark red alternate in vertical zigzag stripes on a dress of jersey. This one comes under the heading of Fun. Mrs. Byrnes admires Tassell's work, too. A short rayon crêpe dress of his is all vertical stripes in pinky red, dark red, and mauvy red (no zigzags), and there are many versions, both short and long, of his simple dress that is slashed up the sides to show the contrasting slip. A formal one is of grass-green crêpe over ice-blue crêpe, with the bell sleeves ice-blue. Jean Louis, another Californian, is here represented by a quantity of chiffons in dance or formal length. I especially liked a brief one with green and raspberry and white harlequin diamonds arrayed below a gathered, shirred neck; $295.

AT De Pinna, you can view one of Dior-New York's more imperial suits of a navy wool. Five gold buttons go down each side, curving in toward the waist as they descend, real swervy. There's a standup collar, split in front and slanting inward. A Monte-Sano suit here is of a cotton-and-linen-and-wool mixture that resembles a heavy tweed. I saw it in mauve with a purple-and-white crossbar; the jacket is semifitted and its lapels are high, and the skirt is A. Originala is right up there with a coat of heavy white ottoman (made of cotton and all those etceteras) adorned by four iridescent buttons down each side and one at each shoulder tip, where a little epaulet terminates; $265. All very ladylike indeed, but when the evening gets formal De Pinna gets stoned—at least to the extent of massing big pink stones in a large oblong at the throat of a slithery black crêpe formal dress thought up by Donald Brooks. Oscar de la Renta makes a beautiful tube of silk of shantung persuasion in petunia pink; at the top is a deep V bib with turquoise beads and baby rhinestones sewn all over it. Then, from a house called Victoria Royal (new to me), De Pinna has acquired a dazzler that is all brilliant multicolored beaded medallions on a Paisley-patterned chiffon. The neckline rises high in front but leaves the shoulders bare, and there's a long split in back to show the apple-green crêpe slip; $250.

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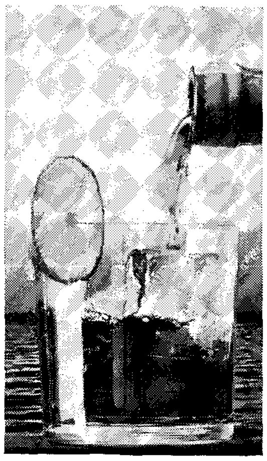

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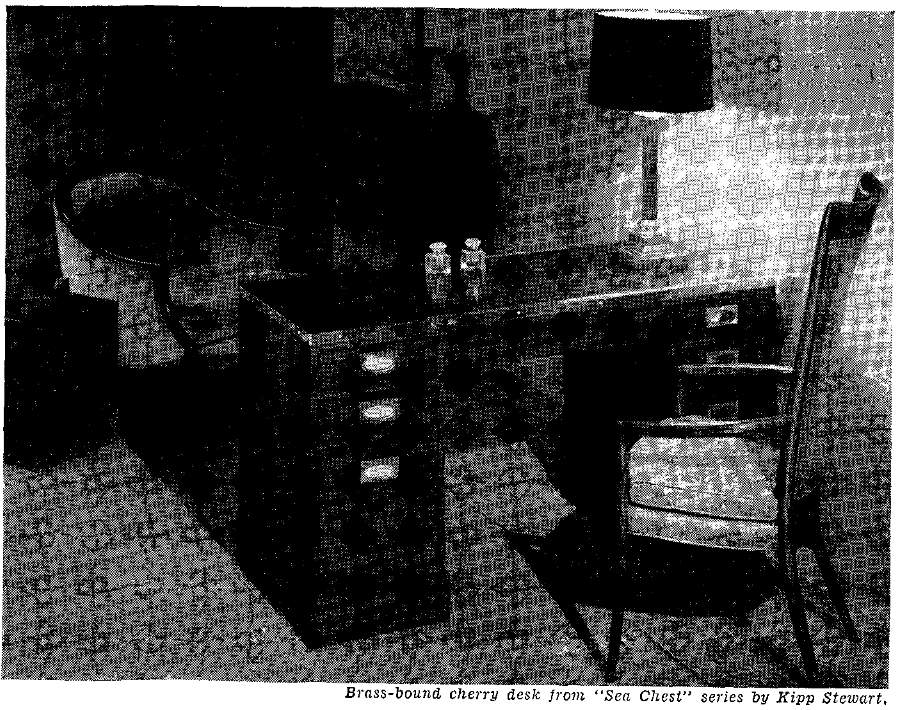

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rently, a nice supply of unusual cottons, many of them year-round things. A heavy cotton in navy with a white diamond-shaped crossbar pattern is used by Chester Weinberg in a dress with a high surplice closing, three little buttons down the left ribs, and a folded-over panel front; $90. Another heavy cotton is used by Adele Simpson to construct an A-line dress of deep coral or navy with white woven zigzag lightning flashes across it; $110. And Leonard Arkin employs heavy red or navy cotton with a pattern of squared-off white polka dots for a short jacket fastened with three pearl buttons and curved away at the base. The matching dress ends, way up top, in a white linen yoke and a roll collar; $100 for the outfit. A mixture of jute and cotton (very firm and tailorable) is the substance of a Marquise outfit in turquoise or soft pink with a white crossbar. The dress has a wide set-in belt just under the arms, and the jacket is straight, with four sparkling but non-functional buttons down each side; $265. Another fabric beloved around Karshan is fibranne, which is all rayon, looks like linen, and positively doesn't crush. (Deponent knoweth this, since she can crush anything else in five minutes' wearing.) Leonard Arkin makes a great dress of this in white with beige, Shocking, blue, or green dots upon it. It has a flat band collar (lots of this type of collar hereabouts) and scalloped seam detail around the hips; $65. Also at Karshan, by the well-known designer Won't Tell, is an infinitely useful dress in bright navy with small red polka dots; a flat band encircling the neck reverses this scheme, being red with navy dots. The dress also comes in soft blue with pink, Shocking with white, and grass green with bright yellow, to celebrate the coming of the dandelion season. The print dresses here, of whatever fabric, have a way of looking hand-painted in watercolor—for instance, a slinky evening dress of black silk scattered with white daisies and red sweetheart rosebuds. Likewise, the printed chiffons here are apt to be washy pastels. But the *real* news is that Karshan has gone in for making his own outfits, from simple designs by Won't Tell, which will be ready, in your size, long or short, in ten days or two weeks. You see the design, you select from a bewildering assortment of fabrics, and they have it made up; prices go to $295, but most are much lower. (Fittings are extra.) A formal dress with a very high self waistband that has a bow at one side of it goes into an A line via a pair

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of bias seams down the front; $145. For formal clothes that are right there on the premises, Kiki Hart is always a godsend. A pure-white silk sleeveless gown with a round neck, a glide to the floor, and spring flowers spattered all over it is $145. She is also responsible for a formal short shirt dress, with a deep inverted pleat down the front from neck to hem, in a watercolor print of greens and mauves and blues; it's also silk, and also $145.

LORD & TAYLOR has its own collection of suits and coats (the all-embracing name is Contessa) that are designed in Italy and copied, line for line, here. One suit that stems from Fabiani is of a white wool tweed whose decoration is navy crossbars. Its fitted jacket comes down to the hipbones, and its skirt—a darned interesting one in a world the sheath has ruled for so long—is made almost bell-shaped by means of pleats. But, to return to the U.S.A., I forgot practically all else the moment I glimpsed Tiffeau's absolutely perfect pants suit. It's of his pet white tweed with purple crossbars. It starts with a long zippered jacket (the zipper goes to within six inches of the hem) and a purple silk turtleneck overblouse. The pants swerve a bit inward at the knees and cling to the calves, then flare slightly at the bottom. (No knee bends in *these*, please!) Among the Contessa coats is a worthy arrangement of navy gabardine with huge diagonal gray crossbars. It has a tent fullness that commences right at the nearly invisible back yoke, and it's $185. A coat that would be great for any kind of chilly cruise is by Trigère—a smashing huddly thing of wool in a diagonal plaid that is all Hudson's Bay primitive colors, like red, yellow, and Kelly. This has a stole scarf at the top, and the front is straight, but gathers below the belt around on the sides give it a really bulky flare; $435. (L. & T. is not the sole possessor of this; Bergdorf and others, I find, own it, too. Seek and ye shall find.) Switching departments from coats and suits to ensembles, but staying on the third floor, we move on to, for one, Geoffrey Beene, who has done a charmer of a dress (especially in its coloration) in wool with an emphatic madras design, all purple and olives, with a belt of olive leather at the hips. It wears his split standup collar. (They are now calling it a padre collar.) Another Beene with this collar is of six-ply silk in an orange-gold-and-turquoise print. It's a shirt dress, with cuffs down at the wrists. The

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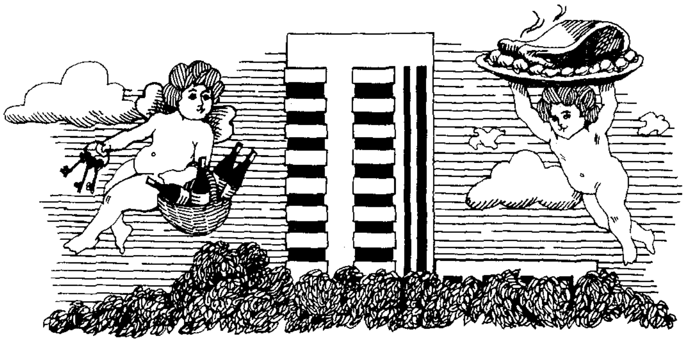

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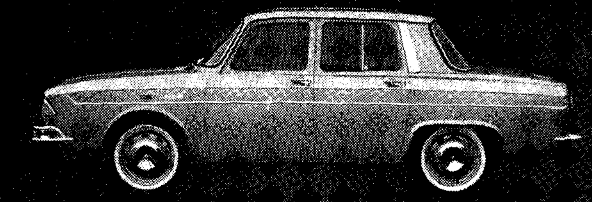

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dazzler of this assortment, though, is the work of another of my favorite busy B.s—Donald Brooks. It's a dress that flares way out. The material is silk surah, and black and white stripes three inches across go round and round it from below the gathered neck—not from the shoulders, because they are bare. A deep pleat from neck to hem, front and back, shows horizontal *yellow* and black stripes. Now back to Beene, whose winner of a dance dress in black cloqué cotton has swirls of white tracery all over it. The neck is high, the shoulders are out in the open, and deep pleats (front, back, and sideways) make it full-skirted indeed. Happy am I at the hint that here and there fuller skirts may make a triumphant return. De la Renta is on hand, too, and maybe he should get a fashion Oscar, partly for his coats of printed silk with dresses to match. Also for a chiffon ensemble, in a mosaic design of many colors, whose dress is strapless and hangs quite straight despite the layers and layers of stuff involved and despite a certain flare at the sides.

A LIVELY sense of good fashion at a wide range of prices romps through Rosette Pennington. The print dress and matching jacket, which can so easily look dowdy, is here in quantity, looking youthful, at $110 and $125. For coats, a favorite on these premises is Originala, represented by, for one, a coat in double-faced Melton cloth of buttercup yellow (both sides), with outward-slanting seams down the shoulders and a gored full back; it's $285. Another child of fortune here is Seymour Fox, who achieves variety in his tent-shaped yellow gabardine coat-dress by installing large gold-and-mother-of-pearl buttons down the front and, in back, a big inverted pleat below a high belt. In a military mood, he deploys six double-breasted gold buttons high on the front of an orange gabardine coat, and brings up the rear with an inverted pleat below a welt yoke. In the dress-and-jacket field we have Harvey Berin, who longs to put you into navy jersey, the dress being sleeveless with a high yoke seam and with two high fake pockets accommodating one brass button apiece. Over this goes a semifitted jacket that dips noticeably in back, an arrangement that is highly flattering to the figure; $185. In the formal realm, Rosalie Macrini has produced a triumphant chiffon gown gathered at the high neck. The shoulders are uncovered, but floating circular panels descending from the nape can be

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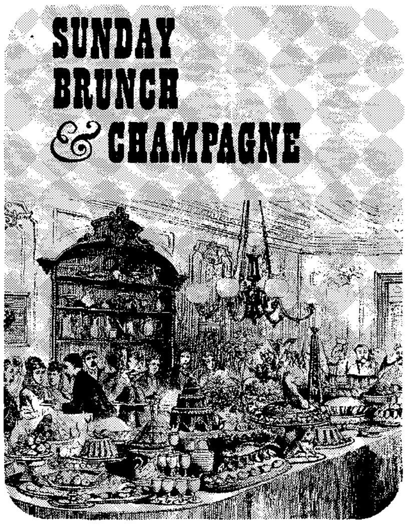

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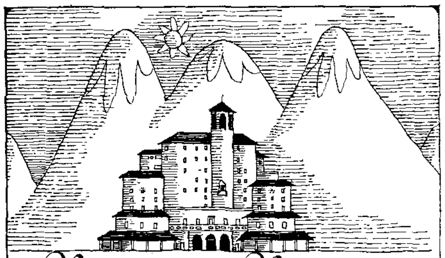

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COTTON is really feeling its oats at Saks Fifth Avenue this spring, as witness a Burke-Amey dress and jacket with an irregular red-and-navy plaid design on a very bumpy white ground. The dress has a scooped camisole top above an Empire waist, and a widish belt comes around the back and ends at each side with a button, which makes connections with a buttonhole at each side of the little jacket. For queenly lunches and teas, Samuel Winston has made a honey of a costume, its coat of practically honey-colored two-faced Agnona wool—pale beige on the outside of the coat and the same beige with delicate brown tracery in a sort of daisy design on the inside. The dress beneath is of silk printed with the same tracery, and has a shallow round yoke, shirring below the yoke, and short sleeves; $495. Tiffeau has made (only for Saks) a coat of tweed that is all jagged patches of navy, white, and seafoam green. The coat has a small band collar and a slight flare, and there's a wisp of a navy jersey dress underneath; $435. Seymour Fox has also put himself out for Saks with a double-breasted coat of white gabardine; round gold buttons and a deep inverted pleat below the small back belt are among its features. The matching dress is sleeveless, with a squarish neck and a wide inset belt. And, as always, the Sophie Room shows the Ultimate in femininity. My very favorite this time is a long silvery black-and-white lamé evening dress in a chrysanthemum pattern. The fabric is horizontally ribbed, and the tunic top comes nearly to the hem of the underdress; $600. And at whatever Saks you're at, peer into their exclusive Nina Ricci boutiques. Charmers, the contents are.

—LOIS LONG

•

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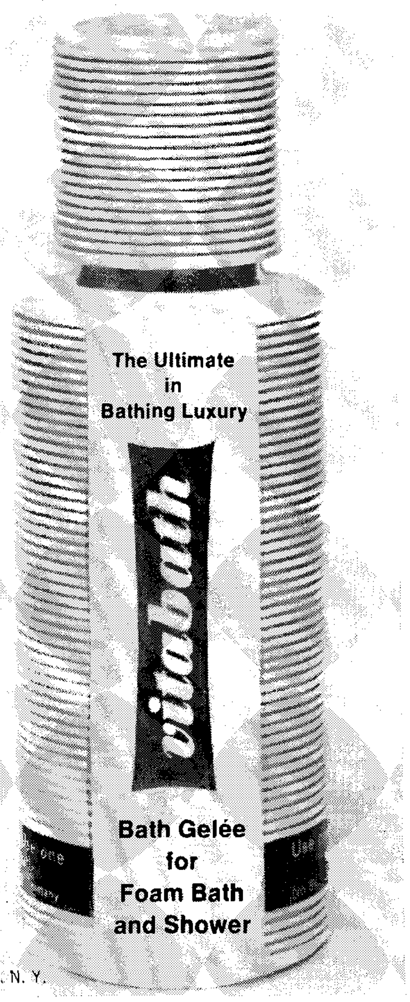
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LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 14

THE French parliamentary election, which was prophesied to be dull but vital for the preservation of de Gaulle's institutions, turned out to be sensational, and left his Fifth Republic party barely balanced on what looked like a dangerous chasm of possible defeat. Amid real political excitement, the de Gaulle party obtained at the last moment what Paris calls the minority of a majority—exactly the necessary two hundred and forty-four Chamber seats to sit on without immediate danger. The turnout of eighty per cent of the electorate was among the largest that modern France has known since the Front Populaire vote of 1936, which, in one way, this election resembled, because this one, too, was a great national upheaval from the left. But this time everything was simplified. The Gaullist slogan was the familiar brief one of "Progress, Independence, and Peace." The slogan of the left was brand-new and succinct: "The End of Personal Power," meaning an end to de Gaulle's indubitably very successful method of idiosyncratic governing of France over the past eight years. To achieve this aim, the Communists and the important new Federation of the Left (of Socialists, Radicals, and various non-Communists) joined in a powerful, disciplined attack, which they carried through with unexpected brilliance and sobriety, and, in some instances, even self-sacrifice. Together, they so damaged the prestige of the de Gaulle regime that it would seem he cannot go on being himself as he was.

The result of this election, which has encouraged, shocked, alarmed, and astonished France as well as Europe, indicates to many observers that the French nation now seems better balanced democratically—all parts of the Republic's body politic being visibly present, with the left hand operative, and with the brainy governmental head still in place, at least for the moment, on its shoulders—than at any time since the war. To many here, the post-election picture, which few had dreamed of, looks healthy and encouraging. If the Communist-Federation pact was one man's creation, it was probably that of the Federation's chief, François Mitterrand. In any case, it has given him a popularity and admiration that he has never known before in his very shifting political reincarnations, and he is now being given credit for the brilliant tactical triumph of the whole anti-de Gaulle maneuver, with Waldeck Rochet, chief of the Communists, more quietly overseeing his party's obedience to Communist discipline.

It must be understood that France's election consisted, as usual, of two Sunday elections a week apart, of which the first, on March 5th, was naïvely important, because it gave the true picture of which candidates and parties the French citizens chose voluntarily, before pressure was put on some candidates to disappear from the lists and some voters were ordered to vote for a different man and party in the decisive runoff election. These perfectly licit election machinations must, by law, take place before midnight on the Tuesday following the first Sunday election. What is set up on Tuesday is the alliances between politically sympathetic parties, which can spectacularly shape a French election. The dominant maneuver is what are called *les désistements*, or withdrawals, first practiced in 1876, in the early, difficult days of the Third Republic, with the aim of narrowing the voting results. Arranging the *désistements* is a logical, cynical, carefully figured-out way of providing for the survival of the fittest, and, like all French political maneuvers, the process is complicated. In it, candidates drop from sight, go home, and give up dreams of being a deputy in Parliament. Voters are informed whom to vote for in the new alliances by party leaders, or, nowadays, even by TV announcements. A few Communist Party voters who disobeyed in this election have been expelled from the Party, which, for a Communist, is political suicide or assassination. In the Federation of the Left, those who were recalcitrant have been threatened with milder party discipline later. *Désistements* rely on an electorate that accepts guidance after having voted. The Communists are so obedient to Party orders—or thus the joke goes—that if told to vote for de Gaulle they would all do so. These *désistements* are so conventional and familiar here that in this election the morning paper *Figaro* ran its report of them on page 2, usually given over to accidents and crime—the special emotional touch being supplied by those candidates, cut down like martyrs, who were called "*les sacrifiés*." In the careful planning of this election, the Communists and the Federation of the Left arranged things so that between them they had only one candidate in each runoff race, perfectly and economically fixed, if possible, to beat the Gaullist. An example of how the system works was provided last week by the case of Pierre Mendès-France, running from Grenoble (the one Frenchman of the left "to whom rivals and colleagues would accord the stature of statesman and not politician"), who had been out of the governmental radius for twelve years and was badly needed as a chief of the opposition. In the first voting, his rival, the Gaullist Jean Vanier, was the winner, with around twenty-four thousand votes to Mendès' twenty-one thousand and the Communist Giard's thirteen thousand. By Giard's *désistement*, Mendès' vote in the second round topped the Gaullist's, and certainly the better brain—Mendès—was elected for the service of France.

What the two parties of the left can agree on, after at least shaking the Gaullist party like a somewhat worn velvet banner, is demands for better schools, hospitals, pensions, and universities, all of which have interested de Gaulle less than the inflation of *la grandeur de la France*. His real interest has been the costly *force de frappe*. The interest of the young French voters—whether left or independent Gaullist—born from the family reunions at the end of the Second World War, is better housing, plumbing, and education so they, too, can get married and without worry. On the physical, even social, level of improvement for *le peuple*, the modest little French, the General's vision has largely been in the clouds, too presbyopic to see things close to home. This has been an election of the highest consequence for France, possibly for the Common Market, possibly for Russian-American relations, perhaps even for better relations between Paris and Washington. The French left is no longer anti-Yankee, that being part of the Gaullist ideology.

Through the election, the Gaullist party itself has taken on a certain new shape. The junior Gaullist party—those independents headed by the ambitious former Gaullist Minister of Finance Giscard d'Estaing—has come through very well, and five years from now it and he might be the post-de Gaulle Gaullists of France. Young Jean Lecanuet, whose agreeable center, democratic, liberal appeal was quite successful during the Presidential campaign two years ago, was, on the whole, shattered in the parliamentary election, probably because he was trying to look in two political directions at once. But

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all this is unimportant compared to the probable governmental alterations—with or without the faithful Premier Pompidou—that de Gaulle now faces, and to the probability that the two parties of the left, because successful in this recent alliance, can remain politically neighborly and not lose sight of each other in animosities, as they did after the Front Populaire. The injury to the Gaullists' prestige has resulted at least in an increased social stability for France generally. This may sound sententious, but it has suddenly become hopeful and true, it would seem.

Miss Alice B. Toklas, who died last week in Paris, would have been ninety in April. Her relations with life had been impaired a few years ago by a bad fall, which confined her to her room, and with time her eyesight had become diminished. But there was little she wanted to read with her magnifying glass, and not a great deal she still wanted to hear, except what she herself said when she talked about Miss Gertrude Stein. Even at her age, she had an astonishing memory—as exact as a silver engraving—of all that Miss Stein had said on any subject they had discussed in their long friendship together. In company with this memory, Miss Toklas had her own creative, critical mind, still of rare validity, which had continued to function since Miss Stein's death in 1946, nearly a quarter of a century ago. If at some time in the past year or so a visitor to Miss Toklas's alien modern apartment out on the Rue de la Convention asked what Miss Stein had thought about this artist or that writer or that former mutual friend, Miss Toklas, as if on a rapid impulse, would start recollecting what she herself had thought at the time, until she would suddenly cease, as if with a sense of heresy or as if she were contributing to apocrypha, and, in shock, would fall silent. It was in those long silent moments that she miraculously reflected both herself and Miss Stein, complete and complemented.

The unique collection of early Picassos that Miss Stein started when nearly no one yet wanted what he painted (and for which she paid so little, since she was not rich, that Picasso said, with generous humor, that it would be almost cheaper for them both if he gave them to her for nothing) was famous by the time the two ladies moved, with these pictures, to their last flat together, in the Rue Christine. It will be recalled that because Miss Toklas, in ill health and by then alone in the world, went to Rome in 1960 for the better part of a

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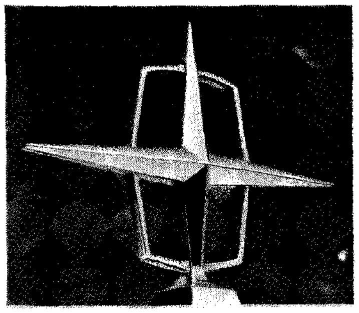

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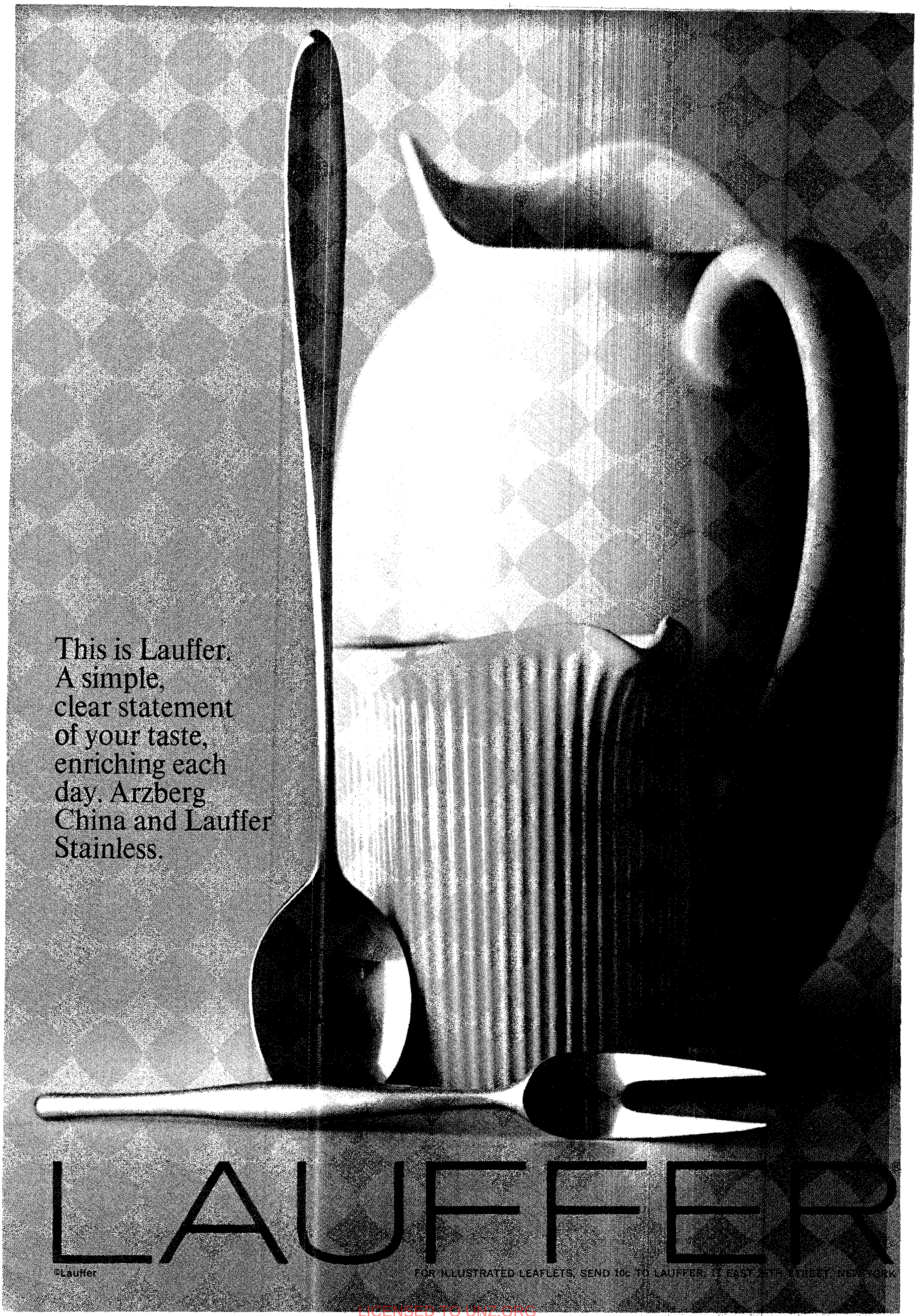

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FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS, SEND 10c TO LAUFFER, [illegible] EAST [illegible] STREET, NEW YORK year—"My first infidelity to Paris," she said, and certainly it was the most costly—the Tribunal de la Seine, on a demand made in the interests of the ultimate heirs of Miss Stein, authorized seizure of the picture collection, on the ground that it had been left without a resident guardian (and other irregularities). The sequestration of the collection in the vaults of the Paris branch of the Chase Manhattan Bank prevented Miss Toklas's further enjoyment of the terms of Miss Stein's will, which permitted her the sale of a canvas if she should be in need. With the death of Miss Toklas, the pictures now pass to the heirs, who are the three offspring of Miss Stein's early-deceased nephew Allan Stein—that rather unattractive little boy with a tennis racket in an early portrait by Picasso. The heirs are Mr. Daniel Stein, of California, now in his thirties, son of Allan Stein's first marriage, and, by a second marriage, a girl and a boy, Mlle. Gabrielle and M. Michael Stein, brought up modestly in Paris and now in their twenties. It has been stated by a friend that the wish of the two younger heirs is to maintain the collection as a memorial to Gertrude Stein, whom they could hardly ever have laid eyes on. The pictures are now valued by art authorities (who have not seen them for years) at about two and a half million dollars. On Miss Stein's death, an official inventory listed twenty-two Picasso oil paintings. First on the list was the large "Femme Nue sur Fond Rose," which hung against the fireplace mirror in the Rue Christine salon, unlike anything else Picasso ever painted, and Miss Stein's favorite. Then came "Jeune Fille aux Fleurs," the famous nude girl holding a basket of flowers—her first purchase, with her brother Leo. Miss Stein thought the figure's legs badly painted, so the Montmartre art merchant said, "Oh, cut them off if you don't like them—the artist won't mind anything if you'll only buy." Perhaps finest on the list were the inestimably valuable small male heads—two rose and one green—of proto-Cubist type, painted during Picasso's composition of "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." The collection is like no other, because of the great representational early paintings from those fresh, fertile years of Picasso. It is a collection associated with sadness, on the whole—with its former owners gone and only Picasso still alive, at eighty-five.

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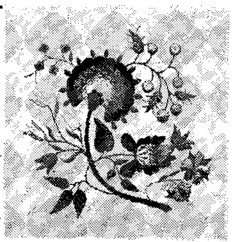

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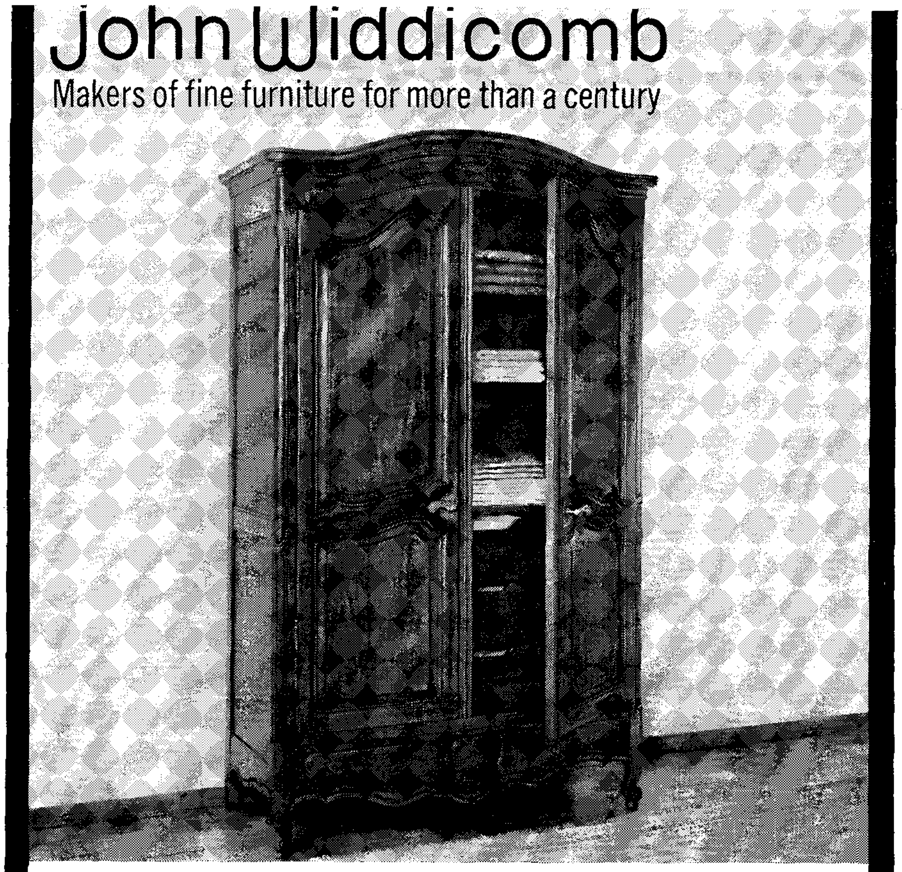

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pieces of printed money ever issued by the Banque de France. It honors the universally best known of all French chemists, Louis Pasteur (1822-95), whose portrait it bears—showing his affectionate eyes, gray beard, and domed, intellectual forehead—and, nearby, the modest brick building that was the original Institut Pasteur, where he carried on his researches, so beneficial to man and beast. Both men and beasts are pictured on the note, which carries nearly a dozen pictorial references to Pasteur's works. On the obverse, up in the border, are chickens and sheep, which recall his prevention of chicken cholera and of anthrax among sheep and cattle—at that time ruining French farmers. He also eliminated a plague among silkworms (creatures difficult to portray decoratively), which was bankrupting the French silk industry—a triumph indicated on the banknote merely by scrolls of mulberry leaves such as the silkworms were fed when in good health. There are, furthermore, trellises of grapes and vine leaves, representing his success in the problems of controlling fermentation in wine, which led, in turn, to his research into germs, the resultant pasteurization of milk, and, eventually, to asepsis applied to surgical instruments, which revolutionized the practice of surgery. From his work with wine, Pasteur concluded that "wine is the healthiest liquid man can drink," a theory in which the alcoholically inclined French people and the great French winegrowers have gladly concurred. His most noted discovery, of course, was the cure for rabies. The largest configuration on the five-franc note shows a statue of a dog biting a barefoot shepherd boy whose name was Jupille—famous in French medical history as the second human being to be spared by Pasteur's method the horrors of death from rabies. The only really important identification lacking on the Pasteur note is Pasteur's name, which money portraits never carry in France, the theory being that a face so honored needs no nominal identification. This is not necessarily the case with Pasteur, since his name is known all over the Western world but not what he looked like. —GENÊT

•

Hoover conceded that police have made mistakes in coping with civil disturbances of recent years. "Wrong actions and decisions have been taken," he said, but on the whole, law enforcement has been even-handed, outrageous and honest.—*San Diego Evening Tribune.*

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THE ART WORLD

Art as Thinking

PAUL KLEE is the unequalled theoretician of twentieth-century dynamics in painting. More important than his theories, however, are the experiments through which he translated them into formal principles and into actual works of art. With the thoroughness of the founder of a new science or a new political order, Klee carried on the systematic conversion of the elements of painting—line, plane, color, depth—into charges of energy. The Klee exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum, the largest ever presented in this country, is, as the neighbor of the Wyeth show at the Whitney, like an atomic reactor set down in a cow pasture. Many of the oils and watercolors illustrate technical exercises that Klee developed in connection with his lectures at the Bauhaus and with his essays and notebooks; an immense collection of these writings and visual demonstrations was published in 1956 under the title "Das Bildnerische Denken" and was translated into English, in 1961, by Ralph Manheim, as "Paul Klee: The Thinking Eye" (Wittenborn; twenty-five dollars)—the New York art world seems to find thinking less objectionable if it is done with an organ other than the mind. Not only is "The Thinking Eye" the most thorough theoretical exposition anywhere of the action approach to painting but it contains the richest laboratory investigation of its technical possibilities. For instance, one of the most striking paintings at the Guggenheim, "The Grey One and the Coast," which was done two years before Klee's death and bears overtones of the passage over the Styx, is reproduced in "The Thinking Eye" in a section headed "Different Possibilities of Movement—Types of Rhythmic Structure—Terrestrial and Cosmic Examples" and is accompanied by the following note: "Give rigid rhythm to the individual and flowing rhythm to the structure, and let them work against each other." The note then refers to another composition of jagged and arrested motions, the similarly myth-laden oil "Heroic Strokes of the Bow." This painting is not included in the Guggenheim exhibition, but most of those that are have in "The Thinking Eye" formal counterparts and a suggestive context of reflections and diagrams. Springing from his analytical exercises, Klee's paintings and drawings, which total almost nine thousand, are like entries in the logbook of a continuing investigation of the formal properties of a kind of painting usually associated with an indifference to form. Each creation embodies a hypothesis that in being realized pictorially opens the way to a new hypothesis. Or, instead of being the outcome of an idea, a work constitutes a detour into surprise, since Klee, while constantly pushing on with his formal analysis, was neither a formalist ("Formalism is form without function," he wrote) nor a rationalist but an intuitive artist with feelers extended toward the unknown and toward the human content of his inventions. The footnote to "Temptation," a remarkable linear abstraction done in 1934 (not at the Guggenheim, but see "Snake Paths," of 1934, and "Dame Demon," of 1935, which belong to the same series), says, "There are also projections that cannot be explained, because the artist sometimes shows a faculty for projecting inner images in such a way that they become almost real or entirely so. You have to take care not to write the law simply and unimaginatively by itself but to put yourself in motion round the law." The last sentence ought to be engraved upon the portico of every contemporary art school.

Ever since the foreshadowing of the First World War by the Futurists, action had been the pledge upon which vanguard art movements arose and split apart. For Klee, what was called for was not an activism of the streets but a revolution of form and in the conception of the artist and the spectator. Each problem in "The Thinking Eye" has to do with moving, tensing, falling, balancing, straining, shifting, intensifying, recurring, resisting, self-isolating. Color, line, plane are translated into verbs. Having abandoned the imitation of appearances, Klee sought pictorial equivalents of the changing inner-outer world of man. In his "Creative Credo," he offered a physiological and philosophical basis for his dynamic conception of painting: "In the work of art paths are made for the eye of the beholder which moves along from patch to patch like an animal grazing. . . . The work of art arose out of movement, is itself congealed movement, and is perceived by movement." For Klee, the action comprehended by

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painting ranged from the physical and psychological to what his friend Kandinsky called the spiritual. "Problem: *the ethical* character of movement. . . . The main thing is freedom . . . a freedom which insists on its right to be just as inventive as nature in her grandeur is inventive."

Stylistically, Klee's works fall into categories determined not by the usual biographical "periods" that reflect the artist's moods and private life but by the shifts, pauses, recapitulations, and leaps of his consciousness-expanding process (if one may borrow a term from those who hold that insight can be distended by drugs without the effort of thinking). His formal inventiveness is so profuse as to make creation appear a natural function of the mind. On the ramp of the Guggenheim, the spectator can revel in the variety of a hothouse or a zoo, yet concurrent with this exhibition of nearly two hundred oils, watercolors, gouaches, prints, and drawings another large collection of Klees has been assembled at the Pasadena Art Museum and will travel to other American cities, a show of Klee drawings is on display at the Saidenberg Gallery, and in February still another group occupied the Iolas Gallery. Klee spun off enough pictorial clues to keep New York studios on the trail for the next twenty years. Most artists who discover a mode keep digging in it until it forms a crater that encompasses them—for example, Chagall, Mondrian, Rothko. In contrast, Klee cut analytical trenches from one mode to another to construct a seemingly endless labyrinth. He conceived compositions of rectangles of color ("The Harmony of the Northern Flora"), not as Cubist divisions of space but as back-and-forth "color actions;" of snarls of line ("Dame Demon"), to serve as "itineraries of the eye;" of light-generating gradations of tone ("Double Tent," "Ambassador of Autumn"); of rows of dots fading into contours ("Classic Coast"); of "reductive" signs and marks ("ABC for Wall Painters"); of geometrical planes opening upon other planes and upon a solid-color ground ("The Gateway to the Depths"); of emblems and pictographs ("Around the Fish"). He demonstrated the contrasting emotional effects of flat strata, mounting strata, and receding strata; of changing a ruled contour into a freehand one; of transposing a composition from paper to board or to burlap. He incorporated letters of the alphabet, numbers, arrows, leaf shapes, eye shapes, moons, stars, sails. His works call to mind contemporary painters and

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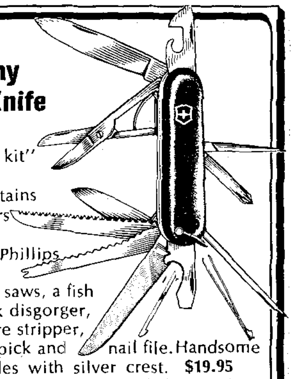

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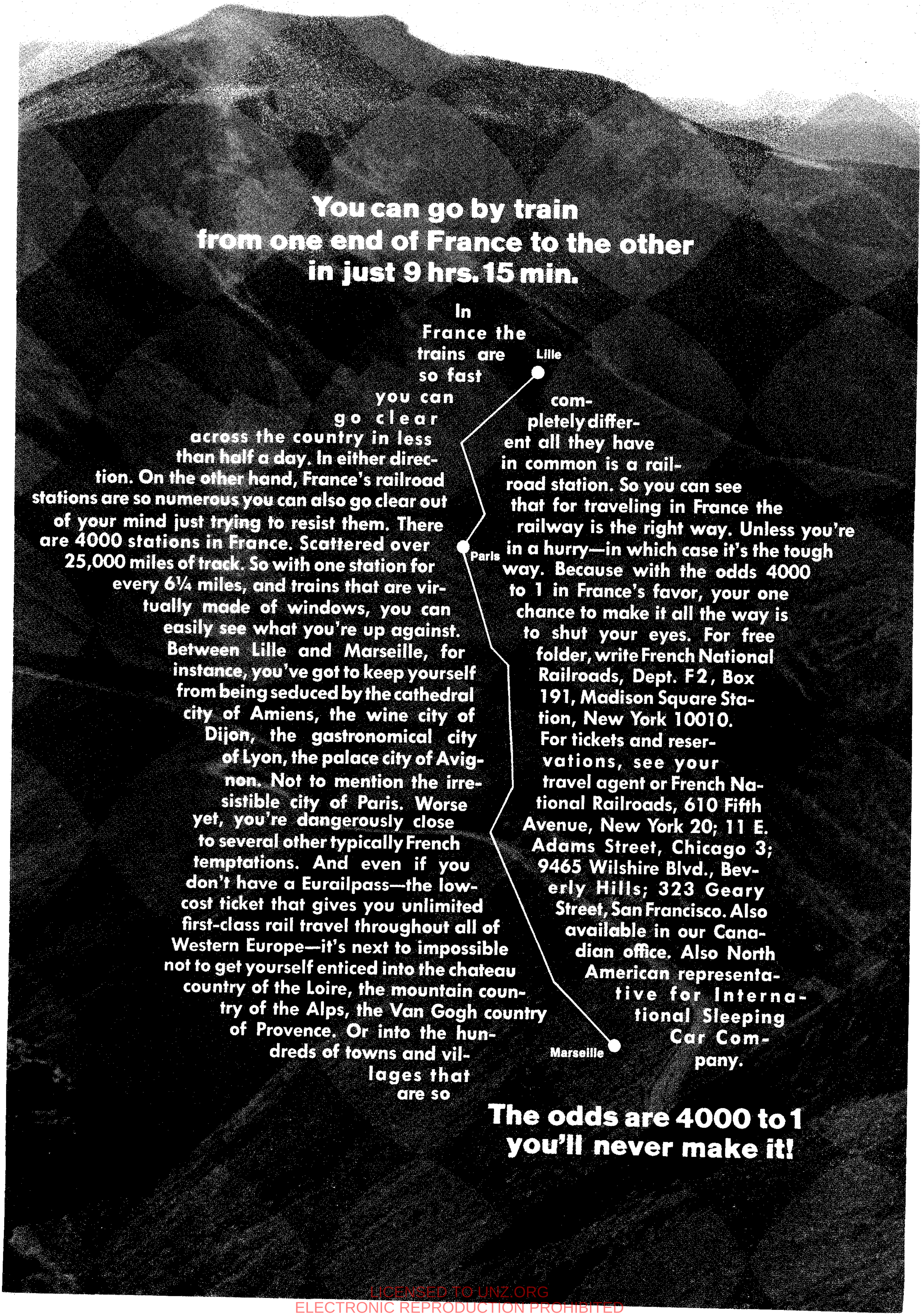

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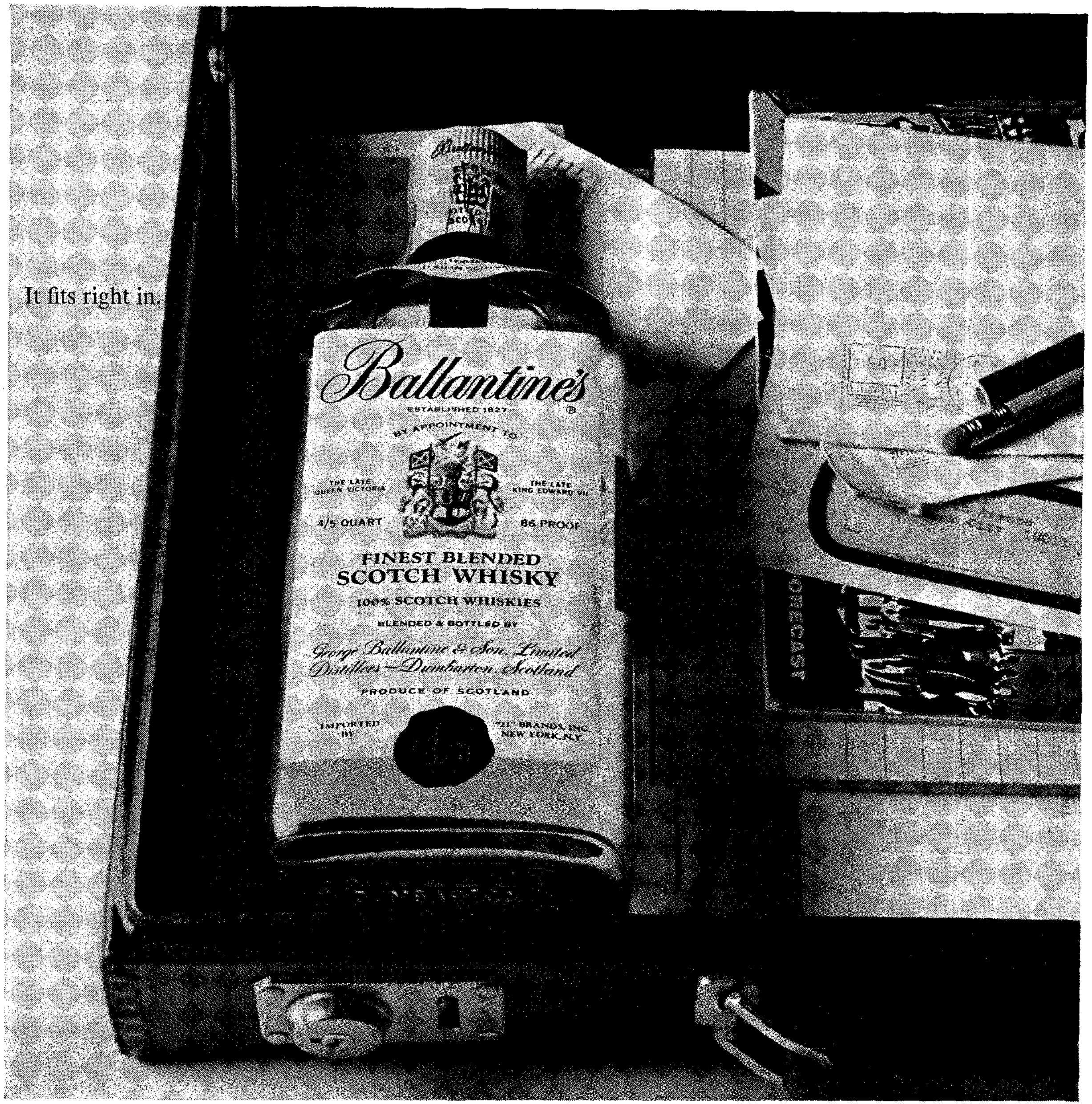
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art movements seemingly irreconcilable with one another: Hans Hofmann and Dubuffet; Baziotes and Anuszkiewicz and Ferren; Gottlieb and Saul Steinberg; Franz Kline, Pollock, Op, and Pop. There are even ingredients in Klee that, not inconsistent with his years at the Bauhaus, have proved useful to advertising art—for example, his directional rhythms and zigzag profiles. The particulars of Klee's influence are a matter for historical and biographical research; what arouses our admiration is that he should have placed himself at the source on which so many different minds and temperaments were to draw.

That source is revealed in the semi-mythical ("almost real") subject matter of Klee's compositions. "I begin logically with chaos . . . because at the start I may myself be chaos," he wrote. In post-First World War Europe, "chaos" had a historical dimension. It was defined in the attacks made by Klee's contemporaries on the hollowness of the Renaissance heritage—the "Burn the museums!" slogan of Marinetti and Aragon—and in T. S. Eliot's search for "fragments . . . shored against my ruins." For Klee, the cultural vacancy of Europe implied neither the end of art nor an aesthetic based on the conservation of fragments. Because all forms of life and thought had become volatile, what was required, he saw, was the introduction of time into painting. An art of static harmonies, even as modernized by Cubism, was out of key with the experience of the epoch. The aesthetic of the twentieth century had to be based on motion and change. The epigraph of "The Thinking Eye" is a statement Klee wrote in 1914, a month after the beginning of the war: "Ingres is said to have created an artistic order out of rest. I should like to create an order out of feeling and, going still further, out of motion." An order created out of motion might be able to breast the tide of the chaos that the artist felt himself to be, perhaps, "at the start." Thus, with Klee the shakiness of Europe was manifested not in Dadaist parody or Surrealist dissociation but in images of balance-unbalance: tottering structures, scaffoldings without foundations, abstract impulses, cities of the air and of dreams, emergences out of darkness, submarine wanderings, personages and landscapes sprung from movements of the pencil or brush. The objective, Klee repeated again and again, is not form but form-making. Neither in nature nor in art nor in the self is there to be found a point of completion. In a world soluble in time, all forms, past and present,

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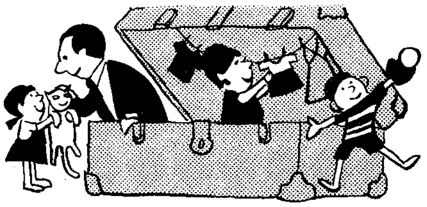

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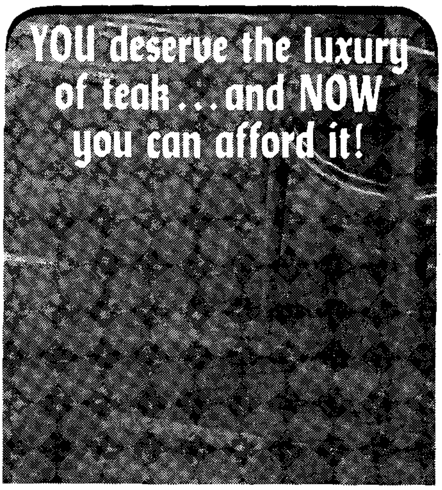
float together in a sea of potentiality. Regretting, like Rimbaud, "Europe with its ancient parapets," Klee turned to the arts of Africa, of antiquity, of the Orient, of Islam, to the drawings of children, madmen, and untrained eccentrics, to the culture of the city streets, and to that other antagonist of traditionalist art, modern science. Beyond inherited styles and values there exists the art act as the irreducible essence of art and of man, whether performed in ancient Babylon, in the jungle, in the kindergarten, or in the test tube.

Klee was aware that his unremitting experimentalism was forced upon him by the nature of the times and that it carried a price. "There is no culture to sustain us," he wrote in 1924, explaining why, though he often dreamed of "a work vast in scope, spanning all the way across element, object, content, and style," he and his contemporaries were unlikely to achieve more than "parts." Artist and spectator alike passed from discovery to discovery, from possibility to possibility. Reality, however—at any rate, synthesis—lay out of reach. For the artist in this predicament, his own continuity would be best embodied in the notebooks wherein he recorded the ongoing activity of his mind—the activity of which the work of art represents only a "moment" of concentration and chance. Comparing "The Thinking Eye" with the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, the Italian historian-critic Giulio Carlo Argan paraphrases Klee himself to point out that both artists are "concerned not so much with the art object as with the manner in which it is produced." Argan might also have compared Klee's pictorial researches with the lifelong note-taking of his contemporary Paul Valéry, for whom Leonardo, as the personification of "method," provided the link between the Renaissance and the twentieth century, and the key to the survival of the arts in the midst of our "intellectual crisis." Parallel to Klee, Valéry established as his first aesthetic axiom that "a work of art is an act," and declared, "I regard methods with much more affection than results."

HISTORICALLY, Klee stands between the pre-First World War Futurists, among whom pictorial animation became confused with a philosophy of violence, and the post-Second World War American action painters, whose energy-charged compositions were a direct response to the situation of American art instead of being inspired by any aesthetic program. Klee is clos-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er to the Futurists stylistically in his finished surfaces and his derivations from Cubism, but he is more akin to the action painters in his mastery of, among other modes, nonfigurative abstraction, in his refusal to carry the art act beyond the canvas into street demonstrations and politics, and in his search for inner unity through painting. His greatest differences from the Americans are in the role in his paintings of the conceptual and in the related matter of their physical size—the notebook sensibility being unlikely to seek solutions through the blockbuster. On the grounds of both excessive consciousness of what he was doing and the small size of his characteristic works, it is stylish to dismiss Klee as overrated (as if every artist were not overrated today, if he is rated at all) and as at least as much a mere thinker, and even a "literary man," as an artist; his philosophizing, writing, and teaching are held against him. He is identified with the stereotype of the formula-maker, the man in the white coat. (As luck would have it, a photograph of Klee in "The Thinking Eye" actually shows him in a laundered white smock neatly buttoned up to the neck.) An objection to Klee on a different plane stems from the fact that giving art a metaphysical aim offends the American sensibility just as it excites the German.

The role of the intellect in creation is, of course, a real issue. Yet the contrast between Klee's analytical procedures and American spontaneity can be exaggerated. For example, the late Franz Kline, a selection of whose paintings and drawings from 1950 through 1961 is at present being shown at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, was always quick to denounce any suggestion that theory played a part in his work; if it did, we may take Kline's word for it that it was not his theory. To set out from an idea, as Klee often did, would have revolted Kline. Kline's spontaneity, like that of Pollock and Hofmann, is currently being played down by critics, in order to present art as picture planning. That this is nonsense by no means implies that Kline charged at his canvases with loaded brushes. He carefully weighed the positions and stresses of his strokes, and his oils often show traces of considerable reworking—areas shifted and toned to "get the picture right" in terms of his trained sensibility. While Kline was thus engaged in calculation, Klee, in refusing, despite his theorems, to exclude the unexpected, was committed to spontaneity; a colleague at

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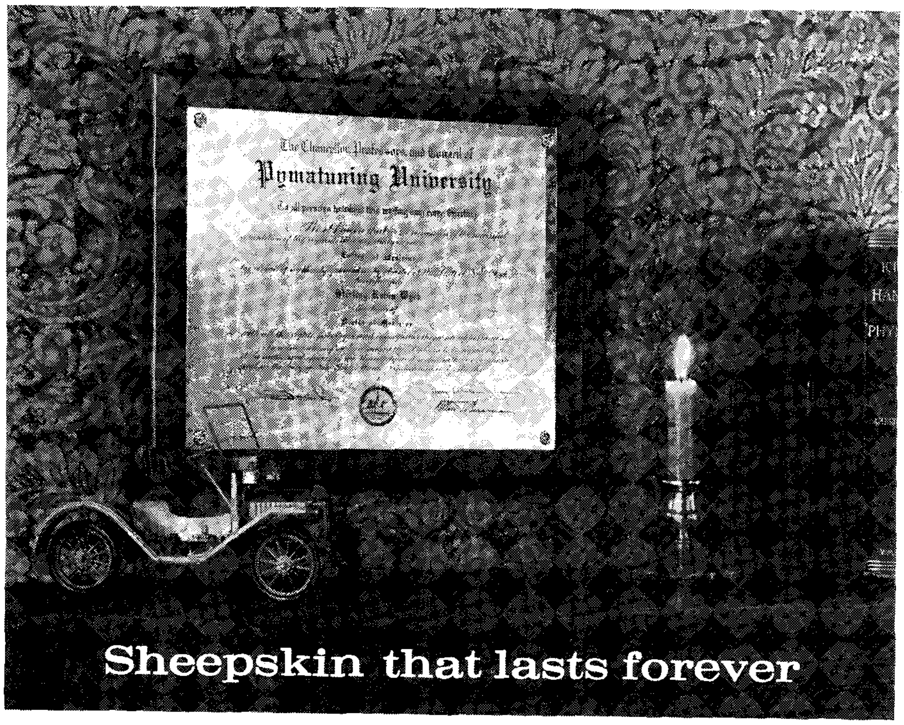

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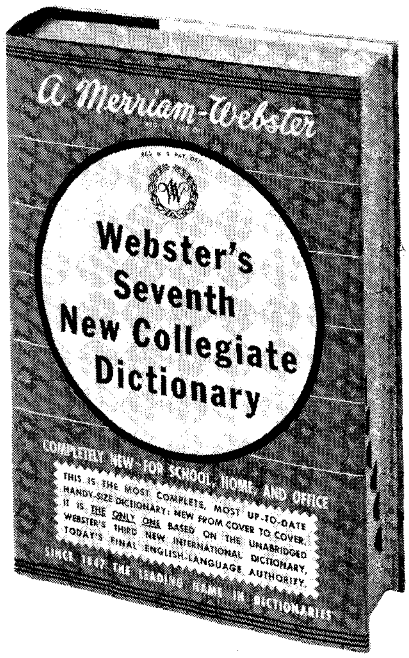
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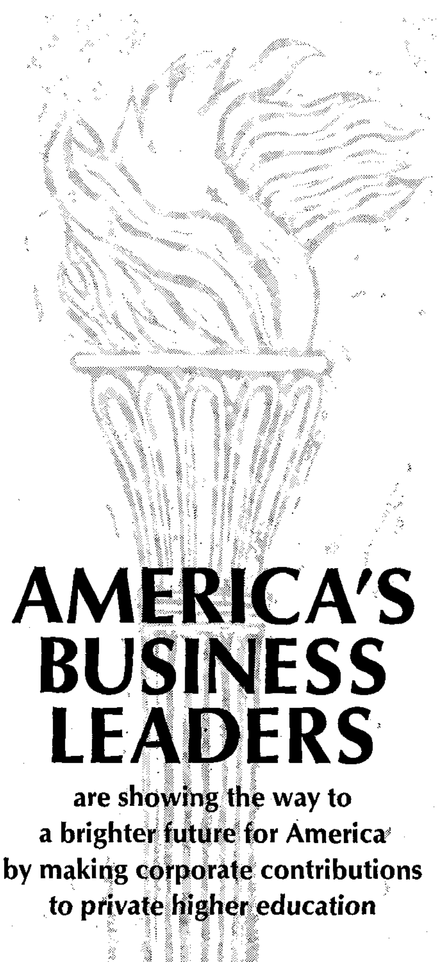
the Bauhaus accused him of "working too much with his abdomen."

The nub of the issue is that the notion of an opposition between the artist as thinker and the artist as man of feeling belongs to the ideology of modern art more than to its practice. Each artist thinks in the way that is best suited to his temperament, his training, his cultural situation; if he doesn't find the way that is best for him, he fails as an artist. Where Klee theorized in advance of the act of painting and subsequent to it, Kline theorized mainly in the doing. Kline had absorbed, of course, the *thinking of predecessors present in* the visual discourse of modern art—for instance, his much-discussed use of white as a "color" equal in value to his blacks inherits its meaning from Klee's concept of colors as energies. For an artist to have his ideas come to him from the past provides certain advantages. Klee's "The Cupboard," built of a rectangle of four strokes, is no match in clarity, tension, and forthrightness for Kline's similarly executed "Yellow Square" and the drawing "Untitled" done on a page of a telephone directory. Kline, for his part, was incapable of Klee's formal transitions—for example, from the rectangle of "The Cupboard" to an image like "Drummer." In our time, one may ask: Whose theory and how applied? But no art today is created without theory—and without overcoming it.

Besides suspecting Klee for his intellectualism, Americans are bothered by the small scale of his works. The largest painting at the Guggenheim is measurable in inches, and many important ones are in the neighborhood of nine inches by twelve. Alongside the wall-size canvases that have been in vogue in New York during the past fifteen years, Klee's tiny proscenia cannot avoid creating the impression of being pinched. What is small tends to seem picayune as well, if not trivial. The almost notebook size of Klee's compositions also emphasizes their tentativeness. A painting appears to be in a state of being superseded by one based on a different conception or by a different version of itself. In their totality, Klee's works suggest the jottings of a seeker, not the "major statement" of one who has arrived at finality; a critic accustomed to Fifty-seventh Street absolutes recently brushed Klee aside as "too inventive." The big picture solves the problem of cultural vacancy by a stroke of force. Sheer magnitude can bestow upon a work the character of a final act. The temptation to bring art to an end—the temptation that has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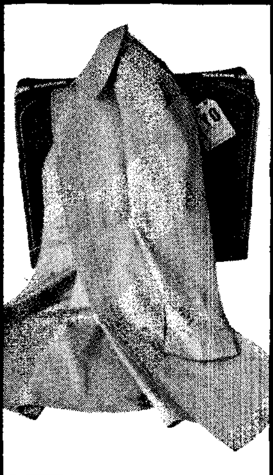

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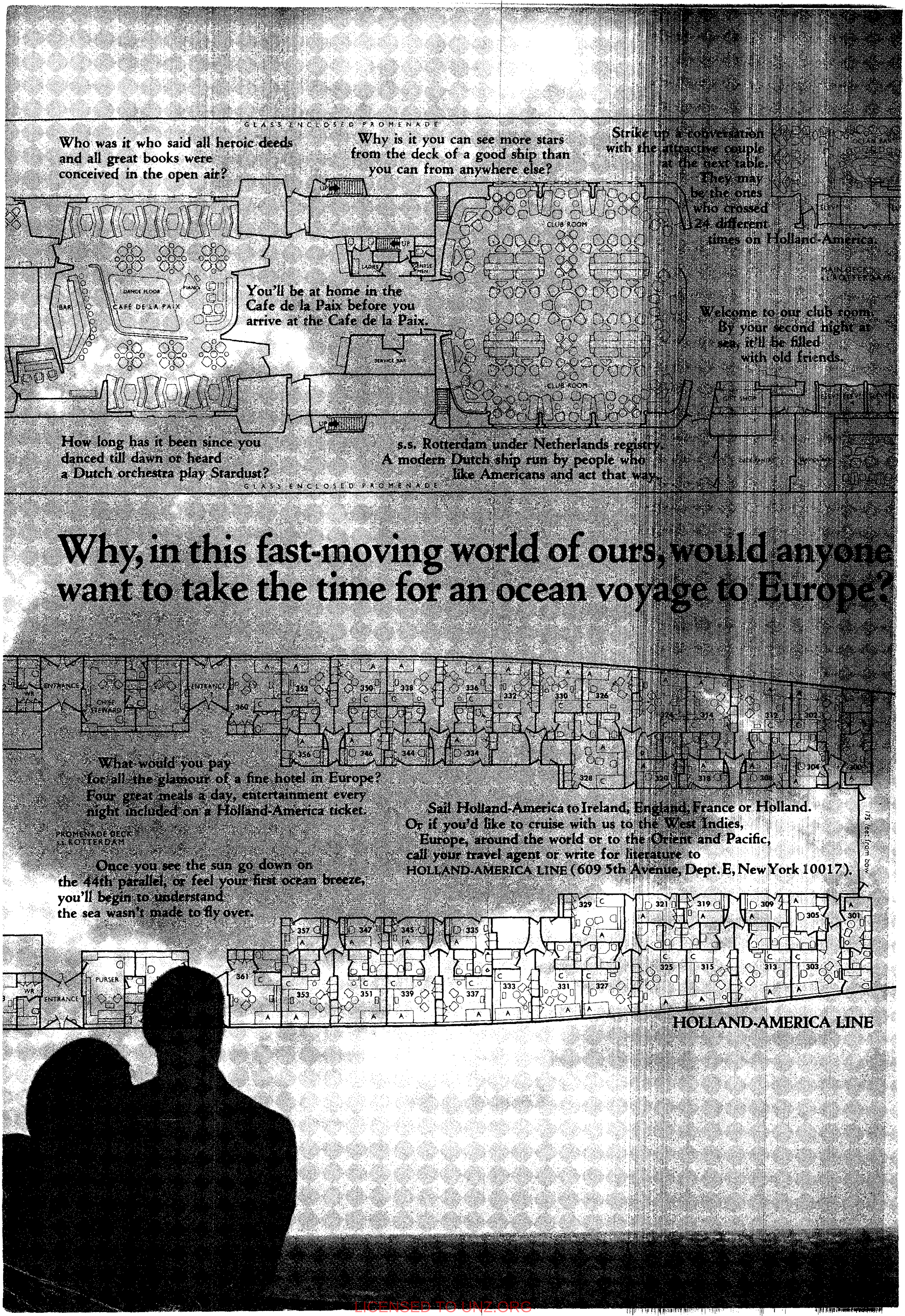
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moved so many artists since 1914—is, as we have seen, lacking in Klee. His work assumes the continuation of art and of reflection about it. It is art for the long run, and, as such, is not likely to be outdistanced. Also in his favor is the fact that the influence of painters is increasingly disseminated through reproductions, in which the size of the original work doesn't count. If on the walls of a gallery Klees are perused like pages of a book, the same is done with thirty-foot paintings when they leave the walls for permanent residence in art books. The problem of the artist, Klee wrote, is "how to enlarge space"—again a problem of dynamics, not soluble in terms of mere length and breadth.

The weakness in Klee's work is due not to intellectualism or to modesty of scale but to the artist's accommodation to the pressures of the aesthetic prejudices of his time and place. "I can only hope that the layman who keeps looking for some favorite object in pictures will gradually disappear from my surroundings," Klee wrote. This layman did not disappear. On the contrary, he made himself present in Klee's work itself through Klee's transformation of pictorial concepts into images designed to make them acceptable to him; by turning a zigzag into a profile or by adding feet, eyes, and descriptive titles to abstract compositions Klee provided "the layman" with comic pictures, caricatures, fantasies, and romances. To appreciate such original linear-planar constructions as "The Twins" and "Diana in the Autumn Wind," the spectator is compelled to ignore irrelevant cartoon elements that make them accessible as "subjects." The snake's head appended to the beautifully errant line that defines the forward plane of "Snake Paths" is a vulgarism that converts a brilliant painting into an illustration. This is not to condemn Klee's use of thematic associations as such but to object to superimposed ideas that mar the intrinsic conception of the work. In contrast to the distressing snake of "Snake Paths," the dim iconic head in "Sphinx Resting" (its features reappear in "Flower Girl," done six years later) is locked into the positive and negative space of the picture's formal structure in a way that deepens the profundity of the whole; similarly integral to the composition are the eyes in "Three Masks" and "Arab Song." As for Klee's celebrated poetic titles, they, too, function unevenly; some expand the overtones of the work with a finely phrased metaphor, others narrow its meaning and tempt the spectator—as exemplified by Will Grohmann in his book "Paul Klee"—to regard the painting as a literal rendering of the title. For Klee the "symbolic correspondences" of his abstract constructions carried hints of limitless significance; they seemed to open the imagination to that doubled world of the senses revealed, he thought, to children, madmen, and savages. Yet Klee was aware that in passing from pictorial conceptions to "images of nature's potentialities . . . fantasy is my . . . greatest danger," and he noted that "whenever I have succumbed to fantasy for the fun of it, or because it's so easy, I have felt pretty rotten about it." The fact that much of Klee's popularity is founded upon these lapses—if we may judge both by writings about him and by the paintings most widely chosen for reproduction—obscures the generative power of his principled art. Perhaps he chose the mask as a recurrent motif because he knew that his art itself was masked. How else could he make such radical novelties wanted by society as a whole?

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

• •

LATE SNOW

Seven years I watched the next-door
Lady stroll her empty mate. One May he turned his head to see
A chrysalis give forth its kleenex creature—

He'd forgotten what they were. But pleasant days she
Walked him up and down. And crooned to him.
He gurgled from his wheelchair, finally

Dying last fall. I think the birds came
Back too soon this year. The slugs
Have been extinguished by a snow. Still, all the same,

She wasn't young herself. It must have hurt her legs
To push his weight that way. A late snow hugs
The robins' tree. I saw it come. The mama withers on her eggs.

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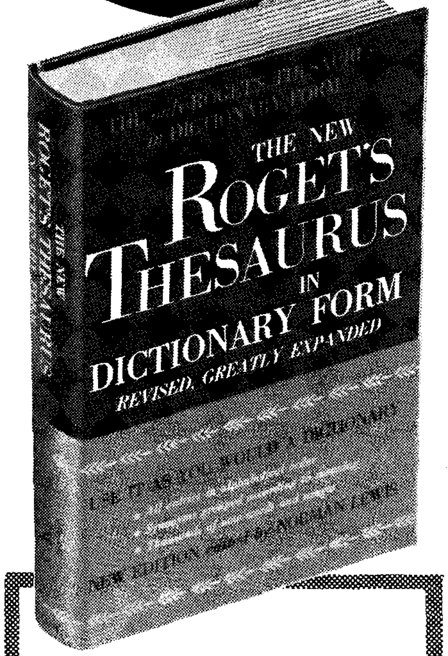

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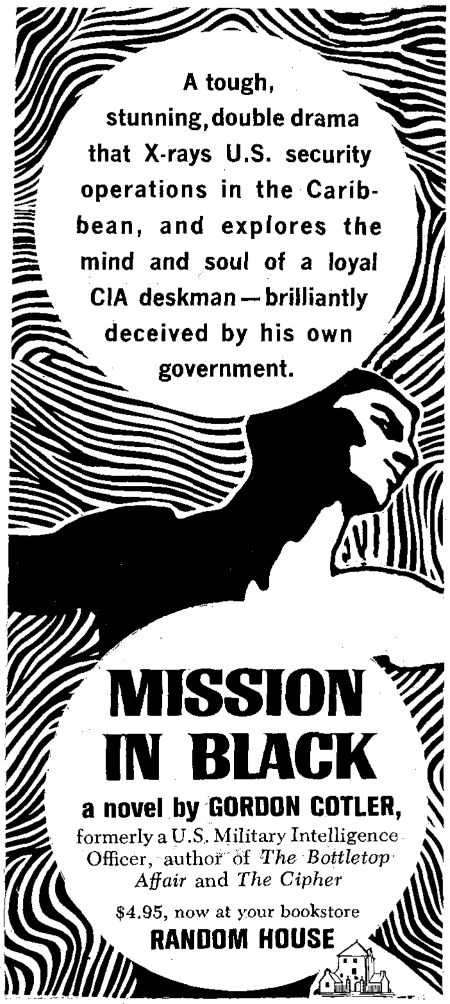
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MORE LIVES THAN ONE, by Charles Bracelen Flood (Houghton Mifflin). Harry Purdick, a cheerful young American who is about to start his final year at Harvard and is planning to be married a few days after his graduation to the girl he adores, is abruptly called to active service in Korea, ships out at once, is captured by Chinese Communists, and, through a malicious Communist error, is reported killed in action. After three years of terrifying confinement, he is returned to the United States, to be told that his girl, believing him dead, has married his brother and is soon to have a baby. One would think that a story like Harry's would be bound to have some impact on the reader, but the dogged, watery banality of Mr. Flood's prose flattens all character, all experience, all emotion into a lukewarm porridge of too many words. A Literary Guild selection.

MY LORD OF CANTERBURY, by Godfrey Turton (Doubleday). A biographical novel about Thomas Cranmer, who, as Primate of England, annulled the marriage of Catherine of Aragon; who went on to survive all the religious tergiversations and matrimonial convulsions of Henry VIII, plus the power struggles after Henry's death and the fight for the succession after the death of Henry's son, Edward VI; and who recanted Protestantism under Queen Mary Tudor, then recanted his recantation and was burned at the stake. The historical Cranmer has always been a puzzler, since he spent so much of his life looking out for himself, yet his great work, the Book of Common Prayer, is infused with a religious conviction that is incompatible with a Vicar of Bray career. It is exactly this perplexity that Mr. Turton attempts to solve. Some of his answers are plausible (for instance, he sees Cranmer as fearful of civil war and willing to obey any authority who would guarantee order), but one—the notion that Anne Boleyn was self-sacrificing—is not. Mr. Turton's style, story, and feeling for the period are all fine.

GENERAL

HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE: THE SIEGE OF DIEN BIEN PHU, by Bernard B. Fall (Lippincott). This comprehensive study may at first slightly overwhelm the reader with unfamiliar details—French and American military acronyms, strang proper names—because the autho flatteringly assumes that his reade knows more about history, geography, and military science than hi reader probably does. Bu Mr. Fall, a French journalist and teacher who was recently killed in Vietnam, ha written a thorough accoun of a brave, sanguinary battl that has since turned out to hav immense historic importance. H blames the French—though les than other writers do—for gettin into a militarily absurd position, an blames the United States for lettin the position fall. As the author tel it, the United States, under Truman, persuaded France to keep fighting in Indo-China by, among othe encouragements, a promise to kee fighting in Korea; then the Korea truce, negotiated under Eisenhowe released Communist strength fo Indo-China—notably, brilliantl trained and abundantly supplie Communist anti-aircraft units, whic made the reinforcement and suppl of Dien Bien Phu, and, indee the whole concept of the place an "airhead," practically impossibl The French garrison, though outnumbered by more than three t one, could have been saved an might have been victorious, sa Mr. Fall, if it had been assisted b saturation bombing of the enem positions. But because France ha been assigned a defensive mission i NATO, her air force consisted almost wholly of fighter planes an fighter pilots, and she was forced t ask this country for the air strik Mr. Fall's account of how the United States finally refused is possibl unjust to American motives, allowing too much for selfishness and to little for uncertainty, but if his vie is what Frenchmen believe, France' present attitudes toward NATO an the Vietnam war are understandable

INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA, by Joh Gunther (Harper & Row). A hug new depiction that differs from "Inside Latin America," its 1941 predecessor, in two important respects. I considers not the whole of Lati America but only the ten long established South American state

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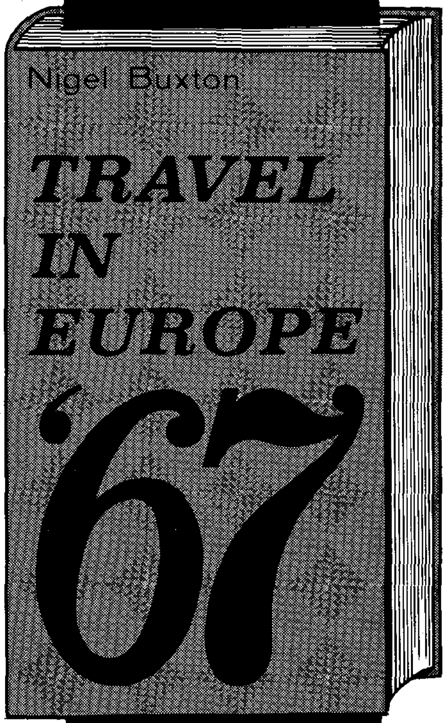

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(Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Chile, Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela), and it is, if anything, even more comprehensive. It is dazzlingly comprehensive. Mr. Gunther's chief concerns, of course, are politics and economics, but he ranges far wider than that. He also gives us an abundance of history, biography, sociology, geography, interviews, reminiscence, literary comment, descriptions of food and drink and other entertainments, and he gives it to us in facts that are often curious—Argentina until recently had two hundred and twenty-two political parties, Brazil owes the United States over a billion dollars, more than a thousand rabid dogs were caught in Lima in 1964, half of all births in South America are illegitimate—but never merely that. Illustrated with maps. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

DANTE AND HIS WORLD, by Thomas Caldecott Chubb (Little, Brown). Like Dante's "Divine Comedy," this book is big (eight hundred pages), minute in detail, and animated by love—not of Beatrice, of course, but of Dante. Mr. Chubb tells everything that is relevant to Dante's life and works—particularly the vicious and turbulent political quarrels that exiled the poet from Florence. Even though much of Dante's life was troubled, the poet had moments of fun as well as of pensiveness, so Mr. Chubb includes, along with the high doings of popes and emperors and Dante's part in them, what is known of Dante's girls and Dante's quips. Both were numerous.

•

UNITED NATIONS, N.Y., Feb. 16—The United Nations has announced a series of five postage stamps to be issued April 28 for use from the Expo '67 exposition in Montreal.

Four of the stamps will be reproductions of the panels representing various virtues on the public entrance doors to the General Assembly.

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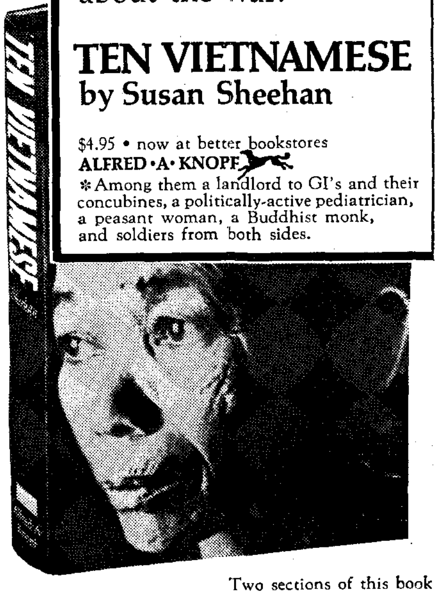

Two sections of this book appeared in *The New Yorker*

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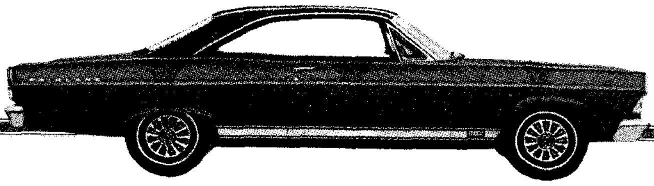

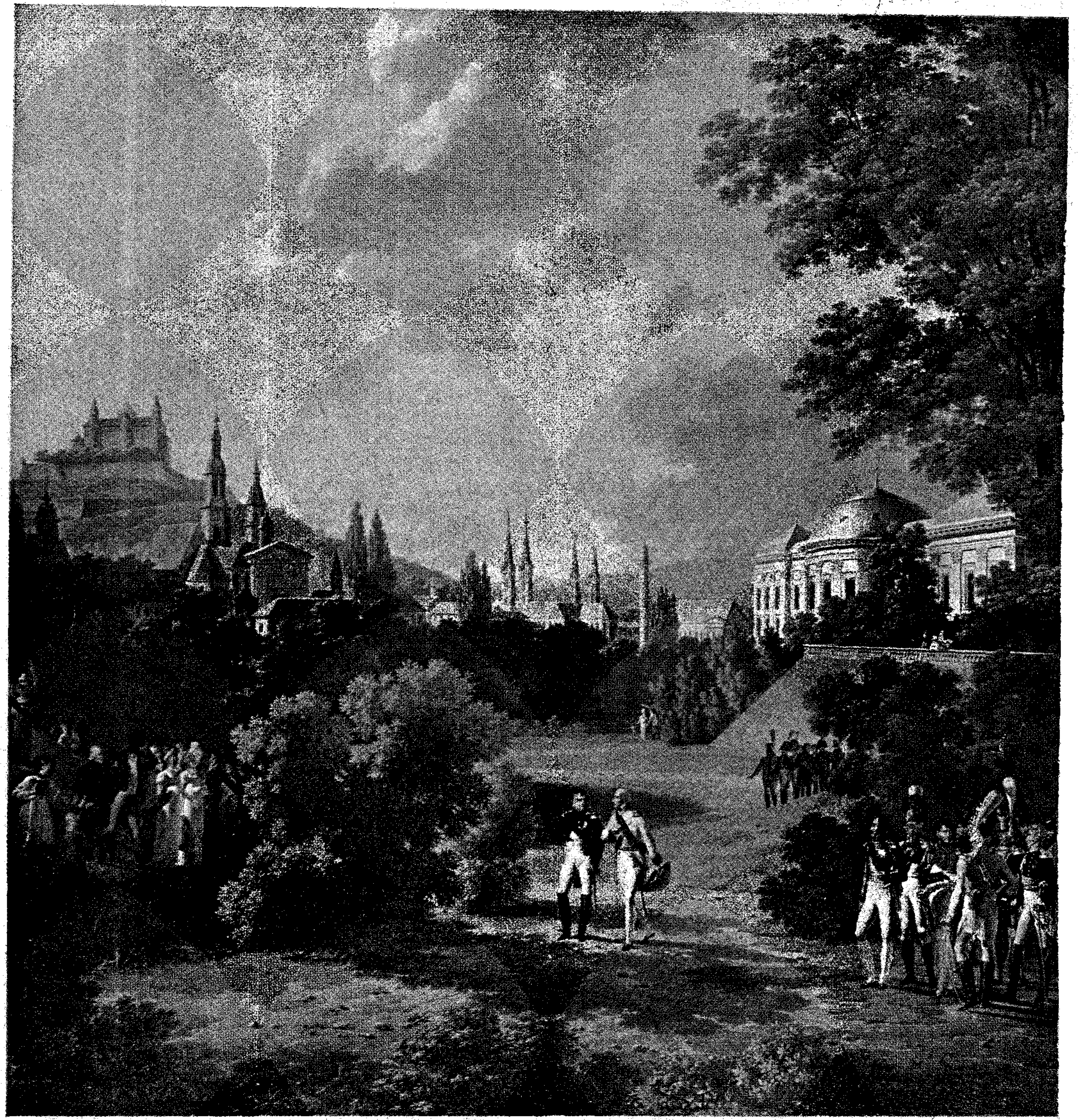

Entrevue de Napoléon et du Grand-duc Ferdinand à Wurtzbourg. Détail de la peinture par Hippolyte Lecomte. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon confers with his host at Würzburg, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose niece, Marie-Louise, was destined to become the second Empress of the French in 1810. A few days after this interview, Napoleon attacked Prussia and was completely victorious at Jena and Auerstädt on October 14, 1806.

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